THE TATLERS.

BY

Iſaac Bickerſtaff, Eſq;

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THE TATLERS.

Number 46, &c.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, Eſq;

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una Sede morantur,
Majeſtas & Amor. ——————

From *Saturday July* 23. *to Tueſday July* 26.

White's *Chocolate-Houſe, July* 25.

WE ſee every Day Volumes written againſt that Tyrant of Human Life, call'd *Love*, and yet there is no Help found againſt his Cruelties, or Barrier againſt the Inroads he is pleas'd to make into the Mind of Man. After this Preface, you will expect I am going to give particular Inſtances of what I have aſſerted. That Expectation cannot be rais'd too high for the Novelty of the Hiſtory, and Manner of Life, of the Emperor *Aurengezebe*, who has reſided for ſome Years in the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, with the Air and Mien indeed of his Imperial Quality, but the Equipage and Appointment only of a private Gentleman. This Potentate, for a long Series of Time, ap-

pear'd from the Hour of Twelve, till that of Two, at a Coffee-Houſe near the *Change*, and had a Seat, tho' without a Canopy, ſacred to himſelf, where he gave diurnal Audiences concerning Commerce, Politicks, Tare and Tret, Uſury and Abatement, with all Things neceſſary for helping the Diſtreſs'd, who were willing to give one Limb for the better Maintenance of the reſt; or ſuch joyous Youths, whoſe Philoſophy is confin'd to the preſent Hour, and were deſirous to call in the Revenue of next half Year, to double the Enjoyment of this. Long did this growing Monarch employ himſelf after this manner: And as Alliances are neceſſary to all great Kingdoms, he took particularly the Intereſts of *Lewis* the Fourteenth into his Care and Protection. When all Mankind were attacking that unhappy Monarch, and thoſe who had neither Valour or Wit to oppoſe againſt him, would be ſtill ſhowing their impotent Malice, by laying Wagers in Oppoſition to his Intereſts, *Aurengezebe* ever took the Part of his Contemporary, and laid immenſe Treaſures on his Side in Defenſe of his important Magazine of *Toulon*. *Aurengezebe* alſo had all this while a conſtant Intelligence with *India*, and his Letters were anſwer'd in Jewels, which he ſoon made Brillant, and caus'd to be affix'd to his Imperial Caſtor, which he always wears cock'd in Front, to ſhow his Defiance; with an Heap of Imperial Snuff in the Middle of his ample Viſage, to ſhow his Sagacity. The Zealots for this little Spot, call'd *Great-Britain*, fell univerſally into this Emperor's Policies, and paid Homage to his ſuperior Genius, in forfeiting their Coffers to his Treaſury: But Wealth and Wiſdom are Poſſeſſions too ſolemn not to give Wariness to active Minds, without the Relief (in vacant Hours of Wit and Love, which are the proper Amuſements of the Powerful and the Wiſe: This Emperor therefore, with great Regularity, every Day at Five in the Afternoon, leaves his Money Changers, his Publicans, and little Hoarders of Wealth, to their low Purſuits, and aſcends his Chariot to drive to *Will's*: where the Taſt is refin'd, and a Reliſh giv'n to Mens Poſſeſſions, by a polite Skill in gratifying their Paſſions and Appetites.

There

There it is that the Emperor has learn'd to live and to love, and not, like a Miſer, to gaze only on his Ingots and his Treaſures; but with a nobler Satisfaction, to live the Admiration of others, for his Splendour and Happineſs in being Maſter of 'em. But a Prince is no more to be his own Caterer in his Love, than in his Food; therefore *Aurengezebe* has ever in waiting Two Purveyors for his Diſhes, and his Wenches for his retir'd Hours, by whom the Scene of his Diverſion is prepar'd in the following Manner.

There is near *Covent-Garden* a Street known by the Name of *Drury*, which, before the Days of Chriſtianity, was purchas'd by the Queen of *Paphos*, and is the only Part of *Great Britain* where the Tenure of Vaſſalage is ſtill in being. All that long Courſe of Building is under particular Diſtricts or Ladyſhips, after the Manner of Lordſhips in other Parts, over which, Matrons of known Abilities preſide, and have, for the Support of their Age and Infirmities, certain Taxes paid out of the Rewards for the amorous Labours of the Young. This Seraglio of *Great Britain* is diſpoſed into convenient Allies and Apartments, and every Houſe, from the Cellar to the Garret, inhabited by Nymphs of different Orders, that Perſons of every Rank may be accommodated with an immediate Conſort, to allay their Flames, and partake of their Cares. Here it is, that when *Aurengezebe* thinks fit to give a looſe to Dalliance, the Purveyors prepare the Entertainment; and what makes it more Auguſt is, that every Perſon concern'd in the Interlude has his ſet Part, and the Prince ſends before-hand Word what he deſigns to ſay, and directs alſo the very Anſwer which ſhall be made to him.

It has been before hinted, that this Emperor has a continual Commerce with *India*; and it is to be noted, that the largeſt Stone that rich Earth has produc'd, is in our *Aurengezebe*'s Poſſeſſion.

But all Things are now diſpoſed for his Reception. At his Entrance into the Seraglio, a Servant delivers him his Bever of State and Love, on which is fix'd this ineſtimable Jewel as his Diadem. When he is ſeated, the Purveyors, *Pandarus* and *Nuncio*, marching on each

ſide of the Matron of the Houſe, introduce her into his Preſence. In the midſt of the Room, they bow altogether to the Diadem.

When the Matron ————

Whoever thou art, (as thy awful Aſpect ſpeaks thee a Man of Power) be propitious to this Manſion of Love, and let not the Severity of thy Wiſdom diſdain, that by the Repreſentation of naked Innocence, or paſtoral Figures, we revive in thee the Memory at leaſt of that Power of *Venus*, to which all the Wiſe and the Brave are ſome part of their Lives devoted. *Aurengezebe* conſents by a Nod, and they go out backward.

After this, an unhappy Nymph, who is to be ſuppoſed juſt eſcaped from the Hands of a Raviſher, with her Treſſes diſhevel'd, runs into the Room with a Dagger in her Hand, and falls before the Emperor.

Pity, Oh! pity! Whoever thou art, an unhappy Virgin, whom one of thy Train has robb'd of her Innocence; her Innocence, which was all her Portion —— Or rather let me die like the memorable *Lucretia* —— Upon which ſhe ſtabs her ſelf. The Body is immediately examin'd, after the manner of our Coroners. *Lucretia* recovers by a Cup of right *Nants*; and the Matron, who is her next Relation, ſtops all Proceſs at Law.

This unhappy Affair is no ſooner over, but a naked Mad woman breaks into the Room, calls for her Duke, her Lord, her Emperor. As ſoon as ſhe ſpies *Aurengezebe*, the Object of all her Fury and Love, ſhe calls for Petticoats, is ready to ſink with Shame, and is dreſs'd in all haſt in new Attire at his Charge. This unexpected Accident of the Mad-woman, makes *Aurengezebe* curious to know, whether others who are in their Senſes can gueſs at his Quality. For which Reaſon the whole Convent is examin'd one by one. The Matron marches in with a tawdry Country Girl --- Pray *Winifred*, (ſays ſhe) Who do you think that fine Man with thoſe Jewels and Pearls is? --- I believe (ſays *Winifred*) it is our Landlord --- It muſt be the Squire himſelf --- The Emperor laughs at her ſimplicity --- Go Fool, ſays the Matron: Then turning to the Emperor --- Your Greatneſs will pardon her Ignorance!

rance! After her, ſeveral others of different Characters are inſtructed to miſtake who he is, in the ſame Manner: Then the whole Siſterhood are call'd together, and the Emperor riſes, and cocking his Hat, declares, he is the great *Mogul*, and they his Concubines. A general Murmur goes through the Aſſembly, and *Aurengezebe* certifying, that he keeps them for State rather than Uſe, tells them, they are permitted to receive all Men into their Apartments; then proceeds thro' the Crowd, among whom he throws Medals ſhap'd like Half-Crowns, and returns to his Chariot.

This being all that paſt the laſt Day in which *Aurengezebe* viſited the Womens Apartments, I conſulted *Pacolet* concerning the Foundation of ſuch ſtrange Amuſements in old Age; to which he anſwer'd; You may remember, when I gave you an Account of my good Fortune in being drown'd on the 30th Day of my human Life, I told you of the Diſaſters I ſhould otherwiſe have met with before I arriv'd at the End of my *Stamen*, which was Sixty Years. I may now add an Obſervation to you, That all who exceed that Period, except the latter Part of it is ſpent in the Exerciſe of Virtue and Contemplation of Futurity, muſt neceſſarily fall into an indecent old Age, becauſe, with regard to all the Enjoyments of the Years of Vigour and Manhood, Childhood returns upon them: And as Infants ride on Sticks, build Houſes in Dirt, and make Ships in Gutters, by a faint Idea of Things they are to act hereafter; ſo old Men play the Lovers, Potentates and Emperors, from the decaying Image of the more perfect Performances of their ſtronger Years: Therefore be ſure to inſert *Eſculapius* and *Aurengezebe* in your next Bill of Mortality of the Metaphorically Defunct.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, July 24.

As ſoon as I came hither this Evening, no leſs than Ten People produc'd the following Poem, which they all reported was ſent to each of them by the Penny Poſt from an unknown Hand. All the Battle Writers in the Room where in Debate, who could be the Author of a Piece ſo martially written; and every

Body applauded the Addreſs and Skill of the Author, in calling it a *Poſtſcript*: It being the Nature of a Poſtſcript to contain ſomething very Material which was forgotten, or not clearly expreſs'd in the Letter it ſelf. Thus, the Verſes being occaſion'd by a March without beat of Drum, and that Circumſtance being no ways taken notice of in any of the Stanza's, the Author calls it a Poſtſcript; not that it is a Poſtſcript, but figuratively, becauſe it wants a Poſtſcript. Common Writers, when what they mean is not expreſs'd in the Book it ſelf, ſupply it by a Preface; but a Poſtſcript, ſeems to me, the more juſt way of Apology; becauſe otherwiſe a Man makes an Excuſe before the Offence is committed. All the Heroick Poets were gueſs'd at on this Occaſion; but tho' we could not find out the Name, yet one repeated a Couplet in *Hudibras*, which ſpoke the Qualifications of the Author.

I'th' Midſt of all this Warlike Rabble,
Crowdero *march'd, expert and able.*

The Poem is admirably ſuited to the Occaſion; For to write without diſcovering your Meaning, bears a juſt Reſemblance to Marching without beat of Drum.

On the March to Tournay *without Beat of Drum.*

The Bruſſels POSTSCRIPT.

Could I with plaineſt Words expreſs
That great Man's wonderful Addreſs,
His Penetration, and his towring Thought,
It would the gazing World ſurpriſe,
To ſee one Man at all Times wiſe,
To view the Wonders he with Eaſe has wrought.

Re-

Refining Schemes approach his Mind,
Like Breezes of a Southern Wind,
To temperate a ſultry glorious Day,
Whoſe Fannings, with an uſeful Pride,
Its mighty Heat doth ſoftly guide,
And having clear'd the Air, glide ſilently away.

Thus his Immenſity of Thought,
Is deeply formed, and gently wrought;
His Temper always ſoftening Life's Diſeaſe;
That Fortune, when ſhe does intend
To rudely Frown, ſhe turns his Friend,
Admires his Judgment, and applauds his Eaſe.

His great Addreſs in this Deſign
Does now, and will for ever ſhine,
And wants a Waller *but to do him Right:*
The whole Amuſement was ſo ſtrong,
Like Fate he doom'd them to be wrong,
And Tournay's *took by a peculiar Slight.*

Thus, Madam, all Mankind behold
Your vaſt Aſcendant, not by Gold,
But by your Wiſdom, and your pious Life,
Your Aim no more, than to deſtroy
That which does Europe's *Eaſe annoy,*
And ſuperſede a Reign of Shame and Strife.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, July 24.

My Brethren of the Quill, the ingenious Society of News-Writers, having with great Spirit and Elegance already inform'd the World, that the Town of *Tournay* capitulated on the 28th Inſtant, there is nothing left for me to ſay, but to congratulate the good Company here, that we have Reaſon to hope for an Opportunity of thanking Mr. *Withers* next Winter in this Place, for the Service he has done his Country. No Man deſerves better of his Friends than that Gentleman, whoſe diſtinguiſhing Character it is, that he gives his Orders with the Familiarity, and enjoys his Fortune with

the Generoſity of a Fellow-Soldier. His Grace the Duke of *Argyle* had alſo an eminent part in the Reduction of this important Place. That illuſtrious Youth diſcovers the peculiar Turn of Spirit and Greatneſs of Soul, which only make Men of high Birth and Quality uſeful to their Country; and conſiders Nobility as an imaginary Diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the Practice of thoſe generous Virtues by which it ought to be obtain'd. But that our Military Glory is arriv'd at its preſent Height, and that Men of all Ranks ſo paſſionately affect their ſhare in it, is certainly owing to the Merit and Conduct of our glorious General; for as the great Secret in Chymiſtry, tho' not in Nature, has occaſion'd many uſeful Diſcoveries; and the fantaſtick Notion of being wholly diſintereſted in Friendſhip, has made Men do a Thouſand generous Actions above themſelves; ſo tho' the preſent Grandeur and Fame of the Duke of *Marlborough*, is a Station of Glory to which no one hopes to arrive, yet all carry their Actions to an higher Pitch, by having that great Example laid before them.

From *Tueſday July* 26. to *Thurſday July* 28. N°. 47.

White's *Chocolate-Houſe*, *July* 27.

MY Friend Sir *Thomas* has communicated to me his Letters from *Epſom* of the 25th Inſtant, which give, in general, a very good Account of the Poſture of Affairs at preſent in that Place; but that the Tranquillity and Correſpondence of the Company begins to be interrupted by the Arrival of Sir *Taffety Trippet*, a Fortune-hunter, whoſe Follies are too groſs to give Diverſion; and whoſe Vanity is too ſtupid to let him be ſenſible that he is a publick Offence. But if People will indulge a ſplenetick Humour, it is impoſſible to be at eaſe, when ſuch Creatures as are the Scandal of our Species, ſet up for Gallantry and Adventures. It will be much more eaſie therefore to laugh him into Reaſon, than convert him from his Foppery by any ſerious Contempt. I knew a Gentleman that made it

it a Maxim to open his Doors, and ever run into the Way of Bullies, to avoid their Inſolence. The Rule will hold as well with Coxcombs: They are never mortified, but when they ſee you receive 'em, and deſpiſe 'em; otherwiſe they reſt aſſur'd, that 'tis your Ignorance makes them out of your good Graces; or, that 'tis only want of Admittance prevents their being amiable where they are ſhunn'd and avoided. But Sir *Taffety* is a Fop of ſo ſanguine a Complexion, that I fear it will be very hard for the fair one he at preſent purſues to get rid of the Chace, without being ſo tired, as for her own Eaſe to fall into the Mouth of the Mungrel ſhe runs from. But the Hiſtory of Sir *Taffety* is as pleaſant as his Character. It happen'd, that when he firſt ſet up for a Fortune-hunter, he choſe *Tunbridge* for the Scene of Action; where were at that Time two Siſters upon the ſame Deſign. The Knight believ'd of Courſe the Elder muſt be the better Prize; and conſequently makes all his Sail that Way. People that want Senſe, do always in an egregious manner want Modeſty, which made our Heroe Triumph in making his Amour as publick as was poſſible. The ador'd Lady was no leſs vain of his publick Addreſſes. An Attorney with one Cauſe is not half ſo reſtleſs, as a Woman with one Lover. Wherever they met, they talk'd to each other aloud, choſe each other Partner at Balls, ſaluted at the moſt conſpicuous Parts of the Service at Church, and practis'd, in Honour of each other, all the remarkable Particularities which are uſual for Perſons who admire each other, and are contemptible to the reſt of the World. Theſe Two Lovers ſeem'd as much made for each other, as *Adam* and *Eve*, and all pronounc'd it a Match of Nature's own making; but the Night before the Nuptials, (ſo univerſally approv'd) the younger Siſter, envious of the good Fortune ev'n of her Siſter, who had been preſent at moſt of their Interviews, and had an equal Taſt for the Charms of a Fop, as there are a Set of Women made for that Order of Men; the younger, I ſay, unable to ſee ſo rich a Prize paſs by her, diſcover'd to Sir *Taffety*, that a Coquet Air, much Tongue, and

Three Suits, was all the Portion of his Miſtreſs. His Love vaniſh'd that Moment, himſelf and Equipage the next Morning. It is uncertain where the Lover has been ever ſince engag'd; but certain it is, he has not ſince appear'd in his Character as a Follower of Love and Fortune till he arriv'd at *Epſom*, where there is at preſent a young Lady of Youth, Beauty and Fortune, who has alarm'd all the Vain and the Impertinent to infeſt that Quarter. At the Head of this Aſſembly, Sir *Taffety* ſhines in the brighteſt manner, with all the Accompliſhments which uſually enſnare the Heart of Woman; with this particular Merit, (which often is of great Service) that he is laugh'd at for her Sake. The Friends of the fair One, are in much Pain for the Sufferings ſhe goes through from the Perſeverance of this Heroe; but they may be much more ſo from the Danger of his ſucceeding, toward which they give him an helping Hand, if they diſſwade her with Bitterneſs; for there is a fantaſtical Generoſity in the Sex, to approve Creatures of the leaſt Merit imaginable, when they ſee the Imperfections of their Admirers are become the Mark of Deriſion for their Sakes; and there is nothing ſo frequent, as that he who was contemptible to a Woman in her own Judgment, has won her by being too violently oppos'd by others.

Grecian Coffee-Houſe, July 27.

In the ſeveral Capacities I bear, of Aſtrologer, Civilian, and Phyſician, I have with great Application ſtudied the publick Emolument: To this End ſerve all my Lucubrations, Speculations, and whatever other Labours I undertake, whether Nocturnal or Diurnal. On this Motive am I induc'd to publiſh a never-failing Medicine for the Spleen: My Experience in this Diſtemper came from a very remarkable Cure on my ever worthy Friend *Tom. Spindle*, who, thro' exceſſive Gaiety, had exhauſted that natural Stock of Wit and Spirits he had long been bleſs'd with: He was ſunk and flatten'd to the loweſt Degree imaginable, ſitting whole Hours over the *Book of Martyrs and Pilgrims Progreſs*; his other Contemplations never riſing higher than the Colour of his Urine, or Regularity of his Pulſe. In this

this Condition I found him, accompanied by the Learned Dr. *Drachm*, and a good old Nurſe. *Drachm* had preſcrib'd Magazines of Herbs, and Mines of Steel. I ſoon diſcover'd the Malady, and deſcanted on the Nature of it, till I convinc'd both the Patient and his Nurſe, that the Spleen is not to be cur'd by Medicine, but by Poetry. *Apollo*, the Author of Phyſick, ſhone with diffuſive Rays the beſt of Poets, as well as of Phyſicians; and it is in this double Capacity that I have made my Way, and have found ſweet, eaſie, flowing Numbers, are oft ſuperior to our nobleſt Medicines. When the Spirits are low, and Nature ſunk, the Muſe, with ſprightly and harmonious Notes, gives an unexpected Turn with a Grain of Poetry, which I prepare without the Uſe of Mercury. I have done Wonders in this Kind; for the Spleen is like the Tarantula, the Effects of whoſe malignant Poiſon are to be prevented by no other Remedy but the Charms of Muſick: For you are to underſtand, that as ſome noxious Animals carry Antidotes for their own Poiſons; ſo there is ſomething equally unaccountable in Poetry: For tho' it is ſometimes a Diſeaſe, it is to be cur'd only by it ſelf. Now I knowing *Tom. Spindle*'s Conſtitution, and that he is not only a pretty Gentleman, but alſo a pretty Poet, found the true Cauſe of his Diſtemper was a violent Grief that mov'd his Affections too ſtrongly: For during the late Treaty of Peace, he had writ a moſt excellent Poem on that Subject; and when he wanted but two Lines in the laſt Stanza for finiſhing the whole Piece, there comes News that the *French* Tyrant would not Sign. *Spindle* in few Days took his Bed, and had lain there ſtill, had not I been ſent for. I immediately told him, there was great Probability the *French* would now ſue to us for Peace. I ſaw immediately a new Life in his Eyes; and knew, that nothing could help him forward ſo well, as hearing Verſe, which he would believe worſe than his own: I read him therefore the *Britiſh Poſtſcript*. After which, I recited ſome Heroick Lines of my own, which operated ſo ſtrongly on the Tympanum of his Ear, that I doubt not but I have kept

out all other Sounds for a Fortnight; and have Reaſon to hope, we ſhall ſee him abroad the Day before his Poem. This, you ſee, is a particular Secret I have found out, viz. That you are not to chuſe your Phyſician for his Knowledge in your Diſtemper, but for having it himſelf. Therefore I am at Hand for all Maladies ariſing from Poetical Vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being call'd the other Day to one in Love, I took indeed their Three Guinea's, and gave 'em my Advice, which was to ſend for *Æſculapius*. *Æſculapius*, as ſoon as he ſaw the Patient, cries out, 'Tis Love! 'Tis Love! Oh! the unequal Pulſe! Theſe are the Symptoms a Lover feels; ſuch Sighs, ſuch Pangs attend the uneaſie Mind; nor can our Art, or all our boaſted Skill avail--- Yet, O Fair! for thee--- Thus the Sage ran on, and own'd the Paſſion which he pitied; as well as that he felt a greater Pain than ever he cur'd: After which he concluded, All I can Adviſe is, Marriage: Charms and Beauty will give new Life and Vigour, and turn the Courſe of Nature to its better Proſpect. This is the new Way; and thus *Æſculapius* has left his belov'd Powders, and writes a *Recipe* for a Wife at Sixty. In ſhort, my Friend followed the Preſcription, and married Youth and Beauty in its perfect Bloom.

Supine in Silvia's *ſnowy Arms he lies,*
And all the buſie Care of Life defies.
Each happy Hour is fill'd with freſh Delight,
While Peace the Day, and Pleaſure Crowns the Night.

From my own Apartment, July 27.

Tragical Paſſion was the ſubject of the Diſcourſe where I laſt viſited this Evening; and a Gentleman who knows that I am at preſent writing a very deep Tragedy, directed his Diſcourſe in a particular Manner to me. It is the common Fault (ſaid he) of you Gentlemen, who write in the Buskin Style, that you give us rather the Sentiments of ſuch who behold Tragical Events, than of ſuch who bear a part in 'em themſelves. I would adviſe all who pretend this Way,

to

to read *Shakeſpear* with Care, and they will ſoon be deterr'd from putting forth what is uſually call'd Tragedy. The Way of common Writers in this Kind is rather, *the Deſcription, than the Expreſſion of Sorrow*. There is no Medium in theſe Attempts; and you muſt go to the very Bottom of the Heart, or it is all mere Language; and the Writer of ſuch Lines is no more a Poet, than a Man is a Phyſician for knowing the Names of Diſtempers, without the Cauſes of them. Men of Senſe are profeſs'd Enemies to all ſuch empty Labours: For he who pretends to be ſorrowful, and is not, is a Wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a Tragedian is only maudlin drunk. The Gentleman went on with much Warmth; but all he could ſay had little Effect upon me: but when I came hither, I ſo far obſerv'd his Counſel, that I look'd into *Shakeſpear*. The Tragedy I dipp'd into was, *Harry the Fourth*. In the Scene where *Morton* is preparing to tell *Northumberland* of his Son's Death, the old Man does not give him Time to ſpeak, but ſays,

The Whiteneſs of thy Cheeks
Is apter than thy Tongue to tell thy Errand;
Ev'n ſuch a Man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in Look, ſo woe--- Be gone,
Drew Priam's *Curtain at the Dead of Night,*
And would have told him Half his Troy *was burnt:*
But Priam *found the Fire, e're his Tongue,*
And I my Percy's *Death e're thou report'ſt it.*

The Image in this Place is wonderfully noble and great: yet this Man in all this is but riſing towards his great Affliction, and is ſtill enough himſelf, as you ſee, to make a Simile: But when he is certain of his Son's Death, he is loſt to all Patience, and gives up all the Regards of this Life; and ſince the laſt of Evils is fall'n upon him, he calls for it upon all the World.

Now let not Nature's Hand
Keep the wild Flood confin'd ; let Order die,
And let the World no longer be a Stage,
To feed Contention in a lingring Act ;
But let one Spirit of the firſt born Cain
Reign in all Boſoms, that each Heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the wide Scene may end,
And Darkneſs be the Burier of the Dead.

Reading but this one Scene has convinc'd me, that he who deſcribes the Concern of great Men, muſt have a Soul as noble, and as ſuſceptible of high Thoughts, as they whom he repreſents : I ſhall therefore lay by my *Dramma* for ſome time, and turn my Thoughts to Cares and Griefs, ſomewhat below that of Heroes, but no leſs moving. A Misfortune proper for me to take Notice of, has too lately happen'd : The diſconſolate *Maria* has three Days kept her Chamber for the Loſs of the beauteous *Fidelia*, her Lapdog. *Lesbia* her ſelf did not ſhed more Tears for her Sparrow. What makes her the more concern'd, is, that we know not whether *Fidelia* was kill'd or ſtol'n ; but ſhe was ſeen in the Parlour-Window when the Train-bands went by, and never ſince. Whoever gives Notice of her, dead or alive, ſhall be rewarded with a Kiſs of her Lady.

From *Thurſday July* 28. to *Saturday July* 30. 1709. N°. 48.

From my own Apartment, July 29.

THIS Day I obliged *Pacolet* to entertain me with Matters which regarded Perſons of his own Character and Occupation. We choſe to take our Walk on *Tower-Hill*; and as we were coming from thence, in order to ſtroll as far as *Garraway*'s, I obſerv'd two Men, who had but juſt landed, coming from the Water-ſide. I thought there was ſomething uncommon in their Mein and Aſpect ; but tho' they ſeem'd by their Viſage to be related, yet was there a Warmth in their

their Manner, as if they differ'd very much in their Sentiments of the Subject on which they were talking. One of them ſeem'd to have a natural Confidence, mix'd with an ingenuous Freedom in his Geſture, his Dreſs very plain, but very graceful and becoming: The other, in the midſt of an over-bearing Carriage, betray'd, by frequently looking round him, a Suſpicion that he was not enough regarded by thoſe he met, or that he fear'd they would make ſome Attack upon him. This Perſon was much taller than his Companion, and added to that Height the Advantage of a Feather in his Hat, and Heels to his Shoes ſo monſtrouſly high, that he had three or four times fall'n down had he not been ſupported by his Friend. They made a full Stop as they came within a few Yards of the Place where we ſtood. The plain Gentleman bow'd to *Pacolet*; the other look'd on him with ſome Diſpleaſure: Upon which I ask'd him, Who they both were? When he thus inform'd me of their Perſons and Circumſtances: You may remember, Mr. *Iſaac*, that I have often told you, there are Beings of a ſuperior Rank to Mankind, who frequently viſit the Habitations of Men, in order to call 'em from ſome wrong Purſuits in which they are actually engag'd, or divert 'em from Methods which will lead 'em into Errors for the future. He that will carefully reflect upon the Occurrences of his Life, will find he has been ſometimes extricated out of Difficulties, and receiv'd Favours where he could never have expected ſuch Benefits; as well as met with croſs Events from ſome unſeen Hand, which have diſappointed his beſt laid Deſigns. Such Accidents arrive from the Interventions of Aerial Natures, as they are benevolent or hurtful to the Being of Man, and attend his Steps in the Tracts of Ambition, of Buſineſs, and of Pleaſure. Before I ever appeared to you in the Manner I do now, I have frequently follow'd you in your Evening Walks, and have often, by throwing ſome Accident in your Way, as the paſſing by of a Funeral, or the Appearance of ſome other ſolemn Object, given your Imagination a new Turn, and chang'd a Night you had deſtin'd to Mirth

Mirth and Jollity, into an Exerciſe of Study and Contemplation. I was the old Soldier who met you laſt Summer in *Chelſea*-Fields, and pretended that I had broken my Wooden Leg, and could not get Home; but I ſnap'd it ſhort off on purpoſe, that you might fall into the Reflections you did on that Subject, and take me into your Hack. If you remember, you made your ſelf very merry on that Fracture, and ask'd me, Whether I thought I ſhould next Winter feel Cold in the Toes of that Leg? As is uſually obſerved, that thoſe who loſe Limbs, are ſenſible of Pains in the extreme Parts, even after thoſe Limbs are cut off. However, my keeping you then in the Story of the Battle of the *Boin*, prevented an Aſſignation, which would have led you into more Diſaſters than I then related. To be ſhort; Thoſe two Perſons you ſee yonder, are ſuch as I am; they are not real Men, but are mere Shades and Figures: One is named, *Alethes*; the other, *Veriſimilis*. Their Office is to be the Guardians and Repreſentatives of *Conſcience* and *Honour*. They are now going to viſit the ſeveral Parts of the Town, to ſee how their Intereſts in the World decay or flouriſh, and to purge themſelves from the many falſe Imputations they daily meet with in the Commerce and Converſation of Men. You obſerv'd, *Veriſimilis* frown'd when he firſt ſaw me. What he is provok'd at, is, that I told him one Day, though he ſtrutted and dreſs'd with ſo much Oſtentation, if he kept himſelf within his own Bounds, he was but a Lacquey, and wore only that Gentleman's Livery whom he is now with. This frets him to the Heart; for you muſt know, he has pretended a long Time to ſet up for himſelf, and gets among a Crowd of the more unthinking Part of Mankind, who take him for a Perſon of the Firſt Quality; though his Introduction into the World, was wholly owing to his preſent Companion.

This Encounter was very agreeable to me, and I was reſolv'd to dog 'em, and deſir'd *Pacolet* to accompany me. I ſoon perceiv'd what he told me in the Geſture of the Perſons: For when they look'd at each other

other in Diſcourſe, the well-dreſs'd Man ſuddenly caſt down his Eyes, and diſcover'd that the other had a painful Superiority over him. After ſome further Diſcourſe, they took Leave. The plain Gentleman went down towards *Thames-ſtreet*, in order to be preſent, at leaſt, at the Oaths taken at the *Cuſtom-Houſe*; and the other made directly for the Heart of the City. It is incredible how great a Change there immediately appear'd in the Man of Honour when he got rid of his uneaſie Companion: He adjuſted the Cock of his Hat a-new, ſetled his Sword-Knot, and had an Appearance that attracted a ſudden Inclination for him and his Intereſts in all who beheld him. For my Part, (ſaid I to *Pacolet*) I cannot but think you are miſtaken in calling this Perſon of the Lower Quality; for he looks much more like a Gentleman than the other. Don't you obſerve all Eyes are upon him as he advances: How each Sex gazes at his Stature, Aſpect, Addreſs, and Motion. *Pacolet* only ſmil'd, and ſhak'd his Head; as leaving me to be convinc'd by my own further Obſervation. We kept on our Way after him till we came to *Exchange Alley*, where the plain Gentleman again came up to the other; and they ſtood together after the Manner of eminent Merchants, as if ready to receive Application; but I could obſerve no Man talk to either of them. The One was laugh'd at as a Fop; and I heard many Whiſpers againſt the other, as a whimſical Sort of Fellow, and a great Enemy to Trade. They croſs'd *Cornhil* together, and came into the full *Change*, where ſome bow'd, and gave themſelves Airs in being known to ſo fine a Man as *Veriſimilis*, who, they ſaid, had great Intereſt in all Princes Courts; and the other was taken Notice of by ſeveral, as one they had ſeen ſome where before. One more particularly ſaid, he had formerly been a Man of Conſideration in the World; but was ſo unlucky, that they who dealt with him, by ſome ſtrange Infatuation or other, had a Way of cutting off their own Bills, and were prodigiouſly ſlow in improving their Stock. But as much as I was curious to obſerve the Reception theſe Gentlemen met with upon *Change*, I

could

could not help being interrupted by one that came up towards us, to whom every Body made their Compliments. He was of the common Height, and in his Dreſs there ſeem'd to be great Care to appear no Way particular, except in a certain exact and feat Manner of Behaviour and Circumſpection. He was wonderfully careful that his Shoes and Clothes ſhould be without the leaſt Speck upon 'em; and ſeem'd to think, that on ſuch an Accident depended his very Life and Fortune. There was hardly a Man on *Change* who had not a Note upon him; and each ſeem'd very well ſatisfy'd that their Money lay in his Hands, without demanding Payment. I aſk'd *Pacolet*, What great Merchant that was, who was ſo univerſally addreſs'd to, yet made ſo familiar an Appearance to command that extraordinary Deference? *Pacolet* anſwer'd, This Perſon is the Demon or Genius of Credit; his Name is *Umbra*. If you obſerve, he follows *Alethes* and *Veriſimilis* at a Diſtance; and indeed has no Foundation for the Figure he makes in the World, but that he is thought to keep their Caſh; tho' at the ſame Time, none who truſt him, would truſt the others for a Groat. As the Company roll'd about, the three Spectors were jumbled into one Place: When they were ſo, and all thought there was an Alliance between 'em, they immediately drew upon 'em, the Buſineſs of the whole *Change*. But their Affairs ſoon encreas'd to ſuch an unwieldly Bulk, that *Alethes* took his Leave, and ſaid, He would not engage further than he had an immediate Fund to anſwer. *Veriſimilis* pretended, that tho' he had Revenues large enough to go on his own Bottom, yet it was below one of his Family to condeſcend to trade in his own Name; therefore he alſo retir'd. I was extremely troubled to ſee the glorious Mart of *London* left with no other Guardian, but him of Credit. But *Pacolet* told me, That Traders had nothing to do with the Honour or Conſcience of their Correſpondents, provided they ſupported a general Behaviour in the World, which could not hurt their Credit or their Purſes: For (ſaid he) you may in this one Tract of Building of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, ſee

ſee the imaginary Motives on which the greateſt Affairs move, as well as in rambling over the Face of the Earth. For tho' *Alethes* is the real Governour, as well as Legiſlator of Mankind, he has very little Buſineſs but to make up Quarrels, and is only a general Referree, to whom every Man pretends to appeal; but is ſatisfied with his Determinations no further than they promote his own Intereſt. Hence it is, that the Soldier and the Courtier model their Actions according to *Veriſimilis*'s Manner, and the Merchant according to that of *Umbra*. Among theſe Men, Honour and Credit are not valuable Poſſeſſions in themſelves, or purſued out of a Principle of Juſtice; but merely as they are ſerviceable to Ambition and to Commerce. But the World will never be in any Manner of Order or Tranquillity, till Men are firmly convinc'd that Conſcience, Honour, and Credit, are all in one Intereſt; and that without the Concurrence of the former, the latter are but Impoſitions upon our ſelves and others. The Force theſe deluſive Words have, is not ſeen in the Tranſactions of the buſy World only, but alſo have their Tyranny over the Fair Sex. Were you to ask the unhappy *Lais*, What Pangs of Reflection the preferring the Conſideration of her Honour to her Conſcience, has given her? She could tell you, That it has forc'd her to drink up half a Gallon this Winter of *Tom. Daſſapar*'s Potions; That ſhe ſtill pines away for fear of being a Mother; and knows not, but the Moment ſhe is ſuch, ſhe ſhall be a Murdereſs: But if Conſcience had as ſtrong a Force upon the Mind, as Honour, the firſt Step to her unhappy Condition had never been made; ſhe had ſtill been innocent, as ſhe's beautiful. Were Men ſo much enlighten'd and ſtudious of their own Good, as to act by the Dictates of their Reaſon and Reflection, and not the Opinion of others, Conſcience would be the ſteady Ruler of human Life; and the Words, Truth, Law, Reaſon, Equity, and Religion, would be but Synonimous Terms, for that only Guide which makes us paſs our Days in our own Favour and Approbation.

From

From *Saturday July* 30. to *Tueſday Auguſt* 2. 1709. N°. 49.

White's Chocolate Houſe, Auguſt 1.

THE Impoſition of honeſt Names and Words upon improper Subjects has made ſo regular a Confuſion amongſt us, that we are apt to ſit down with our Errours, well enough ſatisfied with the Methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver our ſelves from the Tyranny under which we are reduc'd by ſuch Innovations. Of all the laudable Motives of human Life, none has ſuffer'd ſo much in this Kind as Love; under which rever'd Name, a brutal Deſire call'd Luſt is frequently concealed and admitted; tho' they differ as much as a Matron from a Proſtitute, or a Companion from a Buffoon. *Philander* the other Day was bewailing this Misfortune with much Indignation, and upbraided me for having ſome Time ſince quoted thoſe excellent Lines of the Satyriſt:

To an exact Perfection they have brought
The Action Love, the Paſſion is forgot.

How could you (ſaid he) leave ſuch an Hint ſo coldly? How could *Aſpacia* and *Sempronia* enter into your Imagination at the ſame Time, and you never declare to us the different Reception you gave 'em? The Figures which the ancient Mythologiſts and Poets put upon Love and Luſt in their Writings, are very inſtructive. Love is a beauteous Blind Child, adorn'd with a Quiver and a Bow, which he plays with, and ſhoots around him without Deſign or Direction; to intimate to us, that the Perſon beloved has no Intention to give us the Anxieties we meet with; but that the Beauties of a worthy Object are like the Charms of a lovely Infant: They cannot but attract your Concern and Fondneſs; tho' the Child ſo regarded, is as inſenſible of the Value you put upon it, as it is that it deſerves your Benevolence. On the other

other Side, the Sages figur'd Luſt in the Form of a Satyr; of Shape, part human, part beſtial; to ſignify, that the Followers of it proſtitute the Reaſon of a Man to purſue the Appetites of a Beaſt. This Satyr is made to haunt the Paths and Coverts of the Wood-Nymphs and Shepherdeſſes, to lurk on the Banks of Rivulets, and watch the purling Streams, (as the Reſorts of retir'd Virgins) to ſhow, that lawleſs Deſire tends chiefly to prey upon Innocence, and has ſomething ſo unnatural in it, that it hates its own Make, and ſhuns the Object it lov'd, as ſoon as it has made it like it ſelf. Love therefore is a Child that complains and bewails its Inability to help it ſelf, and weeps for Aſſiſtance, without an immediate Reflection or Knowledge of the Food it wants: Luſt, a watchful Thief, which ſeizes its Prey, and lays Snares for its own Relief; and its principal Object being Innocence, it never robs, but it murders at the ſame Time. From this Idea of a *Cupid* and a *Satyr*, we may ſettle our Notion of theſe different Deſires, and accordingly rank their Followers. *Aſpazia* muſt therefore be allow'd to be firſt of the beauteous Order of Love, whoſe unaffected Freedom, and conſcious Innocence, give her the Attendance of the Graces in all her Actions. That awful Diſtance which we bear towards her in all our Thoughts of her, and that chearful Familiarity with which we approach her, as certain Inſtances of her being the trueſt Object of Love of any of her Sex. In this accompliſh'd Lady, Love is the conſtant Effect, becauſe it is never the Deſign. Yet, tho' her Mein carries much more Invitation than Command, to behold her is an immediate Check to looſe Behaviour; and to love her, is a liberal Education: For, it being the Nature of all Love to create an Imitation of the beloved Perſon in the Lover, a Regard for *Aſpazia* naturally produces Decency of Manners, and good Conduct of Life, in her Admirers. If therefore the giggling *Leucippe* could but ſee her Train of Fops aſſembled, and *Aſpazia* move by 'em, ſhe would be mortified at the Veneration with which ſhe is beheld, ev'n by *Leucippe*'s own unthinking Equipage, whoſe Paſſions have

have long taken Leave of their Underſtandings. But as Charity is eſteem'd a Conjunction of the good Qualities neceſſary to a virtuous Man, ſo Love is the happy Compoſition of all the Accompliſhments that make a Fine Gentleman. The Motive of a Man's Life is ſeen in all his Actions; and ſuch as have the beauteous Boy for their Inſpirer, have a Simplicity of Behaviour, and a certain Evenneſs of Deſire, which burns like the Lamp of Life in their Boſoms; while they who are inſtigated by the Satyr, are ever tortur'd by Jealouſies of the Object of their Wiſhes; often deſire what they ſcorn, and as often conſciouſly and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent. *Florio*, the generous Husband; and *Limberham*, the kind Keeper, are noted Examples of the different Effects which theſe Deſires produce in the Mind. *Amanda*, who is the Wife of *Florio*, lives in the continual Enjoyment of new Inſtances of her Husband's Friendſhip, and ſees it the End of all his Ambition to make her Life one Series of Satisfaction; and *Amanda*'s Reliſh of the Goods of Life is all that makes 'em pleaſing to *Florio*. They behave themſelves to each other when preſent with a certain apparent Benevolence, which gives a Pleaſure above Rapture; and they think of each other in Abſence with a Confidence unknown to the higheſt Friendſhip: Their Satisfactions are doubled, their Sorrows leſſen'd by Participation. On the other Hand, *Corinna*, who is the Miſtreſs of *Limberham*, lives in conſtant Torment: Her Equipage is, an old Woman, who was what *Corinna* is now; an antiquated Footman, who was Pimp to *Limberham*'s Father; a Chamber-Maid, who is *Limberham*'s Wench by Fits, out of a Principle of Politicks to make her jealous and watchful of *Corinna*. Under this Guard, and in this Converſation, *Corrinna* lives in State: The Furniture of her Habitation, and her own gorgeous Dreſs, make her the Envy of all the ſtrolling Ladies in Town; but *Corinna* knows ſhe her ſelf is but Part of *Limberham*'s Houſhold-ſtuff, and is as capable of being diſpos'd of elſewhere, as any other Moveable. But while her Keeper is perſwaded by his Spies, that no Enemy has been within

his

his Doors ſince his laſt Viſit, no *Perſian* Prince was ever ſo magnificently bountiful: A kind Look or falling Tear is worth a Piece of Brockade, a Sigh is a Jewel, and a Smile a Cupboard of Plate. All this is ſhar'd between *Corrinna* and her Guard in his Abſence. With this great Oeconomy and Induſtry does the unhappy *Limberham* purchaſe the conſtant Tortures of Jealouſy, the Favour of ſpending his Eſtate, and the Opportunity of enriching one by whom he knows he is hated and deſpis'd. Theſe are the ordinary and common Evils which attend Keepers, and *Corinna* is a Wench but of the common Size of Wickedneſs. Were you to know what paſſes under the Roof where the fair *Meſſalina* reigns with her humble Adorer! *Meſſalina* is the profeſs'd Miſtreſs of Mankind; ſhe has left the Bed of her Husband and her beauteous Offspring, to give a Looſe to Want of Shame and Fulneſs of Deſire. Wretched *Naturmus*, her feeble Keeper! How the poor Creature fiddles in his Gate, and ſkuttles from Place to Place to diſpatch his neceſſary Affairs in painful Day-light, that he may return to the conſtant Twilight preſerv'd in that Scene of Wantonneſs, *Meſſalina*'s Bed-chamber. How does he, while he is abſent from thence, conſider in his Imagination the Breadth of his Porter's Shoulders, the ſpruce Nightcap of his Valet, the ready Attendance of his Butler! Any of all whom he knows ſhe admits, and profeſſes to approve of. This, alas! is the Gallantry; this the Freedom of our Fine Gentlemen: For this they preſerve their Liberty, and keep clear of that Bugbear, Marriage. But he does not underſtand either Vice or Virtue, who will not allow that Life, without the Rules of Morality, is a wayward uneaſy Being, with Snatches only of Pleaſure; but under the Regulation of Virtue, a reaſonable and uniform Habit of Enjoyment, I have ſeen in a Play of old *Haywood*'s a Speech at the End of an Act which touch'd this Point with much Spirit. He makes a married Man in the Play, upon ſome endearing Occaſion, look at his Spouſe with an Air of Fondneſs, and fall into the following Reflection on his Condition:

Oh

Oh Marriage! Happiſt, caſieſt, ſafeſt State:
Let Debauchees and Drunkards ſcorn thy Rights,
Who in their nauſeous Draughts and Luſt prophane
Both thee and Heav'n by whom thou wer't ordain'd.
How can the Savage call it Loſs of Freedom,
Thus to converſe with, thus to gaze at
A faithful, beauteous Friend?
Bluſh not, my fair One, that thy Love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded Wife,
That my full Heart o'erflows in Praiſe of thee.
Thou art by Law, by Intereſt, Paſſion, mine:
Paſſion and Reaſon join in Love of thee.
Thus, through a World of Calumny and Fraud,
We paſs both unreproach'd, both undeceiv'd;
While in each other's Intereſt and Happineſs,
We without Art all Faculties employ,
And all our Senſes without Guilt enjoy.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 1.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 6th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That there daily arrive at our Camp Deſerters in conſiderable Numbers; and that ſeveral of the Enemy conceal'd themſelves in the Town of *Tournay* when the Garriſon march'd into the Citadel; after which they preſented themſelves to the Duke of *Marlborough*; and that ſome of them were Commiſſion'd Officers. The Earl of *Albemarle* is appointed Governour of the Town. Soon after the Surrender, there aroſe a Diſpute about a conſiderable Work, which was aſſerted by the Allies to be Part of the Town, and by the *French* to belong to the Citadel. It is ſaid, Monſieur *de Surville* was ſo ingenuous to declare, he thought it to be comprehended within the Limits of the Town; but Monſieur *de Meſgrigny*, Governour of the Citadel, was of a contrary Opinion. It is reported, That this Affair occaſion'd great Difficulties, which ended in a Capitulation for the Citadel it ſelf; the principal Article of which is, That it ſhall be ſurrender'd on the 5th of *September* next, in caſe they are not in the mean time reliev'd. This Circumſtance gives Foun-

Foundation to believe, that the Enemy have acted in this Manner, rather from ſome Hopes they conceive of a Treaty of Peace before that Time, than any Expectation from their Army, which has retir'd towards their former Works between *Lens* and *La Baſſee*. Theſe Advices add, That his Excellency the Czariſh Ambaſſador has communicated to the States General, and the Foreign Miniſters reſiding at the *Hague*, a Copy of a Letter from his Maſter's Camp, which gives an Account of the entire Defeat of the *Swediſh* Army. They further ſay, That Count *Piper* is taken Priſoner, and that it is doubted whether the King of *Sweden* himſelf was not kill'd in the Action. We hear from *Savoy*, That Count *Thaun* having amus'd the Enemy by a March as far as the *Tarantaiſe*, had ſuddenly repaſs'd Mount *Cenis*, and mov'd towards *Briancon*. This unexpected Diſpoſition is apprehended by the Enemy, as a Piece of the Duke of *Savoy*'s Dexterity: and the *French* adding this Circumſtance to that of the Confederate Squadrons lying before *Toulon*, convince themſelves, that his Royal Highneſs has his Thoughts upon the Execution of ſome great Deſign in thoſe Parts.

From *Tueſday Auguſt* 2. to *Thurſday Auguſt* 4. N°. 50.

White's *Chocolate-Houſe*, *Auguſt* 2.

The Hiſtory of Orlando *the Fair*. Chap. I.

WHatever malicious Men may ſay of our Lucubrations, we have no Deſign but to produce unknown Merit, or place in a proper Light the Actions of our Contemporaries, who labour to diſtinguiſh themſelves, whether by Vice or Virtue. For we ſhall never give Accounts to the World of any Thing, but what the Lives and Endeavours of the Perſons (of whom we treat) make the Baſis of their Fame and Reputation. For this Reaſon it is to be hop'd, that

our Appearance is reputed a publick Benefit; and tho' certain Perſons may turn what we mean for Panegyrick into Scandal, let it be anſwer'd once for all, That if our Praiſes are really deſign'd as Railiery, ſuch malevolent Perſons owe their Safety from it, only to their being too inconſiderable for Hiſtory. It is not every Man who deals in Ratsbane, or is unſeaſonably amorous, that can adorn Story like *Eſculapius*: nor every Stock-Jobber of the *India* Company, can aſſume the Port, and Perſonate the Figure, of *Aurengezebe*. My noble Anceſtor Mr. *Shake-ſpear*, who was of the Race of the *Staffs*, was not more fond of the memorable Sir *John Falſtaff*, than I am of thoſe Worthies; but the *Latins* have an admirable Admonition expreſs'd in two Words, to wit, *Nequid nimis*, which forbids my indulging my ſelf on thoſe delightful Subjects, and calls me to do Juſtice to others, who make no leſs Figures in our Generation: Of ſuch, the firſt and moſt renown'd is, that eminent Hero and Lover *Orlando* the Handſome, whoſe Diſappointments in Love, in Gallantry, and in War, have baniſh'd him from publick View, and made him voluntarily enter into a Confinement, to which the ungrateful Age would otherwiſe have forc'd him. Ten *Luſtra* and more are wholly paſs'd, ſince *Orlando* firſt appear'd in the Metropolis of this Iſland: His Deſcent noble, his Wit humourous, his Perſon charming. But to none of theſe Recommendatory Advantages was his Title ſo undoubted as that of his Beauty. His Complexion was fair; but his Countenance manly; his Stature of the talleſt; his Shape the moſt exact; and tho' in all his Limbs he had a Proportion as delicate as we ſee in the Works of the moſt Skilful Statuaries, his Body had a Strength and Firmneſs little inferior to the Marble of which ſuch Images are form'd. This made *Orlando* the univerſal Flame of all the Fair Sex: Innocent Virgins ſigh'd for him, as *Adonis*; experienc'd Widows, as *Hercules*. Thus did this Figure walk alone the Pattern and Ornament of our *Species*, but of Courſe.

the

the Envy of all who had the ſame Paſſions, without his ſuperior Merit and Pretences to the Favour of that enchanting Creature, *Woman*. However, the generous *Orlando* believ'd himſelf form'd for the World, and not to be engroſs'd by any particular Affection. He ſigh'd not for *Delia*, for *Cloris* for *Chloe*, nor for *Betty*, nor my Lady, nor for the ready Chamber-maid, nor diſtant Baroneſs: *Woman* was his Miſtreſs, and the whole Sex his Seraglio. His Form was always irreſiſtable: And if we conſider, that not One of Five Hundred can bear the leaſt Favour from a Lady without being exalted above himſelf; if alſo we muſt allow, that a Smile from a Side-Box has made *Jack Sprat* half Mad, we can't think it wonderful that *Orlando*'s repeated Conqueſts touch'd his Brain: So it certainly did, and *Orlando* became an Enthuſiaſt in Love; and in all his Addreſs, contracted ſomething out of the ordinary Courſe of Breeding and Civility. However, (powerful as he was) he would ſtill add to the Advantages of his Perſon, that of a Profeſſion which the Ladies favour, and immediately commenc'd Soldier. Thus equipp'd for Love and Honour, our Hero ſeeks diſtant Climes and Adventures, and leaves the deſpairing Nymphs of *Great Britain* to the Courtſhip of Beaus and Witlings till his Return. His Exploits in Foreign Nations and Courts, have not been regularly enough communicated to us, to report them with that Veracity which we profeſs in our Narrations: But after many Feats of Arms (which thoſe who were Witneſſes to 'em have ſuppreſs'd out of Envy, but which we have had faithfully related from his own Mouth in our publick Streets) *Orlando* returns home, full, but not loaded with Years. Beaus born in his Abſence made it their Buſineſs to decry his Furniture, his Dreſs, his Manner; but all ſuch Rivalry he ſuppreſs'd (as the Philoſopher did the Sceptick, who argued there was no ſuch thing as Motion) by only moving. The Beauteous *Villaria*, who only was form'd for his Paramour, became the Object of his Affection. His firſt Speech to her was as follows:

Madam, *It is not only that Nature has made us Two the moſt accompliſh'd of each Sex, and pointed to us to obey her Dictates in becoming one; but that there is alſo an Ambition in following the mighty Perſons you have favour'd. Where Kings and Heroes, as great as* Alexander, *or ſuch as could perſonate* Alexander, *have bow'd, permit your General to lay his Lawrels.*

According to *Milton*:

The Fair with conſcious Majeſty approv'd
His pleaded Reaſon.——————

Fortune had now ſupplied *Orlando* with Neceſſaries for his high Taſt of Gallantry and Pleaſure: His Equipage and Oeconomy had ſomething in 'em more ſumptuous and gallant than could be receiv'd in our degenerate Age; therefore his Figure (tho' highly graceful) appear'd ſo exotick, that it aſſembled all the *Britons* under the Age of Sixteen, who ſaw his Grandeur, to follow his Chariot with Shouts and Acclamations, which he regarded with the Contempt which great Minds affect in the midſt of Applauſes. I remember I had the Honour to ſee him one Day ſtop, and call the Youths about him, to whom he ſpake as follows:

'Good Baſtards —— Go to School, and don't loſe your Time in following my Wheels: I am loth to hurt you, becauſe I know not but you are all my own Offspring: Hark'ee, you Sirrah with the white Hair, I am ſure you are mine: There's Half a Crown. Tell your Mother, This, with the Half-Crown I gave her when I got you, comes to Five Shillings. Thou haſt coſt me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young Dogs, did you never ſee a Man before? Never ſuch a one as you, Noble General, reply'd a Truant from *Weſtminſter*. Sirrah, I believe thee: There's a Crown for thee. Drive on Coachman.

This

This Vehicle, tho' ſacred to Love, was not adorn'd with Doves: Such an Hieroglyphick denoted too languiſhing a Paſſion. *Orlando* therefore gave the Eagle, as being of a Conſtitution which enclin'd him rather to ſeize his Prey with Talons, than pine for it with Murmurs.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 2.

I have receiv'd the following Letter from Mr. *Powel* of the *Bath*, who, I think, runs from the Point between us, which I leave the whole World to judge.

To *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

SIR,

'HAving a great deal of more advantagious Buſineſs at preſent on my Hands, I thought to have deferr'd anſwering your *Tatler* of the 21ſt Inſtant, till the Company was gone, and Seaſon over; but having reſolv'd not to regard any Impertinences of your Paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more eaſily induc'd to anſwer you (as I ſhall find Time to do it): Firſt, partly leſt you ſhould think your ſelf neglected, which I have Reaſon to believe you would take heinouſly ill. Secondly, partly becauſe it will increaſe my Fame, and conſequently my Audience, when all the Quality ſhall ſee with how much Wit and Raillery I ſhow you--- I don't care a Farthing for you. Thirdly, partly becauſe being *without Books*, if I don't ſhow much Learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

'I have travell'd *Italy*, *France* and *Spain*, and fully comprehend whatever any *German* Artiſt in the World can do, yet cannot I imagine, why you ſhould endeavour to diſturb the Repoſe and Plenty which (tho' unworthy) I enjoy at this Place. It cannot be that you take Offence at my Prologues and Epilogues, which you are pleas'd to miſcal fooliſh and abuſive. No, no, until you give a better, I ſhall not forbear thinking, that the true Reaſon of your pick-

ing a Quarrel with me was, becauſe it is more agreeable to your Principles, as well as more to the Honour of your aſſur'd Victory, to attack a Governour. Mr. *Iſaac*, Mr. *Iſaac*, I can ſee into a Mill-ſtone as far as another (as the Saying is). You are for ſowing the Seeds of Sedition and Diſobedience among my Puppets, and your Zeal for the (good old) Cauſe, would make you perſuade *Punch* to pull the String from his Chops, and not move his Jaw when I have a Mind he ſhould harangue. Now I appeal to all Men, if this is not contrary to that uncontroulable, unaccountable Dominion, which by the Laws of Nature I exerciſe over 'em; for all ſorts of Wood and Wire were made for the Uſe and Benefit of Man: I have therefore an unqueſtionable Right to frame, faſhion, and put them together, as I pleaſe; and having made them what they are, my Puppets are my Property, and therefore my Slaves: Nor is there in Nature any Thing more juſt, than the Homage which is paid by a leſs to a more excellent Being: So that by the Right therefore of a ſuperior Genius, I am their ſupreme Moderator, altho' you would (agreeably to your leveling Principles) that I am my ſelf but a great Puppet, and can therefore have but a co-ordinate Juriſdiction with them. I ſuppoſe I have now ſufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal Right to keep a Puppet-Show, and this Right I will maintain in my Prologues on all Occaſions.

'And therefore, if you write a Defenſe of your ſelf, againſt this my Self-Defenſe, I admoniſh you to keep within Bounds; for every Day will not be ſo propitious to you, as the 29th of *April*: and perhaps my Reſentment may get the better of my Generoſity, and I may no longer ſcorn to fight one who is not my Equal with unequal Weapons. There are ſuch Things as *Scandalums Magnatums*; therefore take Heed hereafter how you write ſuch Things as I cannot eaſily anſwer, for that will put me in a Paſſion.

'I

'I order you to handle only these two Propo-
'sitions, to which our Dispute may be reduc'd:
'The First, Whether I have not an absolute Power,
'whenever I please, to light a Pipe with one of *Punch*'s
'Legs, or warm my Fingers with his whole Carcass?
'The Second, Whether the Devil would not be in
'*Punch*, should he by Word or Deed oppose my So-
'vereign Will and Pleasure? And then, perhaps, I
'may (if I can find Leisure for it) give you the trou-
'ble of a second Letter.

'But if you intend to tell me of the Original of
'Puppet-Shows, and the several Changes and Revoluti-
'ons that have happen'd in 'em, since *Thespis*, and I
'don't care who, that's *Noli me tangere*; I have so-
'lemnly engag'd to say nothing of what I can't
'approve. Or, if you talk of certain Contracts with
'the Mayor and Burgesses, or Fees to the Consta-
'bles, for the Privilege of acting, I will not write
'one single Word about any such Matters; but shall
'leave you to be mumbled by the learned and very
'ingenious Author of a late Book, who knows very
'well what's to be said and done in such Cases. He is
'now shuffling the Cards, and dealing to *Timothy*; but
'if he wins the Game, I will send him to play Back-
'gammon with you; and then he will satisfie you,
'that Deuce-Ace makes Five.

'And so, submitting my self to be try'd by my
'Country, and allowing any Jury of Twelve good Men
'and true, to be that Country; not excepting any,
'unless Mr. *Isaac Bickerstaff*, to be of the Pannel; for you
'are neither good nor true, I bid you heartily farewel;
'and am,

SIR,

Your Loving Friend,

Bath, July 28.

Powel.

Note: *That proper Cuts for the Historical Part of the Paper are now almost finish'd, by an Engraver lately arriv'd from* Paris, *and will be sold at all the Toy-Shops in* London *and* Westminster.

From *Thurſday Auguſt* 4. to *Saturday Auguſt* 6. N°. 51.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 5.

The Hiſtory of Orlando *the Fair.* Ch. II.

FOrtune being now propitious to the gay *Orlando*, he dreſs'd, he ſpoke, he mov'd, as a Man might be ſuppos'd to do in a Nation of Pigmies; and had a ſuitable Value for our Approbation or Diſlike. It is uſual for thoſe who profeſs a Contempt of the World, to fly from it, and live in Obſcurity; but *Orlando*, with a greater Magnanimity contemn'd it, and appear'd in it to tell 'em ſo. If therefore his exalted Mien met with an unwelcome Reception, he was ſure always to double the Cauſe which gave the Diſtaſt. You ſee our Beauties affect a Negligence in the Ornament of their Hair, and adjuſting their Head-dreſſes, as conſcious that they adorn whatever they wear. *Orlando* had not only this Humour in common with other Beauties, but alſo had a Neglect whether Things became him or not, in a World he contemn'd. For this Reaſon, a noble Particularity appear'd in all his Oeconomy, Furniture, and Equipage. And to convince the preſent little Race, how unequal all their Meaſures were to an *Antediluvian*, as he call'd himſelf, in reſpect of the Inſects which now appear for Men, he ſometimes rode in an open Tumbril, of leſs Size than ordinary, to ſhow the Largeneſs of his Limbs, and the Grandeur of his Perſonage, to the greater Advantage. At other Seaſons, all his Appointments had a Magnificence, as if it were form'd by the Genius of *Trimalchio* of old, which ſhow'd it ſelf in doing ordinary Things with an Air of Pomp and Grandeur. *Orlando* therefore call'd for Tea by Beat of Drum; his Valet got ready to ſhave him when a Trumpet to Horſe; and Water was brought for his Teeth, when the Sound was chang'd to Boots and Saddle.

In

In all theſe glorious Exceſſes from the common Practice did the happy *Orlando* live and reign in an uninterrupted Tranquillity, till an unlucky Accident brought to his Remembrance, that one Evening he was married before he courted the Nuptials of *Villaria*. Several fatal *Memorandums* were produc'd to revive the Memory of this Accident, and the unhappy Lover was for ever baniſh'd her Preſence, to whom he own'd the Support of his juſt Renown and Gallantry. But Diſtreſs does not debaſe noble Minds; it only changes the Scene, and gives them new Glory by that Alteration. *Orlando* therefore now raves in a Garret, and calls to his neighbour Skies to pity his Dolors, and find Redreſs for an unhappy Lover. All high Spirits, in any great Agitation of Mind, are inclin'd to relieve themſelves by Poetry. The renown'd Porter of *Oliver* had not more Volumes around his Cell in the College of *Bedlam*, than *Orlando* in his preſent Apartment. And tho' inſerting Poetry in the midſt of Proſe, he thought a Licence among correct Writers not to be indulg'd, it is hop'd, the Neceſſity of doing it, to give a juſt Idea of the Hero of whom we treat, will plead for the Liberty we ſhall hereafter take to print, *Orlando*'s Soliloques in Verſe and Proſe, after the Manner of great Wits, and ſuch as thoſe to whom they are near ally'd.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 5.

A great deal of good Company of us were this Day to ſee, or rather to hear, an artful Perſon do ſeveral Feats of Activity with his Throat and Wind-pipe. The firſt Thing he preſented us with, was a Ring of Bells, which he imitated in a moſt miraculous Manner; after that he gave us all the different Notes of a Pack of Hounds, to our great Delight and Aſtoniſhment. The Company expreſs'd their Applauſe with much Noiſe; and never was heard ſuch an Harmony of Men and Dogs: But a certain plump merry Fellow, from an Angle of the Room, fell a crowing like a Cock ſo ingeniouſly, that he won our Hearts from the other Operator in an Inſtant. As ſoon as

I ſaw him, I recollected I had ſeen him on the Stage, and immediately knew it to be *Tom. Mirrour*, the Comical Actor. He immediately addreſs'd himſelf to me, and told me, he was ſurpriz'd to ſee a Virtuoſo take Satisfaction in any Repreſentations below that of human Life; and ask'd me, Whether I thought this acting Bells and Dogs was to be conſider'd under the Notion of Wit, Humour, or Satyr? Were it not better, continued he, to have ſome particular Picture of Man laid before your Eyes, that might incite your Laughter. He had no ſooner ſpoke the Word, but he immediately quitted his natural Shape, and talk'd to me in a very different Air and Tone from what he had us'd before; upon which all that ſat near us laugh'd; but I ſaw no Diſtortion in his Countenance, or any thing that appear'd to me diſagreeable. I ask'd *Pacolet*, What meant that ſudden Whiſper about us? For I could not take the Jeſt. He anſwer'd, The Gentleman you were talking to aſſum'd your Air and Countenance ſo exactly, that all fell a laughing to ſee how little you knew your ſelf, or how much you were enamour'd with your own Image. But that Perſon, (continu'd my Monitor) if Men would make the right Uſe of him, might be as Inſtrumental to their reforming Errors in Geſture, Language, and Speech, as a Dancing-Maſter, Linguiſt, or Orator. You ſee he laid you ſelf before you with ſo much Addreſs, that you ſaw nothing particular in his Behaviour: He has ſo happy a Knack of repreſenting Errours and Imperfections, that you can bear your Faults in him as well as in your ſelf: He is the firſt Mimick that ever gave the Beauties, as well as the Deformities, of the Man he acted. What Mr. *Dryden* ſaid of a very great Man, may be well apply'd to him:

He is

Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.

You

You are to know, that this *Pantomime* may be ſaid to be a Species of himſelf: He has no Commerce with the reſt of Mankind, but as they are the Objects of Imitation; like the *Indian* Fowl, call'd the *Mock-Bird*, who has no Note of his own, but hits every Sound in the Wood as ſoon as he hears it; ſo that *Mirrour* is at once a Copy and an Original. Poor *Mirrour*'s Fate (as well as Talent) is like that of the Bird we juſt now ſpoke of: The Nightingale, the Linnet, the Lark, are delighted with his Company; but the Buzzard, the Crow, and the Owl, are obſerv'd to be his mortal Enemies. Whenever *Sophronious* meets *Mirrour*, he receives him with Civility and Reſpect, and well knows, a good Copy of himſelf can be no Injury to him; but *Bathillus* ſhuns the Street where he expects to meet him; for he that knows his every Step and Look is conſtrain'd and affected, muſt be afraid to be rivall'd in his Action, and of having it diſcover'd to be unnatural, by its being practis'd by another as well as himſelf.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 5.

Letters from *Coventry* and other Places have been ſent to me, in Anſwer to what I have ſaid in Relation to my Antagoniſt Mr. *Powell*, and adviſe me, with warm Language, to keep to Subjects more proper for me than ſuch high Points. But the Writers of theſe Epiſtles miſtake the Uſe and Service I propoſe to the learned World by ſuch Obſervations: For you are to underſtand, That the Title of this Paper gives me a Right in taking to my ſelf, and inſerting in it, all ſuch Parts of any Book or Letter which are foreign to the Purpoſe intended, or profeſs'd by the Writer: So that ſuppoſe two great Divines ſhould argue, and treat each other with Warmth and Levity unbecoming their Subject or Character, all that they ſay unfit for that Place is very proper to be inſerted here. Therefore from Time to Time, in all Writings which ſhall hereafter be publiſh'd, you ſhall have from me Extracts of all that ſhall appear not to the Purpoſe; and for the Benefit of the gentle Reader, I will ſhow what to

turn over unread, and what to peruſe. For this End I have a Mathematical Sive preparing, in which I will ſift every Page and Paragraph; and all that falls through, I ſhall make bold with for my own Uſe. The ſame Thing will be as beneficial in Speech; for all ſuperfluous Expreſſions in Talk fall to me alſo: As, when a Pleader at a Bar deſigns to be extremely impertinent and troubleſome, and cries, *Under Favour of the Court*—— *With Submiſſion, my Lord*—— *I humbly offer*—— and, *I think I have well conſider'd this Matter; for I would be very far from trifling with your Lordſhip's Time, or treſpaſſing upon your Patience*—— *However, thus I will venture to ſay*—— and ſo forth. Or elſe, when a ſufficient ſelf-conceited Coxcomb is bringing out ſomething in his own Praiſe, and begins, *Without Vanity*, I muſt take this upon me to aſſert. There is alſo a Trick which the Fair Sex have, which will greatly contribute to ſwelling my Volumes: As, when a Woman is going to abuſe her beſt Friend, *Pray*, (ſays ſhe) *have you heard what is ſaid of Mrs. ſuch a one: I am heartily ſorry to hear any Thing of that Kind, of one I have ſo great a Value for; but they make no Scruple of telling it; and it was not ſpoken of to me as a Secret, for now all the Town rings of it.* All ſuch Flowers in Rhetorick, and little Refuges for Malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this Method, you will immediately find Volumes contract themſelves into Octavo's, and the Labour of a Fortnight got over in half a Day.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 5.

Laſt Night arriv'd a Mail from *Lisbon*, which gives a very pleaſing Account of the Poſture of Affairs in that Part of the World, the Enemy having been neceſſitated wholly to abandon the Blockade of *Olivenza*. Theſe Advices ſay, That Sir *John Jennings* is arriv'd at *Lisbon*. When that Gentleman left *Barcelona*, his Catholick Majeſty was taking all poſſible Methods for carrying on an Offenſive War. It is obſerv'd with great Satisfaction in the Court of *Spain*, That there is a very good Intelligence between the Gene-

General Officers, Count *Staremberg* and Mr. *Stanhope* acting in all Things with ſuch Unanimity, that the publick Affairs receive great Advantages from their perſonal Friendſhip and Eſteem to each other, and mutual Aſſiſtance in promoting the Service of the Common Cauſe.

This is to give Notice, That if any able-bodied Palatine *will enter into the Bonds of Matrimony with* Betty Pepin, *the ſaid* Palatine *ſhall be ſettled in a Free-hold of* 40 s. per Annum *in the County of* Middleſex.

From *Saturday Auguſt* 6. to *Tueſday Auguſt* 9. N°. 52.

White's *Chocolate-Houſe, Auguſt* 7.

Delamira *reſigns her Fan.*

LONG had the Crowd of the Gay and Young ſtood in Suſpence as to their Fate in their Paſſion to the Beauteous *Delamira*; but all their hopes are lately vaniſh'd, by the Declaration that ſhe has made her Choice, and will take the happy *Archibald* for her Companion for Life. Upon her making this publick, the Expence of Sweet Powder and Joſſamine are conſiderably abated; and the Mercers and Milliners complain of her want of publick Spirit, in not concealing longer a Secret which was ſo much the Benefit of Trade. But ſo it has happen'd; and no one was in Confidence with her in carrying on this Treaty but the matchleſs *Virgulta*, whoſe Deſpair of ever entring the Matrimonial State, made her, ſome Nights before *Delamira*'s Reſolution was made known to the World, addreſs her ſelf to her in the following Manner:

Delamira, *You are now going into that State of Life, wherein the Uſe of your Charms is now wholly to be applied to the pleaſing only one Man. That ſwimming Air of your Body; that*

that jaunty bearing of your Head over one Shoulder; and that inexpreſſible Beauty in your Manner of playing your Fan, muſt be lower'd into a more confin'd Behaviour; to ſhow, That you would rather ſhun than receive Addreſſes for the future. Therefore, dear Delamira, *give me thoſe Excellencies you leave off, and acquaint me with your manner of Charming: For I take the Liberty of our Friendſhip to ſay, That when I conſider my own Stature, Motion, Complexion, Wit, or Breeding, I cannot think my ſelf any Way your inferior; yet do I go through Crowds without wounding a Man, and all my Acquaintance Marry round me, while I live a Virgin, unak'd, and (I think) unregarded.*

Delamira heard her with great Attention, and, with that Dexterity which is natural to her, told her, That all ſhe had above the reſt of her Sex and contemporary Beauties was wholly owing to a Fan, (which was left her by her Mother, and had been long in the Family) which, whoever had in Poſſeſſion, and us'd Skill, ſhould command the Hearts of all her Beholders: And ſince (ſaid ſhe ſmiling) I have no more to do with extending my Conqueſts or Triumphs, I'll make you a Preſent of this ineſtimable Rarity. *Virgulta* made her Expreſſions of the higheſt Gratitude for ſo uncommon a Confidence in her, and deſir'd ſhe would ſhow her what was peculiar in her Management of that Utenſil, which render'd it of ſuch general force while ſhe was Miſtreſs of it. *Delamira* reply'd, You ſee, Madam, *Cupid* is the principal Figure painted on it; and the Skill in playing this Fan is, in your ſeveral Motions of it, to let him appear as little as poſſible; for honourable Lovers fly all Endeavours to enſnare 'em; and your *Cupid* muſt hide his Bow and Arrow, or he'll never be ſure of his Game. You may obſerve, continued ſhe, That in all publick Aſſemblies, the Sexes ſeem to ſeparate themſelves, and draw up to Attack each other with Eye-Shot: That is the Time when the Fan, which is all the Armour of Woman, is of moſt Uſe in our Defence; for our Minds are conſtrued by the waving of that little Inſtrument, and our Thoughts appear in Compoſure or Agita-

Agitation, according to the Motion of it. You may obſerve, when *Will. Peregrine* comes into the Side-Box, Miſs *Gatty* flutters her Fan, as a Fly does its Wings round a Candle; while her Eldeſt Siſter, who is as much in Love with him as ſhe is, is as grave as a Veſtal at his Entrance, and the Conſequence is accordingly. He watches half the Play for a Glance from her Siſter, while *Gatty* is overlook'd and neglected. I wiſh you heartily as much Succeſs in the Management of it as I have had: If you think fit to go on where I left off, I will give you a ſhort Account of the Execution I have made with it. *Cimon*, who is the dulleſt of Mortals, and tho' a wonderful great Scholar, does not only Pauſe, but ſeems to take a Nap with his Eyes open between every other Sentence in his Diſcourſe: Him have I made a Leader in Aſſemblies; and one Blow on the Shoulder as I paſs'd by him, has rais'd him to a downright Impertinent in all Converſations. The airy *Will. Sampler* is become as Lethargick by this my Wand, as *Cimon* is ſprightly. Take it, good Girl, and uſe it without Mercy; for the Reign of Beauty never laſted full Three Years, but it ended in Marriage, or Condemnation to Virginity. As you fear therefore the one, and hope for the other, I expect an Hourly Journal of your Triumphs; for I have it by certain Tradition, that it was given to the firſt who wore it, by an Inchantreſs, with this remarkable Power, That it beſtows a Husband in half a Year to her who does not over-look her proper Minute; but aſſigns to a long Deſpair the Woman who is well offer'd, and neglects that Propoſal. May Occaſion attend your Charms, and your Charms ſlip no Occaſion. Give me, I ſay, an Account of the Progreſs of your Forces at our next Meeting, and you ſhall hear what I think of my new Condition. I ſhould meet my future Spouſe this Moment. Farewel. Live in juſt Terror of the dreadful Words, SHE WAS.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 8.

I had the Honour this Evening to viſit ſome Ladies, where the Subject of the Converſation was *Modeſty*, which they commended as a Quality quite as becoming in Men as in Women. I took the Liberty to ſay, it might be as beautiful in our Behaviour as in theirs; yet it could not be ſaid, it was as ſucceſsful in Life; for as it was the only Recommendation in them, ſo it was the greateſt Obſtacle to us both in Love and Buſineſs. A Gentleman preſent was of my Mind, and ſaid, that we muſt deſcribe the Difference between the Modeſty of Women, and that of Men, or we ſhould be confounded in our Reaſonings upon it; for this Virtue is to be regarded with reſpect to our different Ways of Life. The Woman's Province is to be careful in her Oeconomy, and chaſt in her Affection: The Man's to be active in the Improvement of his Fortune, and ready to undertake whatever is conſiſtent with his Reputation for that End. Modeſty therefore in a Woman has a certain agreeable Fear in all ſhe enters upon; and in Men, it is compos'd of a right Judgment of what is proper for them to attempt. From hence it is, that a diſcreet Man is always a Modeſt one. It is to be noted, that Modeſty in a Man is never to be allowed as a good Quality, but a Weakneſs, if it ſuppreſſes his Virtue, and hides it from the World, when he has at the ſame Time a Mind to exert himſelf. A *French* Author ſays very juſtly, That Modeſty is to the other Virtues in a Man, what Shade in a Picture is to the Parts of the Thing repreſented: It makes all the Beauties conſpicuous, which would otherwiſe be but a wild heap of Colours. This Shade on our Actions muſt therefore be very juſtly applied; for if there be too much, it hides our good Qualities, inſtead of ſhowing them to advantage. *Neſtor* in *Athens*, was an unhappy Inſtance of this Truth; for he was not only in his Profeſſion the greateſt Man of that Age, but had giv'n more Proofs of it than any other Man ever did; yet for want of that natural Freedom and Audacity which is neceſſary in Commerce with Men,

Men, his Perſonal Modeſty overthrew all his publick Actions. *Neſtor* was in thoſe Days a skilful Architect, and in a Manner the Inventor of the Uſe of Mechanick Powers, which he brought to ſo great Perfection, that he knew to an Atom what Foundation would bear ſuch a Superſtructure: And they record of him, that he was ſo prodigiouſly exact, that for the Experiment-ſake, he built an Edifice of great Beauty, and ſeeming Strength; but contriv'd ſo as to bear only its own Parts, and not to admit the Addition of the leaſt Particle. This Building was beheld with much Admiration by all the Virtuoſi of that Time; but fell down with no other Preſſure, but the ſettling of a Wren upon the Top of it. But *Neſtor*'s Modeſty was ſuch, that his Art and Skill were ſoon diſregarded, for want of that Manner with which Men of the World ſupport and aſſert the Merit of their own Performances. Soon after this Example of his Art, *Athens* was by the Treachery of its Enemies burnt to the Ground. This gave *Neſtor* the greateſt Occaſion that ever Builder had to render his Name Immortal, and his Perſon Venerable: For all the new City roſe according to his Diſpoſition, and all the Monuments of the Glories and Diſtreſſes of that People were Erected by that ſole Artiſt: Nay, all their Temples, as well as Houſes, were the Effects of his Study and Labour; inſomuch that it was ſaid by an old Sage, Sure, *Neſtor* will now be Famous; for the Habitations of Gods as well as Men are built by his Contrivance. But this baſhful Quality ſtill put a Damp upon his great Knowledge, which has as fatal an Effect upon Mens Reputations as Poverty; for as it was ſaid, The poor Man ſav'd the City, and the poor Man's Labour was forgot; ſo here we ſee, The modeſt Man built the City, and the modeſt Man's Skill was unknown. Thus we ſee every Man is the Maker of his own Fortune; and what is very odd to conſider, he muſt in ſome Meaſure be the Trumpet of his Fame: Not that Men are to be tolerated who directly praiſe themſelves, but they to be induc'd with a Sort of defenſive Eloquence, by which they ſhall be always capable

pable of expreſſing the Rules and Arts by which they govern themſelves. *Varillus* was the Man of all I have read of the happieſt in the true Poſſeſſion of this Quality of Modeſty. My Author ſays of him, Modeſty in *Varillus* is really a Virtue; for it is a voluntary Quality, and the Effect of good Senſe. He is naturally bold and enterpriſing; but ſo juſtly diſcreet, that he never acts or ſpeaks any Thing, but thoſe who behold him know he has forborn much more than he has perform'd or utter'd, out of Deference to the Perſons whom he is before. This makes *Varillus* truly amiable, and all his Attempts ſucceſsful; for as bad as the World is thought to be by thoſe who are perhaps unskill'd in it, Want of Succeſs in our Actions, is generally owing to want of Judgment in what we ought to attempt, or a ruſtick Modeſty, which will not give us leave to undertake what we ought. But how misfortunate this diffident Temper is, to thoſe who are poſſeſs'd with it, may be beſt ſeen in the Succeſs of ſuch as are wholly unacquainted with it. We have one peculiar Elegance in our Language above all others, which is conſpicuous in the Term *Fellow*. This Word added to any of our Adjectives extreamly varies, or quite alters the Senſe of that with which it is join'd. Thus, tho' a modeſt Man is the moſt unfortunate of all Men, yet a modeſt Fellow is as ſuperlatively happy. A modeſt Fellow is a ready Creature, who with great Humility, and as great Forwardneſs, viſits his Patrons at all Hours, and meets 'em in all Places, and has ſo moderate an Opinion of himſelf, that he makes his Court at large: If you won't give him a great Employment, he will be glad of a little one. He has ſo great a Deference for his Benefactor's Judgment, that as he thinks himſelf fit for any Thing he can get, ſo he is above nothing which is offer'd; like the young Batchellor of Arts, who came to Town recommended to a Chaplain's Place; but none being vacant, modeſtly accepted of that of a Poſtillion. We have very many conſpicuous Perſons of this Undertaking; Yet Modeſt turn: I have a Grandſon, who is very happy

in

in this Quality: I ſent him in the Time of the laſt Peace into *France*. As ſoon as he landed at *Calais*, he ſent me an exact Account of the Nature of the People, and the Policies of the King of *France*. I got him ſince choſen a Member of a Corporation: The Modeſt Creature, as ſoon as he came into the Common Council, told a Senior Burgeſs, he was perfectly out in the Orders of their Houſe. In other Circumſtances, he is ſo thoroughly Modeſt a Fellow, that he ſeems to pretend only to Things he underſtands. He is a Citizen only at Court, and in the City a Courtier. In a Word, to ſpeak the Characteriſtical Difference between a Modeſt Man and a Modeſt Fellow; the Modeſt Man is in Doubt in all his Actions; a Modeſt Fellow never has a Doubt from his Cradle to his Grave.

From *Tueſday Auguſt* 9. to *Thurſday Auguſt* 11. N°. 53.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, Auguſt 10.

The Civil Husband.

THE Fate and Character of the inconſtant *Oſmyn*, is a juſt Excuſe for the little Notice taken by his Widow of his Departure out of this Life, which was equally troubleſome to *Elmira* his faithful Spouſe, and to himſelf. That Life paſs'd between 'em after this Manner, is the Reaſon that the Town has juſt now receiv'd a Lady with all that Gaiety, after having been a Relict but Three Months, which other Women hardly aſſume under Fifteen after ſuch a Diſaſter. *Elmira* is the Daughter of a rich and worthy Citizen, who gave her to *Oſmyn* with a Portion which might have obtain'd her an Alliance with our nobleſt Houſes, and fix'd her in the Eye of the World, where her Story had not been now to be related: For her good Qualities had made her the Object of univerſal Eſteem

Eſteem among the polite Part of Mankind, from whom ſhe has been baniſh'd and immur'd till the Death of her Goaler. It is now full Fifteen Years ſince that beauteous Lady was given into the Hands of the happy *Oſmyn*, who in the Senſe of all the World receiv'd at that Time a Preſent more valuable than the Poſſeſſion of both the *Indies*. She was then in her early Bloom, with an Underſtanding and Diſcretion very little inferior to the moſt experienc'd Matrons. She was not beholden to the Charms of her Sex, that her Company was preferable to any *Oſmyn* could meet with abroad; for were all ſhe ſaid conſider'd, without Regard to her being a Woman, it might ſtand the Examination of the ſevereſt Judges: For ſhe had all the Beauty of her own Sex, with all the Converſation-Accompliſhments of ours. But *Oſmyn* very ſoon grew ſurfeited with the Charms of her Perſon by Poſſeſſion; and of her Mind, by Want of Taſt; for he was one of that looſe Sort of Men, who have but one Reaſon for ſetting any Value upon the fair Sex, who conſider even Brides but as new Women, and conſequently neglect 'em when they ceaſe to be ſuch. All the Merit of *Elmira* could not prevent her becoming a mere Wife within few Months after her Nuptials; and *Oſmyn* had ſo little Reliſh for her Converſation, that he complain'd of the Advantages of it. My Spouſe (ſaid he to one of his Companions) is ſo very diſcreet, ſo good, ſo virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her Perſon is rather the Object of Eſteem than of Love; and there is ſuch a Thing as a Merit which cauſes rather Diſtance than Paſſion. But there being no *Medium* in the State of Matrimony, their Life began to take the uſual Gradations to be the moſt irkſome of all Beings. They grew in the firſt Place very complaiſant; and having at Heart a certain Knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, Apologies were made for every little Circumſtance which they thought betray'd their mutual Coldneſs. This laſted but few Months, when they ſhow'd a Difference of Opinion in every Trifle; and, as a Sign of certain Decay of Affection, the Word *perhaps* was

was introduc'd in all their Diſcourſe. I have a Mind to go to the Park, ſays ſhe; but perhaps, my Dear, you will want the Coach on ſome other Occaſion. He would very willingly carry her to the Play; but perhaps ſhe had rather go to Lady *Centaure*'s, and play at *Ombre*. They were both Perſons of good Diſcerning, and ſoon found that they mortally hated each other by their Manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there ore ſome Genius's which are not capable of pure Affection, and a Man is born with Talents for it as much as for Poetry or any other Science. *Oſmyn* began too late to find the Imperfection of his own Heart, and us'd all the Methods in the World to correct it, and argue himſelf into Return of Deſire and Paſſion for his Wife, by the Contemplation of her excellent Qualities, his great Obligations to her, and the high Value he ſaw all the World, except himſelf, put upon her. But ſuch is Man's unhappy Condition, that tho' the Weakneſs of the Heart has a prevailing Power over the Strength of the Head, yet the Strength of the Head has but ſmall Force againſt the Weakneſs of the Heart. *Oſmyn* therefore ſtruggled in vain to revive departed Deſire; and therefore reſolved to retire to one of his Eſtates in the Country, and paſs away his Hours of Wedlock by the noble Diverſions of the Field; and in the Fury of a diſappointed Lover, made an Oath, to leave neither Stag, Fox, or Hare, living, during the Days of his Wife. Beſides, that Country Sports would be an Amuſement, he hop'd alſo, that his Spouſe would be half kill'd by the very Senſe of ſeeing this Town no more, and would think her Life ended as ſoon as ſhe left it. He communicated his Deſign to *Elmira*, who receiv'd it (as now ſhe did all Things) like a Perſon too unhappy to be reliev'd or afflicted by the Circumſtance of Place. This unexpected Reſignation made *Oſmyn* reſolve to be as obliging to her as poſſible; and if he could not prevail upon himſelf to be kind, he took a Reſolution at leaſt to act ſincerely, and communicate frankly to her the Weakneſs of his Temper, to excuſe the Indifference of his Behaviour. He diſpos'd his Houſhold

ſhold in the Way to *Rutland*, ſo as he and his Lady only travell'd in the Coach for the Convenience of Diſcourſe. They had not gone many Miles out of Town, when *Oſmyn* ſpoke to this purpoſe:

'*My Dear*, I believe I look quite as ſilly, now I am 'going to tell you I do not love you, as when I 'firſt told you I did. We are now going into the 'Country together, with only one Hope for making 'this Life agreeable, Survivorſhip. Deſire is not in 'our Power; mine is all gone for you. What ſhall 'we do to carry it with Decency to the World and 'hate one another with Diſcretion?

The Lady anſwer'd without the leaſt Obſervation at the Extravagance of his Speech:

'*My Dear*, You have liv'd moſt of your Days in 'a Court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted 'with that Sort of Life. In Courts, you ſee, Good-'will is ſpoken with great Warmth, Ill-will covered 'with great Civility. Men are long in Civilities 'to thoſe they hate, and ſhort in Expreſſions of 'Kindneſs to thoſe they Love. Therefore, my Dear, 'let us be well-bred ſtill, and it is no matter, as to 'all who ſee us, whether we love or hate: And to 'let you ſee how much you are beholden to me 'for my Conduct, I have both hated and deſpis'd 'you, my Dear, this half Year; and yet neither in 'Language or Behaviour has it been viſible but that 'I lov'd you tenderly. Therefore, as I know you go 'out of Town to divert Life in Purſuit of Beaſts, 'and Converſation with Men juſt above 'em; ſo 'my Life, from this Moment, I ſhall read all the 'Learned Cooks who have ever writ, ſtudy Broths, 'Plaiſters and Conſerves, till from a fine Lady, I be-'come a notable Woman. We muſt take our Minds 'a Note or two lower, or we ſhall be tortur'd by 'Jealouſie or Anger. Thus I am reſolv'd to kill all 'keen Paſſions, by employing my Mind on little Sub-'jects, and leſſening the Eaſineſs of my Spirit; while

'you,

'you, my Dear, with much Ale, Exerciſe, and ill 'Company, are ſo good, as to endeavour to be as 'contemptible as it is neceſſary for my Quiet I ſhould 'think you.

To *Rutland* they arriv'd, and liv'd with great, but ſecret Impatience for many ſucceſſive Years, till *Oſmyn* thought of an happy Expedient to give their Affairs a new Turn. One Day he took *Elmira* aſide, and ſpoke as follows:

'*My Dear*, You ſee here the Air is ſo temperate and 'ſerene, the Rivulets, the Groves, and Soil, ſo ex-'tremely kind to Nature, that we are rather ſtrong-'er and firmer in our Health ſince we left the Town; 'ſo that there is no hope of a Releaſe in this Place: 'But if you will be ſo kind as to go with me to 'my Eſtate in the Hundreds of *Eſſex*, it is poſſible 'ſome kind Damp may one Day or other relieve us. 'If you will condeſcend to accept of this Offer, I 'will add that whole Eſtate to your Jointure in this 'County.

Elmira, who was all Goodneſs, accepted the Offer, remov'd accordingly, and has left her Spouſe in that Place at Reſt with his Fathers.

This is the real Figure in which *Elmira* ought to be beheld in this Town, and not thought guilty of an Indecorum, in not profeſſing the Senſe, or bearing the Habit of Sorrow, for one who robb'd her of all the Endearments of Life, and gave her only common Civility, inſtead of Complacency of Manners, Dignity of Paſſion, and that conſtant Aſſemblage of ſoft Deſires and Affections which all who love feel, but none can expreſs.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 10.

Mr. *Truman*, who is a mighty Admirer of Dramatick Poetry, and knows I am about a Tragedy, never meets me, but he is giving Admonitions and Hints for my Conduct. Mr. *Bickerſtaff* (ſaid he) I was reading laſt Night

Night your ſecond Act you were ſo kind to lend me; but I find you depend mightily upon the Retinue of your Hero to make him Magnificent. You make Guards, and Uſhers, and Courtiers, and Commons, and Nobles, march before, and then enters your Prince, and ſays, they can't defend him from his Love. Why, prithee *Iſaac*, who ever thought they could? Place me your loving Monarch in a Solitude; let him have no Senſe at all of his Grandeur, but let it be eaten up with his Paſſion. He muſt value himſelf as the greateſt of Lovers, not as the firſt of Princes: And then let him ſay a more tender Thing than ever Man ſaid before —— For his Feather and Eagles Beak is nothing at all. The Man is to be expreſs'd by his Sentiments and Affections, and not by his Fortune or Equipage. You are alſo to take Care, that at his firſt Entrance he ſays ſomething which may give us an Idea of what we are to expect in a Perſon of his Way of thinking. *Shakeſpear* is your Pattern. In the Tragedy of *Cæſar*, he introduces his Hero in his Night-Gown. He had at that Time all the Power of *Rome:* Depos'd Conſuls, ſubordinate Generals, and Captive Princes, might have preceeded him; but this Genius was above ſuch Mechanick Methods of ſhowing Greatneſs. Therefore he rather preſents that great Soul debating upon the Subject of Life and Death with his intimate Friends, without endeavouring to prepoſſeſs his Audience with empty Show and Pomp. When thoſe who attend him, talk of the many Omens which had appear'd that Day, he anſwers:

Cowards die many Times before their Deaths;
The Valiant never taſt of Death but once.
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that Men ſhould Fear;
Seeing that Death, a neceſſary End,
Will come, when it will come.

When the Hero has ſpoken this Sentiment, there is nothing that is great which cannot be expected from

from one whoſe firſt Poſition is the Contempt of Death to ſo high a Degree, as making his *Fate* a Thing wholly indifferent, and not a Part of his Care, but that of Heav'n and Fate.

St. James's Coffee-House, Auguſt 19.

Letters from *Bruſſels* of the 15th Inſtant N. S. ſay, That Major General *Ravignan* return'd on the 8th with the *French* King's Anſwer to the intended Capitulation for the Citadel of *Tournay*; which is, That he does not think fit to ſign that Capitulation, except the Allies will grant a Ceſſation of Arms in general, during the Time, in which all Acts of Hoſtility were to have ceas'd between the Citadel and the Beſiegers. Soon after the Receipt of this News, the Cannon on each ſide began to play. There are two Attacks againſt the Citadel, commanded by General *Lottum*, and General *Seuylenberg*, which are both carried on with great Succeſs; and it is not doubted but the Citadel will be in the Hands of the Allies before the laſt Day of this Month. Letters from *Ipres* ſay, That on the 9th Inſtant, part of the Garriſon of that Place had mutined in two Bodies, each conſiſting of Two Hundred; who being diſpers'd the ſame Day, a Body of Eight Hundred appear'd in the Market-Place at Nine the Night following, and ſeiz'd all manner of Proviſions: but were with much Difficulty quieted. The Governour has not puniſhed any of the Offenders, the Diſſatisfaction being univerſal in that Place; it being thought, that the Officers do foment thoſe Diſorders, that the Miniſtry may be convinc'd of the Neceſſity of paying thoſe Troops, and ſupplying them with Proviſions. Theſe Advices add, That on the 14th the Marquis *d'Effe* paſs'd Expreſs through *Bruſſels* from the Duke of *Savoy*, with Advice, that his Royal Highneſs had forc'd the Retrenchments of the Enemy in *Savoy*, and defeated that Body of Men which guarded thoſe Paſſes under the Command of the Marquis *de Thony*.

from

From *Thurſday Auguſt* 11. to *Saturday Auguſt* 13. № 54.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, Auguſt 12.

Of the Government of Affection.

WHEN Labour was pronounc'd to be the Portion of Man, that Doom reach'd the Affections of his Mind, as well as his Perſon, the Matter on which he was to feed, and all the Animal and Vegetable World about him. There is therefore an aſſiduous Care and Cultivation to be beſtow'd upon our Paſſions and Affections; for they, as they are the Excreſcencies of our Souls, like our Hair, and Beards, look horrid or becoming, as we cut or let 'em grow. All this grave Preface is meant to aſſign a Reaſon in Nature for the unaccountable Behaviour of *Duumvir*, the Husband and Keeper. Ten Thouſand Follies had this unhappy Man eſcap'd, had he made a Compact with himſelf to be upon his Guard, and not permitted his vagrant Eye to let in ſo many different Inclinations upon him, as all his Days he has been perplex'd with. But indeed at preſent he has brought himſelf to be confin'd only to only one prevailing Miſtreſs; between whom and his Wife, *Duumvir* paſſes his Hours in all the Viciſſitudes which attend Paſſion and Affection, without the Intervention of Reaſon. *Laura* his Wife and *Phillis* his Miſtreſs, are all with whom he has had, for ſome Months, the leaſt amorous Commerce. *Duumvir* has paſs'd the Noon of Life: but cannot withdraw from thoſe Entertainments which are pardonable only at that Stage of our Being, and which after that Seaſon are rather Puniſhments than Satisfactions: For pall'd Appetite is humourous, and muſt be gratify'd with Sauces rather than Food. For which End *Duumvir* is provided with an haughty, imperious, expenſive, and fantaſtick Miſtreſs, to whom he retires from the Converſation of an affable, humble, diſcreet,

diſcreet, and affectionate Wife. *Laura* receives him after Abſence with an eaſie and unaffected Complacency; but that he calls inſipid: *Phillis* rates him for his Abſence, and bids him return from whence he came: This he calls Spirit and Fire. *Laura*'s Gentleneſs is thought mean; *Phillis*'s Inſolence, ſprightly. Were you to ſee him at his own Home, and his Miſtreſs's Lodgings; to *Phillis* he appears an obſequious Lover; to *Laura*, an imperious Maſter. Nay, ſo unjuſt is the Taſt of *Duumvir*, that he owns *Laura* has no ill Quality, but that ſhe is his Wife; *Phillis* no good one, but that ſhe is his Miſtreſs. And he has himſelf often ſaid, were he married to any Woman elſe, he would rather keep *Laura* than any Woman living; yet allows at the ſame Time, that *Phillis*, were ſhe a Woman of Honour, would have been the moſt inſipid Animal breathing. The other Day *Laura*, who has a Voice like an Angel, began to ſing to him: Fie Madam, he cry'd, we muſt be paſt all theſe Gaieties. *Phillis* has a Note as rude and as loud as that of a Milk-Maid: When ſhe begins to warble; Well, ſays he, There is ſuch a pleaſing Simplicity in all that Wench does.——— In a Word, the affectionate Part of his Heart being corrupted, and his true Taſt that Way wholly loſt, he has contracted a Prejudice to all the Behaviour of *Laura*, and a general Partiality in Favour of *Phillis*. It is not in the Power of the Wife to do a pleaſing Thing, nor in the Miſtreſs to commit one that's diſagreeable. There is ſomething too melancholy in the Reflection on this Circumſtance to be the Subject of Raillery. He ſaid a ſour Thing to *Laura* at Dinner the other Day; upon which ſhe burſt into Tears. What the Devil, Madam, ſays he, can't I ſpeak in my own Houſe? He anſwer'd *Phillis* a little abruptly at Supper the ſame Evening; upon which ſhe threw his Perriwig into the Fire. Well, ſaid he, thou art a brave Termagant Jade; Do you know, Huſſey, that fair Wig coſt Forty Guinea's? Oh *Laura!* Is it for this that the faithful *Chromio* ſigh'd for you in vain? How is thy Condition alter'd, ſince Crowds of Youth hung on thy Eye, and

watch'd its Glances? It is not many Months ſince *Laura* was the Wonder and Pride of her own Sex, as well as the Deſire and Paſſion of ours. At Plays and at Balls, the juſt Turn of her Behaviour, the Decency of her Virgin Charms, chaſtis'd, yet added to Diverſions. At Publick Devotions, her winning Modeſty, her reſign'd Carriage, made Virtue and Religion appear with new Ornaments, and in the natural Apparel of Simplicity and Beauty. In ordinary Converſations, a ſweet Conformity of Manners, and an Humility which heighten'd all the Complacencies of good Breeding and Education, gave her more Slaves than all the Pride of her Sex ever made Woman wiſh for. *Laura*'s Hours are now ſpent in the ſad Reflection on her Choice, and that deceitful Vanity (almoſt inſeparable from the Sex) of believing, ſhe could reclaim one that had ſo often enſnar'd others; as it now is, it is not ev'n in the Power of *Dunmore* himſelf to do her Juſtice: For tho' Beauty and Merit are Things real, and independent on Taſt and Opinion, yet Agreeableneſs is arbitrary, and the Miſtreſs has much the Advantage of the Wife. But whenever Fate is ſo kind to her and her Spouſe, as to end her Days, with all this Paſſion for *Phillis*, and Indifference for *Laura*, he has a Second Wife in View, who may avenge the Injuries done to her Predeceſſor. *Aglaura* is the deſtin'd Lady, who has liv'd in Aſſemblies, has Ambition and Play for her Entertainment, and thinks of a Man, not as the Object of Love, but the Tool of her Intereſt or Pride. If ever *Aglaura* comes to the Empire of this Inconſtant, ſhe will endear the Memory of her Predeceſſor. But in the mean Time, it is melancholy to conſider, That the Virtue of a Wife is like the Merit of a Poet, never juſtly valued till after Death.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 11.

As we have profeſs'd, that all the Actions of Men are our Subject, the moſt ſolemn are not to be omitted, if there happen to creep into their Behaviour any thing improper for ſuch Occaſions. Therefore the Offence mention'd in the following Epiſtles (tho' it may

may seem to be committed in a Place sacred from Observation) is such, that it is our Duty to remark upon; for tho' he who does it, is himself only guilty an of Indecorum, he occasions a Criminal Levity in all others who are present at it.

Mr. Bickerstaff,

'IT being mine, as well as the Opinion of many others, that your Papers are extremely well fitted to reform any irregular or indecent Practice, I present the following as one which requires your Correction. My self, and a great many good People who frequent the Divine Service at St. *Paul*'s, have been a long Time Scandaliz'd by the imprudent Conduct of *Stentor* in that Cathedral. This Gentleman, you must know, is always very exact and zealous in his Devotion, which I believe, no body blames; but then he is accustom'd to roar and bellow so terribly loud in the *Responses*, that he frightens even us of the Congregation, who are daily us'd to him; and one of our Petty-Canons, a Punning *Cambridge* Scholar, calls his Way of Worship a *Bull Offering*. His harsh untunable Pipe is no more fit than a Raven's to join with the Musick of a Choir; yet no Body having been enough his Friend, I suppose, to inform him of it, he never fails, when present, to drown the Harmony of every Hymn and Anthem, by an Inundation of Sound beyond that of the Bridge in the Turn of the Tide, or the neighbouring Lions in the Anguish of their Hunger. This is a Grievance which, to my certain Knowledge, several worthy People desire to see redress'd; and if by inserting this Epistle in your Paper, or by representing the Matter your own Way, you can convince *Stentor*, that Discord in a Choir is the same Sin that Schism is in the Church in general, you would lay a great Obligation upon us, and make some Atonement for certain of your Paragraphs

'ragraphs which have not been highly approv'd by 'us. I am,

St. Paul's Church-yard, Auguſt 11. *SIR*,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Jeoffry Chanticleer.

It is wonderful there ſhould be ſuch a general Lamentation, and the Grievance ſo frequent, and yet the Offender never know any Thing of it. I have received the following Letter from my Kinſman at the *Heralds-Office* near the ſame Place.

Dear Couſin,

'THIS Office, which has had its Share in the impartial Juſtice of your Cenſures, demands at preſent your Vindication of their Rights and Privileges. There are certain Hours when our young Heralds are exercis'd in the Faculties of making Proclamation, and other Vociferations, which of Right belong to us only to utter: But at the ſame Hours, *Stentor* in St. *Paul*'s Church, in Spight of the Coaches, Carts, *London* Cries, and all other Sounds between us, exalts his Throat to ſo high a Degree, that the moſt noiſy of our Order is utterly unheard. If you pleaſe to obſerve upon this, you will ever oblige, *&c.*

There have been communicated to me ſome other ill Conſequences from the ſame Cauſe: as, the overturning of Coaches by ſudden Starts of the Horſes as they paſs'd that Way, Women pregnant frighten'd, and Heirs to Families loſt; which are Publick Diſaſters, tho' ariſing from a good Intention: But it is hop'd, after this Admonition, that *Stentor* will avoid an Act of ſo great Supererrogation, as ſinging without a Voice.

But

But I am diverted from proſecuting *Stentor*'s Reformation, by an Account, That the Two faithful Lovers, *Liſander* and *Coriana*, are dead; for no longer ago than the firſt of laſt Month they ſwore eternal Fidelity to each other, and to love till Death. Ever ſince that Time, *Liſander* has been twice a Day at the Chocolate-houſe, viſits in every Circle, is miſſing Four Hours in Four and Twenty, and will give no Account of himſelf. Theſe are undoubted Proofs of the Departure of a Lover; and conſequently *Coriana* is alſo dead as a Miſtreſs. I have written to *Stentor* to give this Couple three Calls at the Church Door, which they muſt hear if they are living within the Bills of Mortality; and if they do not anſwer at that Time, they are from that Moment added to the Number of my Deceaſed.

From *Saturday Auguſt* 13. to *Tueſday Auguſt* 16.
N°. 55.

White's *Chocolate-Houſe*, *Auguſt* 15.

WHILE others are buſied in Relations which concern the Intereſts of Princes, the Peace of Nations, and Revolutions of Empire, I think, tho' theſe are very large Proſpects, my Subject of Diſcourſe is ſometimes to be of Matters of a yet higher Conſideration. The ſlow Steps of Providence and Nature, and Events which are brought about in an Inſtant, are what, as they come within our View and Obſervation, ſhall be giv'n to the Publick. Such Things are not accompanied with Show and Noiſe, and therefore ſeldom draw the Eyes of the unattentive Part of Mankind; but are very proper at once to exerciſe our Humanity, pleaſe our Imaginations, and improve our Judgments. It may not therefore be unuſeful to relate many Circumſtances, which were obſervable upon a late Cure done upon a young Gentleman who was born blind, and on the 29th of *June* laſt receiv'd his Sight at the Age of Twenty Years, by the Opera-

tion of an Oculiſt. This happen'd no farther off than *Newington*, and the Work was prepar'd for in the following Manner: The Operator, Mr. *Grant*, having obſerv'd the Eyes of his Patient, and convinc'd his Friends and Relations, among others the Reverend Mr. *Caſwell*, Miniſter of the Place, that it was highly probable he ſhould remove the Obſtacle which prevented the Uſe of his Sight; all his Acquaintance, who had any Regard for the young Man, or Curioſity to be preſent when one of full Age and Underſtanding receiv'd a new Senſe, aſſembled themſelves on this Occaſion. Mr. *Caſwell* being a Gentleman particularly curious, deſired the whole Company, in caſe the Blindneſs ſhould be cur'd, to keep ſilence, and let the Patient make his own Obſervations, without the Direction of any Thing he had receiv'd by his other Senſes, or the Advantage of diſcovering his Friends by their Voices. Among ſeveral others, the Mother, Brethren, Siſters, and a young Gentlewoman, for whom he had a Paſſion, were preſent. The Work was performed with great Skill and Dexterity. When the Patient firſt receiv'd the Dawn of Light, there appear'd ſuch an Extacy in his Action, that he ſeem'd ready to ſwoon away in the Surprize of Joy and Wonder. The Surgeon ſtood before him with his Inſtruments in his Hand. The young Man obſerv'd him from Head to Foot; after which he ſurvey'd himſelf as carefully, and ſeem'd to compare him to himſelf; and obſerving both their Hands, ſeem'd to think they were exactly alike, except the Inſtruments, which he took for Parts of his Hands. When he had continued in this Amazement ſome Time, his Mother could not longer bear the Agitations of ſo many Paſſions as throng'd upon her, but fell upon his Neck, crying out, My Son! My Son! The Youth knew her by her Voice, and could ſpeak no more than, Oh me! Are you my Mother? and fainted. The whole Room, you will eaſily conceive, were very affectionately employ'd in recovering him; but above all, the young Gentlewoman who lov'd him, and whom he lov'd, ſhriek'd in the loudeſt Manner. That Voice

ſeem'd

ſeem'd to have ſo ſudden an Effect upon him, as he recover'd, and he ſhow'd a double Curioſity in obſerving her as ſhe ſpoke and call'd to him; till at laſt he broke out, What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the Thing I have heard ſo often of? Is this the Light? Is this Seeing? Were you always thus happy when you ſaid you were glad to ſee each other? Where is *Tom*, who uſed to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him. He offer'd to move, but ſeem'd afraid of every Thing around him. When they ſaw his Difficulty, they told him, till he became better acquainted with his new Being, he muſt let the Servant ſtill lead him. The Boy was call'd for, and preſented to him. Mr. *Caſwell* ask'd him, What Sort of Thing he took *Tom* to be before he had ſeen him? He anſwer'd, He believ'd there was not ſo much of him as of himſelf; but he fancied him the ſame Sort of Creature. The Noiſe of this ſudden Change made all the Neighbourhood throng to the Place where he was. As he ſaw the Crowd thickening, he deſir'd Mr. *Caſwell* to tell him how many there were in all to be ſeen. The Gentleman, ſmiling, anſwer'd him, That it would be very proper for him to return to his late Condition, and ſuffer his Eyes to be cover'd, till they had receiv'd Strength; for he might remember well enough, that by Degrees he had from little and little come to the Strength he had at preſent in his Ability of walking and moving; and that it was the ſame Thing with his Eyes, which, he ſaid, would loſe the Power of continuing to him that wonderful Tranſport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aſide the Uſe of 'em, till they were ſtrong enough to bear the Light without ſo much Feeling, as he knew he underwent at preſent. With much Reluctance he was prevail'd upon to have his Eyes bound; in which Condition they kept him in a dark Room, till it was proper to let the Organ receive its Objects without further Precaution. During the Time of this Darkneſs, he bewail'd himſelf in the moſt diſtreſs'd Manner, and accus'd all his Friends, complaining, that ſome Incantation had been wrought

upon him, and ſome ſtrange Magick us'd to deceive him into an Opinion, that he had enjoy'd what they call'd Sight. He added, that the Impreſſions then let in upon his Soul would certainly diſtract him, if he were not ſo at that preſent. At another Time he would ſtrive to name the Perſons he had ſeen among the Crowd after he was couch'd, and would pretend to ſpeak (in perplex'd Terms of his own making) of what he in that ſhort Time obſerv'd. But on the 6th Inſtant it was thought fit to unbind his Head, and the young Woman whom he lov'd was inſtructed to open his Eyes accordingly, as well to indear her ſelf to him by ſuch a Circumſtance, as to moderate his Extaſies by the Perſwaſion of a Voice, which had ſo much Power over him as hers ever had. When this belov'd young Woman began to reſtore him, ſhe talk'd to him as follows:

'Mr. *William*, I am now taking the Binding off, 'tho' when I conſider what I am doing, I tremble 'with the Apprehenſion, that (tho' I have from 'my very Childhood lov'd you, dark as you were, 'and tho' you had conceiv'd ſo ſtrong a Love for me) 'yet you will find there is ſuch a Thing as Beauty, 'which may enſnare you into a Thouſand Paſſions, 'of which you now are innocent, and take you from 'me for ever. But before I put my ſelf to that Ha-'zard, tell me in what Manner that Love you al-'ways profeſs'd to me enter'd into your Heart; for 'it's uſual Admiſſion is at the Eyes.

'The young Man anſwer'd, "Dear *Lidia*, If I 'am to loſe by Sight the ſoft Pantings which I 'have always felt when I heard your Voice; If I 'am no more to diſtinguiſh the Step of her I love 'when ſhe approaches me, but to change that ſweet 'and frequent Pleaſure for ſuch an Amazement as 'I knew the little Time I lately ſaw; Or if I am to 'have any Thing beſides, which may take from me 'the Senſe I have of what appear'd moſt pleaſing to 'me at that Time (which Apparition it ſeems was

'you:)

' you:) Pull out theſe Eyes, before they lead me to be ' ungrateful to you, or undo my ſelf. I wiſh'd for ' them but to ſee you; pull 'em out if they are to ' make me forget you.

Lidia was extremely ſatisfy'd with theſe Aſſurances, and pleas'd her ſelf with playing with his Perplexities. In all his Talk to her, he ſhow'd but very feint Idea's of any Thing which had not been receiv'd by the Ear; and clos'd his Proteſtation to her by ſaying, That if he were to ſee *Valentia* and *Barcelma*, whom he ſuppos'd the moſt eſteem'd of all Women, by the Quarrel there was about 'em, he would never like any but *Lidia*.

St. James's Coffee-houſe. Auguſt 15.

We have repeated Advices of the entire Defeat of the *Swediſh* Army near *Pultowa* on the 27th of *June*, O. S. And Letters from *Berlin* give the following Account of the Remains of the *Swediſh* Army ſince the Battle: Prince *Menzikoff* being order'd to purſue the Victory, came up with the *Swediſh* Army (which was left to the Command of General *Lewenhaupt*) on the 30th of *June*, O. S. on the Banks of the *Boriſthenes*; whereupon he ſent General *Lewenhaupt* a Summons to ſubmit to his preſent Fortune: *Lewenhaupt* immediately diſpatch'd Three general Officers to that Prince, to treat about a Capitulation; but the *Swedes*, tho' they conſiſted of 12000 Men, were in ſo great Want of Proviſion and Ammunition, that they were oblig'd to ſurrender themſelves at Diſcretion. His Czariſh Majeſty diſpatch'd an Expreſs to general *Golz*, with an Account of theſe Particulars, and alſo with Inſtructions to ſend out Detachments of his Cavalry to prevent the King of *Sweden's* joining his Army in *Poland*. That Prince made his Eſcape with a ſmall Party by ſwimming over the *Boriſthenes*; and it was thought, he deſign'd to retire into *Poland* by the way of *Volhinia*. Advices from *Bern* of the 11th Inſtant ſay, That the General Diet of the *Helvetick* Body held at *Baden* concluded on the 6th; but the Deputies of the Six Cantons, who are deputed to determine the Affair of

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Tockenburg, continue their Application to that Buſineſs, notwithſtanding ſome new Difficulties ſtarted by the Abbot of St. *Gall*. Letters from *Geneva* of the 9th ſay, That the Duke of *Savoy*'s Cavalry had join'd Count *Thaun*, as had alſo Two Imperial Regiments of Huſſars; and that his Royal Highneſs was ready to ſet out for his Army, which is diſpos'd in the following Manner: The Troops under the Command of Count *Thaun* are extended from *Conflans* to *St. Peter* of *Albigni*. Small Parties are left in ſeveral Poſts from thence to little *St. Bernard*, to preſerve the Communication with *Piedmont* by the Valley of *Aoſta*. Some Forces are alſo poſted at *Taloir*, and in the Caſtle of *Doin*, on each Side of the Lake of *Annecy*. General *Rhebinder* is encamp'd in the Valley of *Oulx* with 10000 Foot, and ſome Detachments of Horſe: His Troops are extended from *Exilles* to Mount *Genevre*, ſo that he may eaſily penetrate into *Dauphine*, on the leaſt Motion of the Enemy; but the Duke of *Berwick* takes all neceſſary Precautions to prevent that Enterprize. That General's Head Quarters are at *Francin*; and he hath diſpos'd his Army in ſeveral Parties, to preſerve a Communication with the *Maurienne* and *Briancon*. He hath no Proviſions for his Army but from *Savoy*; *Province* and *Dauphine* being unable to ſupply him with Neceſſaries. He left two Regiments of Dragoons at *Annen*, who ſuffer'd very much in the late Action at *Taſſins*, where they loſt 1500 kill'd on the Spot, 4 Standards, and 300 Priſoners, among whom were 40 Officers. The laſt Letters from the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Camp at *Orchies* of the 19th Inſtant adviſe, That Monſieur *Ravignan* being return'd from the *French* Court with an Account, That the King of *France* refus'd to ratify the Capitulation for the Surrender of the Citadel of *Tournay*, the Approaches have been carried on with great Vigour and Succeſs: Our Miners have diſcovered ſeveral of the Enemy's Mines, and they have ſprung divers others, which did little Execution; but for the better Security of the Troops, both Aſſaults are carried on by the cautious Way of Sapping. On the 18th, the Confederate Army made

made a general Forage without any Loſs. Marſhal *Villars* continues in his former Camp, and applies himſelf with great Diligence in caſting up new Lines behind the old on the *Skarp*. The Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* deſign'd to begin a general Review of the Army on the 20th.

From *Tueſday Auguſt* 16. to *Thurſday Auguſt* 18. N°. 56.

White's Chocolate-houſe Auguſt 17.

THERE is a young Foreigner committed to my Care, who puzzles me extremely in the Queſtions he asks about the Perſons of Figure we meet in Publick Places. He has but very little of our Language, and therefore I am mightily at a Loſs to expreſs to him Things, for which they have no Word in that Tongue to which he was born. It has been often my Anſwer upon his asking, Who ſuch a fine Gentleman is? That he is what we call a *Sharper*, and he wants my Explication. I thought it would be very unjuſt to tell him, he is the ſame the *French* call *Coquin*; the *Latins*, *Nebulo*; or the *Greeks*, Πανουργος: For as Cuſtom is the moſt powerful of all Laws, and that the Order of Men we call *Sharpers* are receiv'd amongſt us, not only with Permiſſion, but Favour, I thought it unjuſt to uſe 'em like Perſons upon no Eſtabliſhment. Beſides that, it would be an unpardonable Diſhonour to our Country, to let him leave us with an Opinion, that our Nobility and Gentry kept Company with common Thieves and Cheats; I told him, they were a Sort of tame Huſſars that were allow'd in our Cities, like the wild ones in our Camp, who had all the Privileges belonging to us; but at the ſame Time were not ty'd to our Diſcipline or Laws. *Alethes*, who is a Gentleman of too much Virtue for the Age he lives in, would not let this Matter be thus palliated, but told my Pupil, That he was to underſtand, that Diſtinction, Quality, Merit,

Merit, and Induſtry, were laid aſide amongſt us by the Incurſions of theſe civil Huſſars, who had got ſo much Countenance, that the Breeding and Faſhion of the Age turn'd their Way to the Ruin of Order and Oeconomy in all Places where they are admitted. But *Sophronius*, who never falls into Heat upon any Subject, but applies proper Language, Temper, and Skill, with which the Thing in Debate is to be treated, told the Youth, that Gentleman had ſpoken nothing, but what was literally true; but fell upon it with too much Earneſtneſs to give a true Idea of that Sort of People he was declaiming againſt, or to remedy the Evil which he bewail'd: For the Acceptance of theſe Men being an Ill which had crept into the Converſation-Part of our Lives, and not into our Conſtitution it ſelf, it muſt be corrected where it began, and conſequently is to be amended only by bringing Raillery and Deriſion upon the Perſons who are guilty, or converſe with 'em. For the *Sharpers* (continued he) at preſent are not as formerly, under the Acceptation of Pick-pockets; but are by Cuſtom erected into a real and venerable Body of Men, and have ſubdu'd us to ſo very particular a Deference to them, that tho' they are known to be Men without Honour or Conſcience, no Demand is call'd a Debt of Honour ſo indiſputably as theirs. You may loſe your Honour to them, but they lay none againſt you: As the Prieſt-hood in Roman Catholick Countries can purchaſe what they pleaſe for the Church, but they can alienate nothing from it. It is from this Toleration, that *Sharpers* are to be found among all Sorts of Aſſemblies and Companies, and every Talent amongſt Men is made Uſe of by ſome one or other of the Society for the Good of their Common Cauſe: So that an unexperienc'd young Gentleman is as often enſnar'd by his Underſtanding as his Folly; For who could be unmov'd, to hear the eloquent *Dromio* explain the Conſtitution, talk in the Key of *Cato*, with the Severity of one of the ancient Sages, and debate the greateſt Queſtion of State in a common Chocolate or Coffee-houſe? Who

Who could, I ſay, hear this generous Declamator, without being fir'd at his Noble Zeal, and becoming his profeſs'd Follower, if he might be admitted? *Monoculus*'s Gravity would be no leſs inviting to a Beginner in Converſation, and the Snare of his Eloquence would equally catch one who had never ſeen an old Gentleman ſo very wiſe, and yet ſo little ſevere. Many other Inſtances of extraordinary Men among the Brotherhood might be produc'd; but every Man who knows the Town, can ſupply himſelf with ſuch Examples without their being nam'd. *Will. Vafer*, who is skilful at finding out the ridiculous Side of a Thing, and placing it in a new and proper Light, (tho' he very ſeldom talks) thought fit to enter into this Subject. He has lately loſt certain looſe Sums, which half the Income of his Eſtate will bring in within Seven Years: Beſides which he propoſes to Marry to ſet all right. He was therefore indolent enough to ſpeak of this Matter with great Impartiality. When I look round me, ſaid this eaſie Gentleman, and conſider in a juſt Ballance us Bubbles, Elder Brothers, whoſe Support our dull Fathers contriv'd to depend upon certain Acres; with the Rooks, whoſe Anceſtors left them the wide World; I cannot but admire their Fraternity, and contemn my own. Is not *Jack Heyday* much to be preferr'd to the Knight he has bubbled. *Jack* has his Equipage, his Wenches, and his Followers: The Knight ſo far from a Retinue, that he is almoſt one of *Jack*'s. However, he is gay, you ſee ſtill; a florid Outſide---- His Habit ſpeaks the Man--- And ſince he muſt unbutton, he would not be reduc'd outwardly, but is ſtripp'd to his upper Coat. But tho' I have great Temptation to it, I will not at this Time give the Hiſtory of the loſing ſide, but ſpeak the Effects of my Thoughts, ſince the loſs of my Money, upon the gaining People. This ill Fortune makes moſt Men contemplative and given to Reading; at leaſt it has happen'd ſo to me; and the Riſe and Fall of the Family of Sharpers in all Ages, has been my Contemplation. I find all Times have had of this Peo-

ple,

ple: *Homer*, in his excellent Heroick Poem, calls 'em *Myrmidons*, who were a Body who kept among themſelves, and had nothing to loſe; therefore never ſpared either *Greek* or *Trojan*, when they fell in their way, upon a Party: But there is a memorable Verſe which gives us an Account of what broke that whole Body, and made both *Greeks* and *Trojans* Maſters of the Secret of their Warfare and Plunder. There is nothing ſo pedantick as many Quotations; therefore I ſhall inform you only, that in this Battalion there were two Officers call'd *Therſites* and *Pandarus*; they were both leſs renown'd for their Beauty than their Wit; but each had this particular Happineſs, that they were plung'd over Head and Ears in the ſame Water, which made *Achilles* invulnerable; and had ever after certain Gifts which the reſt of the World were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know they were the moſt dreadful to Sight of all Mortals, never to be diffident of their own Abilities, never to bluſh, or ever to be wounded, but by each other. Tho' ſome Hiſtorians ſay, Gaming began among the *Lydians*, to divert Hunger: I could cite many Authorities to prove it had its Riſe at the Seige of *Troy*; and that *Uliſſes* won the Seven-fold Shield at Hazard. But be that as it may, the Ruin of the Corps of the *Myrmidons* proceeded from a Breach between *Therſites* and *Pandarus*. The firſt of theſe was Leader of a Squadron, wherein the latter was but a private Man; but having all the good Qualities neceſſary for a Partizan, he was the Favourite of his Officer. But the whole Hiſtory of the ſeveral Changes in the Order of Sharpers, from thoſe *Myrmidons* to our Modern Men of Addreſs and Plunder, will require that we conſult ſome ancient Manuſcripts. As we make theſe Enquiries, we ſhall diurnally communicate them to the Publick, that the Knights of the Induſtry may be the better underſtood by the good People of *England*. Theſe ſort of Men, in ſome Ages, were Sycophants and Flatterers only, and were endued with Arts of Life to capacitate them for the

the Converſation of the Rich and Great; but now the Bubble courts the Impoſtor, and pretends at the utmoſt to be but his Equal. To clear up the Reaſons and Cauſes in ſuch Revolutions, and the Alteration of Conduct between Fools and Cheats, ſhall be one of our Labours for the good of this Kingdom. How therefore Pimps, Footmen, Fiddlers and Lacqueys, are elevated into Companions in this preſent Age, ſhall be accounted for from the Influence of the Planet *Mercury* on this Iſland: The Aſcendency of which Sharper over *Sol*, who is Patron of the Muſes, and all honeſt Profeſſions, has been noted by the learned *Joh. Gabury* to be the Cauſe, that *Cunning and Trick are more eſteem'd than Art and Science.* It muſt be allow'd alſo, to the Memory of Mr. *Partridge*, late of *Cecil-Street* in the *Strand*, that in his Anſwer to an Horary Queſtion, at what Hour of the Night to ſet a Fox-Trap in *June*, 1705. he has largely diſcuſs'd, under the Character of *Reynard*, the Manner of ſurprizing all Sharpers as well as him. But of theſe great Points, after more mature Deliberation.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 17.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

SIR,

'WE have nothing at preſent now, but that we 'underſtand by ſome Owlers, That old Peo- 'ple die in *France*. Letters from *Paris* of the 10th 'Inſtant, *N. S.* ſay, That Monſieur *d' Andre* Marquis 'd'*Oraiſon* dy'd at 85; Monſieur *Brumare*, at 102 Years, 'dy'd for Love of his Wife, who was 92 at her Death, 'after 70 Years Cohabitation. *Nicholas de Bouthellier*, 'Pariſh Preacher of *Saſſeville*, being a Batchelor, held 'out till 116. Dame *Claude de Maſſy*, Relict of Mon- 'ſieur *Peter de Monceaux*, Grand Audiencer of *France*, 'dy'd on the 7th Inſtant, aged 107. Letters of the 17th ſay, Monſieur *Chreſtien de Lamoignon* dy'd on the

'7th

‘ 7th Inſtant, a Perſon of great Piety and Virtue, ‘ but having dy'd young, his Age is conceal'd for ‘ Reaſons of State. On the 15th his moſt Chriſtian ‘ Majeſty, attended by the *Dauphin*, the Duke of *Burgundy*, the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Berry*, aſſiſted at ‘ the Proceſſion which he yearly performs, in Memory of a Vow made by *Lewis* the XIIIth, 1638. ‘ For which Act of Piety, his Majeſty receiv'd Abſolution of his Confeſſor, for the Breach of all inconvenient Vows made by himſelf. I am,

SIR,
Your moſt Humble Servant,

Humphrey Kidney.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 17.

I am to acknowledge ſeveral Letters which I have lately receiv'd; among others, one ſubſcrib'd *Philanthropos*, another *Emilia*, both which ſhall be honoured. I have a Third from an Officer of the Army, wherein he deſires I would do Juſtice to the many gallant Actions which have been done by Men of private Characters, or Officers of lower Stations, during this long War; that their Families may have the Pleaſure of ſeeing we liv'd in an Age wherein Men of all Orders had their proper Share in Fame and Glory. There is nothing I ſhould undertake with greater Pleaſure than Matter of this Kind: If therefore they who are acquainted with ſuch Facts, would pleaſe to communicate 'em, by Letter directed to me at Mr. *Morphew*'s, no Pains ſhould be ſpared to put 'em in a proper and diſtinguiſhing Light.

This is to admoniſh Stentor, *That it was not Admiration of his Voice, but my Publication of it, which has lately increas'd the Number of his Hearers.*

From

From *Thurſday Auguſt* 18. to *Saturday Auguſt* 20. No. 57.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 19.

I Was this Evening repreſenting a Complaint ſent me out of the Country from *Emilia*. She ſays her Neighbours there have ſo little Senſe of what a Refin'd Lady of the Town is, that ſhe who was a celebrated Wit in Town, is in that dull Part of the World in ſo little Eſteem, that they call her in their baſe ſtile a *Tongue-Pad*. Old *Trucpenny* bid me adviſe her to keep her Wit till ſhe comes to Town again, and admoniſh her, that both Wit and Breeding are local; for a Fine Court Lady is as aukard among Country Houſewives, as one of them would appear in a Drawing Room. 'Tis therefore the moſt uſeful Knowledge one can attain at, to underſtand among what ſort of Men we make the beſt Figure; for if there be a Place where the Beauteous and accompliſhed *Emilia* is unacceptable, it is certainly a vain Endeavour to attempt pleaſing in all Converſations. Here is *Will. Ubi*, who is ſo thirſty after the Reputation of a Companion, that his Company is for any Body that will accept of it; and for want of knowing whom to choſe for himſelf, is never choſen by others. There is a certain Chaſtity of Behaviour which makes a Man deſirable, and which if he tranſgreſſes, his Wit will have the ſame Fate with *Delia*'s Beauty, which no one regards, becauſe all know it is within their Power. The beſt Courſe *Emilia* can take, is, to have leſs Humility; for if ſhe could have as good an Opinion of her ſelf for having every Quality, as ſome of her Neighbours have of themſelves with one, ſhe would inſpire ev'n them with a Senſe of her Merit, and make that Carriage (which is now the Subject of their Deriſion) the ſole Object of their Imitation. Till ſhe has arriv'd at this Value of her ſelf, ſhe muſt be contented with the Fate of that uncommon Creature, a Woman too humble.

White's

White's Chocolate-House, August 19.

Since my laſt, I have receiv'd a Letter from *Tom. Trump*, to deſire that I would do the Fraternity of Gameſters the Juſtice to own, that there are notorious Sharpers who are not of their Claſs. Among other things, he preſented me with the Picture of *Harry Copperſmith* in Little, who (he ſays) is at this Day worth half a Plumb, by Means much more indirect than by Gulls Dice. I muſt confeſs, there appear'd ſome Reaſon in what he aſſerted; and he met me ſince, and accoſted me in the following Manner: 'It is wonderful to me Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, that you can pretend to be a Man of Penetration, and fall upon us Knights of the Induſtry as the wickedeſt of Mortals, when there are ſo many who live in the conſtant Practice of baſer Methods unobſerv'd. 'You cannot (tho' you know the Story of my ſelf and the *North Britton*) but allow I am an honeſter Man than *Will. Copperſmith*, for all his great Credit among the *Lombards*. I get my Money by Mens Follies, and he gets his by their Diſtreſſes. The declining Merchant communicates his Griefs to him, and he augments them by Extortion. If therefore regard is to be had to the Merit of the Perſons we injure, Who is the more blameable, he that oppreſſes an unhappy Man, or he that Cheats a fooliſh one? All Mankind are indifferently liable to adverſe Strokes of Fortune; and he who adds to 'em, when he might relieve 'em, is certainly a worſe Subject, than he who unburdens a Man whoſe Proſperity is unweildy to him. Beſides all which, he that borrows of *Copperſmith*, does it out of Neceſſity; he that plays with me, does it out of Choice. I allow'd *Trump* there are Men as bad as himſelf, which is the Height of his Pretenſions; and muſt confeſs, that *Copperſmith* is the moſt wicked and impudent of all Sharpers: A Creature that Cheats with Credit, and is a Robber in the Habit of a Friend. The Contemplation of this worthy Perſon made me reflect on the wonderful Succeſſes I have obſerv'd Men of the meaneſt Capaci-

Capacities meet with in the World, and recollected an Obſervation I once heard a ſage Man make, which was, That he had obſerv'd, that in ſome Profeſſions, the lower the Underſtanding, the greater the Capacity. I remember, he inſtanc'd that of a Banker, and ſaid, That the fewer Appetites, Paſſions, and Idea's a Man had, he was the better for his Buſineſs. There is little Sir *Triſtram*, without Connexion in his Speech, or ſo much as common Senſe, has arriv'd by his own natural Parts at one of the greateſt Eſtates amongſt us. But honeſt Sir *Triſtram* knows himſelf to be but a Repoſitory for Caſh: He is himſelf ſuch an Utenſil as his Iron Cheſt, and may rather be ſaid to hold Money, than poſſeſs it. There is nothing ſo pleaſant as to be in the Converſation of theſe wealthy Proficients. I had lately the Honour to drink half a Pint with Sir *Triſtram*, *Harry Copperſmith*, and *Giles Twoſhoes*. Theſe Wags give one another Credit in Diſcourſe according to their Purſes; they jeſt by the Pound, and make anſwers as they honour Bills. Without Vanity, I thought my ſelf the Prettieſt Fellow of the Company; but I had no manner of Power over one Muſcle in their Faces, tho' they ſneer'd at every Word ſpoken by each other. Sir *Triſtram* call'd for a Pipe of Tobacco; and telling us, Tobacco was a *Pot-Herb*, bid the Drawer bring in t'other Half-Pint. *Twoſhoes* laugh'd at the Knight's Wit without Moderation. I took the Liberty to ſay, it was but a Pun. A Pun! ſays *Copperſmith*: You would be a better Man by 10000 *l.* if you could pun like Sir *Triſtram*. With that they all burſt out together. The Queer Curs maintain'd this Stile of Dialogue till we had drank our Quarts a piece by Half-Pints. All I could bring away with me, is, That *Twoſhoes* is not worth Twenty Thouſand Pounds; for his Mirth, tho' he was as inſipid as either of the others, had no more Effect upon the Company, than if he had been a Bankrupt.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 19.

I have heard, it has been advis'd by a Dioceſan to his inferior Clergy, that inſtead of broaching Opinions of their own, and uttering Doctrines which may lead themſelves and Hearers into Errors, they would read ſome of the moſt celebrated Sermons printed by others for the Inſtruction of their Congregations. In Imitation of ſuch Preachers at Second-hand, I ſhall tranſcribe from *Bruyere* one of the moſt elegant Pieces of Raillery and Satyr which I have ever read. He deſcribes the *French*, as if ſpeaking of a People not yet diſcover'd, in the Air and Stile of a Traveller.

I have heard talk of a Country where the old Men are Gallant, Polite and Civil: The young Men, on the contrary, Stubborn, Wild, without either Manners or Civility. They are free from Paſſion for Women at the Age when in other Countries they begin to feel it; and prefer Beaſts, Victuals, and ridiculous Amours, before 'em. Amongſt th ſe People, he is ſober who is never Drunk with any thing but Wine; the too frequent Uſe of it has render'd it flat and inſipid to 'em: They endeavour by Brandy, and other ſtrong Liquors, to quicken their Taſt, already extinguiſh'd, and want nothing to compleat their Debauches, but to drink Aqua Fortis. *The Women of that Country haſten the Decay of their Beauty, by their Artifices to preſerve it: They paint their Cheeks, Eye-brows, and Shoulders, which they lay open, together with their Breaſts, Arms, and Ears, as if they were afraid to hide thoſe Places which they think will pleaſe, and never think they ſhow enough of 'em. The Phyſiognomies of the People of that Country are not at all neat, but confus'd and embarras'd with a Bundle of ſtrange Hair, which they prefer before their natural: With this they weave ſomething to cover their Heads, which deſcends down half way their Bodies, hides their Features, and hinders you from knowing Men by their Faces. This Nation has beſides this their God and their King. The Grandees go every Day at a certain Hour to a Temple they call a Church: At the upper End of that Temple, there ſtands an Altar conſecrated to their God,*

God, where the Prieſt celebrates ſome Myſteries which they call holy, ſacred, and tremendous. The great Men make a vaſt Circle at the Foot of the Altar, ſtanding with their Back to the Prieſt and the holy Myſteries, and their Faces erected towards their King, who is ſeen on his Knees upon a Throne, and to whom they ſeem to direct the Deſires of their Hearts, and all their Devotion. However, in this Cuſtom there is to be remark'd a ſort of Subordination; for the People appear adoring their Prince, and their Prince adoring God. The Inhabitants of this Region call it .... 'Tis from Forty eight Degrees of Latitude, and more than Eleven Hundred Leagues by Sea, from the Iroquois *and* Hurons.

Letters from *Hamſtead* ſay, There is a Coxcomb arriv'd there of a Kind which is utterly new. The Fellow has Courage, which he takes himſelf to be oblig'd to give Proofs of every Hour he lives. He is ever fighting with the Men, and contradicting the Women. A Lady who ſent him to me, ſuperſcrib'd him with this Deſcription out of *Suckling*:

I am a Man of War and Might,
And know thus much that I can fight,
Whether I am i'th' Wrong or Right,
Devoutly.

No Woman under Heaven I fear,
New Oaths I can exactly ſwear;
And forty Healths my Brains will bear,
moſt ſtoutly.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 18.

Letters which arriv'd this Evening from *Oſtend* ſay, That it is expected the Treaty of Peace will forthwith be renewed, and that Monſieur *de Torcy* is at preſent in the *French* Camp, with full Inſtructions from his Maſter to act in that Affair in ſuch a Manner, as ſhall be ſatisfactory to the Confederates. Monſieur *Heems*, who is Miniſter to his Imperial Majeſty, upon receiving an Account of the Propoſals

poſals which will be made, went Poſt to the Court of *Vienna*. Theſe Adviſes add, That the Attack of the Citadel, proceeded with as much Expedition as the Method of the Sap would admit.

From *Saturday Auguſt* 20. to *Tueſday Auguſt* 23. N°. 58.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, Auguſt 22.

POOR *Cynthio* (who does me the Honour to talk to me now and then very freely of his moſt ſecret Thoughts, and tells me his moſt private Frailties) own'd to me, that tho' he is now in his Prime of Life, Love had kill'd all his Deſires, and he was now as much to be truſted with a Fine Lady as if he were Eighty. That one Paſſion for *Clariſſa*, has taken up (ſaid he) my whole Soul, and all my idle Flames are extinguiſh'd, as you may obſerve, ordinary Fires are often put out by the Sunſhine. This was a Declaration that was not to be made, but upon the higheſt Opinion of a Man's Sincerity: yet as much a Subject to Raillery as ſuch a Speech would be, it is certain, that Chaſtity is a nobler Quality, and as much to be valued in Men as in Women. The mighty *Scipio*, who (as *Bluffe* ſays in the Comedy) was a Pretty Fellow in his Time, was of this Mind, and is celebrated for it by an Author of good Senſe. When he liv'd, Wit, and Humour, and Raillery, and publick Succeſs, were at as high a Pitch in *Rome*, as at preſent in *England*; yet I believe, there was no Man in theſe Days thought that General at all ridiculous in his Behaviour in the following Account of him: *Scipio*, at Four and Twenty Years of Age, had obtain'd a great Victory, and a Multitude of Priſoners of each Sex, and all Conditions, fell into his Poſſeſſion: Among others, a beauteous Virgin, in her early Bloom and Beauty. He had too ſenſible a Spirit, to ſee the moſt lovely of all Objects without being mov'd with Paſſion: Beſides which, there was no obligation of Honour or Virtue

to

to reſtrain his Deſires towards one who was his by the Fortune of War. But a noble Indignation, and a ſudden Sorrow, which appear'd in her Countenance, when a Conqueror caſt his Eyes upon her, rais'd his Curioſity to know her Story. He was inform'd, that ſhe was a Lady of the higheſt Condition in that Country, and contracted to *Indibilis*, a Man of Merit and Quality. The generous *Roman* ſoon plac'd himſelf in the Condition of that unhappy Man, who was to loſe ſo charming a Bride; and tho' a Youth, a Batchelor, a Lover, and a Conqueror, immediately reſolv'd to reſign all the Invitations of his Paſſion, and the Rights of his Power, to reſtore her to her deſtin'd Husband. With this purpoſe he commanded her Parents and Relations, as well as her Husband, to attend him at an appointed Time. When they met, and were waiting for the General, my Author frames to himſelf the different Concern of an unhappy Father, a deſpairing Lover, and a tender Mother, in the ſeveral Perſons who were ſo related to the Captive. But for fear of injuring the delicate Circumſtances with an old Tranſlation, I ſhall proceed to tell you, That *Scipio* appears to 'em, and leads in his Priſoner into their Preſence. The *Romans* (as noble as they were) ſeem'd to allow themſelves a little too much Triumph over the Conquer'd; therefore, as *Scipio* approach'd, they all threw themſelves on their Knees, except the Lover of the Lady: But *Scipio* obſerving in him a manly Sullenneſs, was the more inclin'd to favour him, and ſpoke to him in theſe Words: *It is not the Manner of the* Romans *to uſe all the Power they juſtly may: We fight not to ravage Countries, or break through the Ties of Humanity; I am acquainted with your Worth, and your Intereſt in this Lady: Fortune has made me your Maſter; but I deſire to be your Friend. This is your Wife; Take her, and may the Gods bleſs you with her. But far be it from* Scipio *to purchaſe a looſe and momentary Pleaſure at the Rate of making an honeſt Man unhappy. Indibilis*'s Heart was too full to make him any Anſwer, but threw himſelf at his Feet, and wept aloud. The Captive Lady felt

nto the ſame Poſture, and they both remain'd ſo till the Father burſt into the following Words: 'Oh Divine *Scipio!* The Gods have given you more 'than human Virtue. Oh glorious Leader! Oh wonderous Youth! Does not that oblig'd Virgin give 'you, while ſhe prays to the Gods for your Proſperity, and thinks you ſent down from them, 'Raptures above all the Tranſports which you could 'have Reap'd from the Poſſeſſion of her injur'd Perſon? The temperate *Scipio* anſwer'd him without much Emotion, and ſaying, *Father, be a Friend to* Rome, retir'd. An immenſe Sum was offer'd as her Ranſome; but he ſent it to her Husband, and ſmiling, ſaid, This is a Trifle after what I have given him already; but let *Indibilis* know, that Chaſtity at my Age, is a much more difficult Virtue to practiſe, than Generoſity. I obſerv'd, *Cynthio* was very much taken with my Narrative; but told me, this was a Virtue that would bear but a very inconſiderable Figure in our Days. However, I took the Liberty to ſay, that we ought not to loſe our Idea's of Things, tho' we had debauch'd our true Reliſh in our Practice. For after we have done laughing, ſolid Virtue will keep its Place in Mens Opinions: And tho' Cuſtom made it not ſo ſcandalous as it ought to be, to inſnare innocent Women, and Triumph in the Falſhood; ſuch Actions as we have here related, muſt be accounted true Gallantry, and but riſe the higher in our Eſteem, the farther they are remov'd from our Imitation.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 22.

A Man would be apt to think in this laughing Town, that it were impoſſible a Thing ſo exploded as ſpeaking hard Words, ſhould be practis'd by any one that had ever ſeen good Company; but as if there were a Standard in our Minds as well as Bodies, you ſee very many juſt where they were Twenty Years ago, and more they cannot, will not arrive at. Were it not thus, the noble *Martius* would not be the only Man in *England* whom no Body can underſtand, tho' he talks more than any Man elſe.

elſe. *Will. Dactyle* the Epigrammatiſt, *Jack Comma* the Grammarian, *Nick. Croſſe-grain* who writes Anagrams, and my ſelf, made a pretty Company at a Corner of this Room, and were very peaceably upon a Subject fit enough for us; which was, the Examination of the Force of the Particle *For*, when *Martius* join'd us; and being well known to us all, he ask'd what we were upon? For he had a Mind to conſummate the Happineſs of the Day, which had been ſpent among the Stars of the firſt Magnitude, among the Men of Letters; and therefore, to put a Period to it, as he had commenc'd it, he ſhould be glad to be allow'd to participate of the Pleaſure of our Society. I told him the Subject. Faith, Gentlemen, ſaid *Martius*, your Subject is humble; and if you would give me leave to elevate the Converſation, I ſhould humbly offer, that you would enlarge your Enquiries to the Word *For-as-much*: For tho' I take it, ſaid he, to be but one Word; yet the Particle *Much*, implying Quantity, the Particle *As*, Similitude, it will be greater and more like our Selves, to treat of *For-as-much*: *Jack Comma* is always ſerious, and anſwer'd *Martius*; I muſt take the Liberty to ſay, That you have fallen into all this Error and profuſe manner of Speech by a certain hurry in your Imagination, for want of being more exact in the Knowledge of the Parts of Speech; and it is ſo with all Men who have not well ſtudied the Particle *For*. You have ſpoken *For*, without making any Inference, which is the great Uſe of that Particle. There is no manner of Force in your Obſervation of Quantity and Similitude in the Syllables *As* and *Much*. But it is ever the Fault of Men of great Wit to be incorrect; which evil they run into by an indiſcreet Uſe of the Word *For*. Conſider all the Books of Controverſie which have been written, and I'll engage you will obſerve, that all the Debate lies in this Point, Whether they brought in *For* in a juſt Manner, or forc'd it in for their own Uſe, rather than as underſtanding the Uſe of the Word it ſelf? There is nothing like familiar

Inſtances: You have heard the Story of the *Iriſhman*, who reading, *Money for Live Hair*, took a Lodging, and expected to be paid for living at that Houſe. If this Man had known *For* was in that place, of a quite different Signification from the Particle *To*, he could not have fallen into the Miſtake of taking *Live* for what the *Latins* call *Vivere*, or rather, *Habitare*. *Martius* ſeem'd at a Loſs; and admiring his profound Learning, wiſh'd he had been bred a Scholar, for he did not take the Scope of his Diſcourſe. This wiſe Debate, of which we had very much more, made me reflect upon the Difference of their Capacities, and wonder that there could be, as it were, a Diverſity in Mens Genius for Nonſenſe; that one ſhould bluſter, while another crept in Abſurdities. *Martius* moves like a blind Man, lifting his Legs higher than the ordinary Way of Stepping; and *Comma*, like one who is only ſhort-ſighted, picking his way, when he ſhould be marching on. Want of Learning makes *Martius* a brisk entertaining Fool, and gives himſelf a full Scope; but that which *Comma* has, and calls Learning, makes him diffident, and curb his natural Miſunderſtanding, to the great Loſs of the Men of Raillery. This Converſation confirm'd me in the Opinion, that Learning uſually does but improve in us what Nature deſign'd us for. He that wants good Senſe, is unhappy in having it; for he has by it only more Ways of expoſing himſelf; and he that has Senſe, knows, that Learning is not Knowledge, but rather the Art of uſing it.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 22.

Tho' we have Men of Intelligence that have ſpoken of the Propoſals of Peace, and Conferences which have been held at *Tournay*, there are no certain Advices of any ſuch Treaty. We have undoubted Intelligence of the Defeat of the King of *Sweden*; and that Prince, (who for ſome Years had hover'd like an approaching Tempeſt, and was look'd up at by all the Nations of *Europe*, which ſeem'd to expect their Fate according to the Courſe he

ſhould

ſhould take), is now, in all Probability, an unhappy Exile, without the common Neceſſaries of Life. His Czariſh Majeſty treats his Priſoners with great Gallantry and Diſtinction. Count *Rhondſchilde* has had particular Marks of his Majeſty's Eſteem, for his Merit and Services to his Maſter; but Count *Piper*, whom his Majeſty believes Author of the moſt violent Councils into which his Prince enter'd, is diſarm'd, and entertain'd accordingly. That deciſive Battle was ended at Nine in the Morning, and all the *Swediſh* Generals din'd with the Czar that very Day, and receiv'd Aſſurances, That they ſhould find *Muſcovy* was not unacquainted with the Laws of Honour and Humanity.

From *Tueſday Auguſt* 23. to *Thurſday Auguſt* 25. N° 59.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, Auguſt 24.

ÆSOP has gain'd to himſelf an immortal Renown for figuring the Manners, Deſires, Paſſions, and Intereſts of Men, by Fables of Beaſts and Birds: I ſhall in my future Accounts of our modern Heroes and Wits, vulgarly call'd *Sharpers*, imitate the Method of that delightful Moraliſt; and think, I cannot repreſent thoſe Worthies more naturally than under the Shadow of a Pack of Dogs; for this Set of Men are like them, made up of Finders, Lurchers, and Setters. Some ſearch for the Prey, others purſue it, others take it; and if it be worth it, they all come up at the Death, and worry the Carcaſs. It would require a moſt exact Knowledge of the Field, and the Harbours where the Deer lie, to recount all the Revolutions in the Chace: But as I intend to write for the Preſervation of the Game, rather than the Inſtruction of the Purſuers, I ſhall content my ſelf with only giving Notice to all, that the Hounds are out, and letting 'em know their ſeveral Faculties. But I am diverted from the Train of my Diſcourſe of the Fraternity about this

Town by Letters from *Hamſtead*, which gives me an Account, there is a late Inſtitution there, under the Name of a *Rattling-Shop*, which is, it ſeems, ſecretly ſupported by a Perſon who is a deep Practitioner in the Law, and, out of Tenderneſs of Conſcience, has, under the Name of his Maid *Siſly*, ſet up this eaſier Way of Conveyancing and Alienating Eſtates from one Family to another. He is ſo far from having an Intelligence with the reſt of the Fraternity, that all the humbler Cheats who appear there, are fac'd by the Partners in the Bank, and driven off by the Reflection of ſuperior Braſs. This Notice is given to all the ſilly Faces that paſs that way, that they may not be decoy'd in by the ſoft Allurement of a fine Lady, who is the Sign to the Pageantry. And at the ſame Time Seignior *Hawkſy*, who is the Patron of the Houſhold, is deſir'd to leave off this interloping Trade, or admit, as he ought to do, the Knights of the Induſtry to their Share in the Spoil. But this little matter is only by way of Digreſſion. Therefore to return to our Worthies: The preſent Race of Terriers and Hounds would ſtarve, were it not for the enchanted *Actæon*, who has kept the whole Pack for many Succeſſions of Hunting Seaſons. *Actæon* has long Tracts of rich Soil; but had the misfortune in his Youth to fall under the Power of Sorcery, and has been ever ſince, ſome parts of the Year, a Deer, and in ſome parts a Man. While he is a Man, (ſuch is the Force of Magick) he only grows to ſuch a Bulk and Fatneſs, which as ſoon as he arrives at, he is again turn'd into a Deer, and hunted till he is lean; upon which he returns to his human Shape. Many have been the Arts try'd, and many the Reſolutions taken by *Actæon* himſelf, to follow ſuch Methods as would break the Inchantment; but all have hitherto prov'd ineffectual. I have therefore, by Midnight Watchings and much Care, found out, that there is no Way to ſave him from the Jaws of his Hounds, but to deſtroy the Pack, which, by Aſtrological Præſcience, I find I am deſtin'd to perform. For which

which End, I have ſent out my Familiar, to bring me a Liſt of all the Places where they are harbour'd, that I may know where to found my Horn, and bring 'em together, and take an Account of their Haunts and their Marks, againſt another Opportunity.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 24.

The Author of the Enſuing Letter, by his Name, and the Quotations he makes from the Ancients, ſeems a ſort of Spy from the old World, whom we Moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore I muſt be free, and own it a fair Hit where he takes me, rather than diſoblige him.

SIR,

'HAving a peculiar Humour of deſiring to be ſomewhat the better or wiſer for what I read, I am always uneaſie when, in any profound Writer, (for I read no others) I happen to meet with what I can't underſtand. When this falls out, 'tis a great Grievance to me that I am not able to conſult the Author himſelf about his Meaning: for Commentators are a Sect that has little Share in my Eſteem. Your elaborate Writings have, among many others, this Advantage, that their Author is ſtill alive, and ready (as his extenſive Charity makes us expect) to explain whatever may be found in them too ſublime for vulgar Underſtandings. This, Sir, makes me preſume to ask you, How the *Hampſtead* Hero's Character could be perfectly new when the laſt Letters came away, and yet Sir *John Suckling* ſo well acquainted with it Sixty Years ago? I hope, Sir, you will not take this amiſs: I can aſſure you, I have a profound Reſpect for you; which makes me write this, with the ſame Diſpoſition with which *Longinus* bids us read *Homer* and *Plato*. *When in reading* (ſays he) *any of thoſe celebrated Authors, we meet with a Paſſage to which we cannot well reconcile our Reaſons, we ought firmly to believe, that were thoſe great Wits preſent to anſwer for themſelves,*

'ſelves, we ſhould to our Wonder be convinc'd, that we 'only are guilty of the Miſtakes we before attributed to 'them. If you think fit to remove the Scruple that 'now torments me, 'twill be an Encouragement to 'me to ſettle a frequent Correſpondence with you, 'ſeveral Things falling in my way, which would not, 'perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpoſe, and 'whereon your Thoughts would be very accept-'able to

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Obadiah Greenhat.

I own this is clean, and Mr. *Greenhat* has convinc'd me that I have writ Nonſence; yet am I not at all offended at him.

Scimus, & hanc Veniam petimuſq; damuſq; Viciſſim.

This is the true Art of Raillery, when a Man turns another into Ridicule, and ſhows at the ſame time he is in good Humour, and not urg'd by Malice againſt the Perſon he rallies. *Obadiah Greenhat* has hit this very well: For to make an Apology to *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, an unknown Student and Horary Hiſtorian, as well as Aſtrologer, and with a grave Face to ſay, He ſpeaks of him by the ſame Rules with which he would treat *Homer* or *Plato*, is to place him in Company where he cannot expect to make a Figure; and makes him flatter himſelf, that it is only being nam'd with them which renders him ridiculous. I have not known, and I am now paſt my Grand Climacterick, being 64 Years of Age, according to my Way of Life, or rather (if you will allow Punning in an old Gentleman) according to my Way of Paſtime; I ſay, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the *Greenhats*. There is indeed one *Zedekiah Greenhat*, who is lucky alſo in his Way. He has a very agreeable Manner; for when he has a Mind through-

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ly to correct a Man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him ſomething for it; or elſe, he blames him for Things wherein he is not defective, as well as for Matters wherein he is. This makes a weak Man believe he is in Jeſt in the whole. T' other Day he told Beau *Prim*, who is thought impotent, that his Miſtreſs had declared ſhe would not have him, becauſe he was a Sloven, and had committed a Rape. The Beau bit at the Banter, and ſaid very gravely, He thought to be clean, was as much as was neceſſary; and that as to the Rape, he wonder'd by what Witchcraft that ſhould come to her Ears; but it had indeed coſt him a Hundred Pounds to huſh the Affair. The *Greenhats* are a Family with ſmall Voices and ſhort Arms, therefore they have no Power but with their Friends: They never call after thoſe who run away from 'em, or pretend to take hold of you if you reſiſt. But it has been remarkable, that all who have ſhunn'd their Company, or not liſten'd to them, have fallen into the Hands of ſuch as have knock'd out their Brains, or broken their Bones. I have look'd over our Pedigree upon the Receipt of this Epiſtle, and find the *Greenhats* are a-kin to the *Staffes*. They deſcend from *Maudlin*, the Left-handed Wife of *Nehemiah Bickerſtaff*, in the Reign of *Harry* II. And it is remarkable, that they are all Left-handed, and have always been very expert at ſingle Rapier. A Man muſt be very much uſed to their Play to know how to defend himſelf; for their Poſture is ſo different from that of the Right-handed, that you run upon their Swords if you puſh forward; and they are in with you if you offer to fall back without keeping your Guard. There have been other Letters lately ſent to me which relate to other People: Among others, ſome whom I have heretofore declared to be ſo are deceaſed. I muſt not therefore break through Rules ſo far as to ſpeak ill of the Dead. This Maxim extends to all but the late *Partridge*, who ſtill denies his Death. I am inform'd indeed by ſeveral that he walks; but I ſhall with all convenient Speed lay him.

St. James's Coffee-House, August 24.

We hear from *Tournay*, That on the Night between the 22d and the 23d, they went on with their Works in the Enemy's Mines, and levelled the Earth which was taken out of them. The next Day at Eight in the Morning, when the *French* obſerv'd we were relieving our Trenches, they ſprung a larger Mine than any they had fir'd during this Siege; but kill'd only four private Centinels. The enſuing Night, we had three Men and two Officers kill'd, as alſo ſeven Men wounded. Between the 24th and 25th, we repair'd ſome Works, which the Enemy had ruined. On the next Day, ſome of the Enemy's Magazines blew up; and it is thought they were deſtroy'd on purpoſe by ſome of their Men, who are impatient of the Hardſhips of the preſent Service. There happen'd nothing remarkable for two or three Days following. A Deſerter who came out of the Citadel on the 27th, ſays, the Garriſon is brought to the utmoſt Neceſſity: That their Bread and Water are both very bad; and that they were reduc'd to eat Horſe Fleſh. The Manner of Fighting in this Siege has diſcover'd a Gallantry in our Men unknown to former Ages; their meeting with adverſe Parties under Ground, where every Step is taken with Apprehenſions of being blown up with Mines below 'em, or cruſh'd by the fall of the Earth above 'em: and all this acted in Darkneſs, has ſomething in it more horrid than ever is met with in any other Part of a Soldier's Duty. However, this is perform'd with great Chearfulneſs. In other Parts of the War we have alſo good Proſpects: Count *Taun* has taken *Annecy*, and the Count *de Merci* march'd into *Franche Comte*, while his Electoral Highneſs is much ſuperior in Number to Monſieur *d' Harcourt*; ſo that both on the ſide of *Savoy* and *Germany*, we have Reaſon to expect very ſuddenly ſome great Event.

From

From *Thurſday Auguſt* 25. to *Saturday Auguſt* 27. N°. 60:

White's Chocolate-Houſe, Auguſt 26.

TO proceed regularly in the Hiſtory of my Worthies, I ought to give you an Account of what has paſs'd from Day to Day in this Place; but a young Fellow of my Acquaintance has ſo lately been reſcu'd out of the Hands of the Knights of the Induſtry, that I rather chooſe to relate the Manner of his Eſcape from 'em, and the uncommon Way which was us'd to reclaim him, than to go on in my intended Diary. You are to know then, that *Tom. Wildair* is a Student of the *Inner Temple*, and has ſpent his Time, ſince he left the Univerſity for that Place, in the common Diverſions of Men of Faſhion; that is to ſay, in Whoring, Drinking, and Gaming. The two former Vices he had from his Father; but was led into the laſt by the Converſation of a Partizan of the *Mirmidons*, who had Chambers near him. His Allowance from his Father was a very plentiful one for a Man of Senſe, but very ſcanty for a modern Fine Gentleman. His frequent Loſſes had reduc'd him to ſo neceſſitous a Condition, that his Lodgings were always haunted by impatient Creditors, and all his Thoughts employ'd in contriving low Methods to ſupport himſelf in a Way of Life from which he knew not how to retreat, and in which he wanted Means to proceed. There is never wanting ſome good natur'd Perſon to ſend a Man an Account of what he has no Mind to hear; therefore many Epiſtles were convey'd to the Father of this Extravagant, to inform him of the Company, the Pleaſures, the Diſtreſſes, and Entertainments, in which his Son paſs'd his Time. The old Fellow receiv'd theſe Advices with all the Pain of a Parent, but frequently conſulted his Pillow to know how to behave himſelf on ſuch important Occaſions, as the Welfare of his Son, and the Safety of his Fortune. After many Agi-

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tations of Mind, he reflected, that Neceſſity was the uſual Snare which made Men fall into Meanneſs, and that a liberal Fortune generally made a liberal and honeſt Mind; he reſolv'd therefore to ſave him from his Ruin by giving him Opportunities of taſting what it is to be at Eaſe, and enclos'd to him the following Order upon Sir *Triſtram Caſh*.

SIR,

Pray pay to Mr. Tho. Wildair, *or Order, the Sum of One Thouſand Pounds, and place it to the Account of Yours,*

Humphrey Wildair.

Tom. was ſo aſtoniſh'd at the Receipt of this Order, that tho' he knew it his Father's Hand, and knew he had always large Sums at Sir *Triſtram's*; yet a Thouſand Pounds was a Truſt of which his Conduct had always made him appear ſo little capable, that he kept his Note by him, till he writ to his Father the following Letter:

Honour'd Father,

I have receiv'd an Order under your Hand for a Thouſand Pounds in Words at length, and I think I could ſwear it is your Hand. I have look'd it over and over Twenty Thouſand Times. There is in plain Letters; T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D: And after it, the Letters; P, O, U, N, D, S. I have it ſtill by me, and ſhall, I believe, continue reading it till I hear from you.

The old Gentleman took no manner of Notice of the Receipt of his Letter; but ſent him another Order for Three Thouſand Pounds more. His Amazement on this ſecond Letter was unſpeakable. He immediately double lock'd his Door, and ſat down carefully to reading and comparing both his Orders. After he had read 'em till he was half mad, he

he walk'd six or seven Turns in his Chamber, then opens his Door, then locks it again; and to examine throughly this Matter, he locks his Door again, puts his Hat, Sword and Cloak against it; then goes into his Closet, locks himself in, read his Notes over and over [illegible] Times, which did but increase his Confusion. Soon after, he began to recollect [illegible] he had formerly heard of Persons who had been possess'd with Imaginations and Appearances which had no Foundation in Nature, but had been taken with sudden Madness in the Midst of a seeming clear and untainted Reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his Wits: and with a Design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his Night-cap, with a Resolution to sleep himself into his former Poverty and Senses. To Bed therefore he goes at Noon-Day, but soon rose again, and resolv'd to visit Sir *Tristram* upon this Occasion. He did so, and din'd with the Knight, expecting he would mention some Advice from his Father about paying him Money; but no such Thing being said; Look you, Sir *Tristram*, (said he) you are to know, that an Affair has happen'd, which—— Look you (says *Tristram*) I know, Mr. *Wildair*, you are going to desire me to advance; but the late Call of the Bank, where I have not yet made my last Payment, has oblig'd me—— *Tom.* interrupted him, by showing him the Bill of a Thousand Pounds. When he had look'd at it for a convenient Time, and as often survey'd *Tom*'s Looks and Countenance, Look you, Mr. *Wildair*, a Thousand Pounds—— Before he could proceed, he shows him the Order for Three Thousand more —— Sir *Tristram* examin'd the Orders at the Light, and finding at the writing the Name, there was a certain Stroke in one Letter, which the Father and he had agreed should be to such Directions as he desir'd might be more immediately honour'd, he forthwith pays the Money. The Possession of Four Thousand Pounds gave my young Gentleman a new Train of Thoughts: He began to reflect upon his Birth, the great Expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable

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Ways he had long purſu'd. Inſtead of that unthinking Creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and diſcreet. The Father and Son have an exact and regular Correſpondence, with mutual and unreſerv'd Confidence in each other. The Son looks upon his Father as the beſt Tenant he could have in the Country, and the Father finds the Son the moſt ſafe Banker he could have in the City.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 26.

There is not any thing in Nature ſo extravagant, but that you will find one Man or other that ſhall practiſe or maintain it; otherwiſe *Harry Spondee* could not have made ſo long an Harangue as he did here this Evening concerning the Force and Efficacy of well-applied Nonſence. Among Ladies, he poſitively averr'd it was the moſt prevailing Part of Eloquence; and had ſo little Complaiſance as to ſay, a Woman is never taken by her Reaſon, but always by her Paſſion. He proceeded to aſſert, that the Way to move that was only to aſtoniſh her. I know (continued he) a very late Inſtance of this; for being by Accident in the next Room to *Strephon*, I could not help over-hearing him as he made Love to a certain great Lady's Woman. The true Method in your Application to one of this ſecond Rank of Underſtanding, is not to elevate and ſurpriſe, but rather to elevate and amaze. *Strephon* is a perfect Maſter in this Kind of Perſwaſion: His Way is, to run over with a ſoft Air a Multitude of Words, without Meaning or Connexion, but ſuch as do each of 'em a part give a pleaſing Idea, tho' they have nothing to do with each other as he aſſembles 'em. After the common Phraſes of Salutation, and making his Entry into the Room, I perceiv'd he had taken the fair Nymph's Hand, and kiſſing it, ſaid, Witneſs to my Happineſs ye Groves! Be ſtill ye Rivulets! Oh! Woods, Caves, Fountains, Trees, Dales, Mountains, Hills, and Streams! O Faireſt, Could you love me? To which I overheard her anſwer, with a very pretty Liſp, O! *Strephon*, You are a dangerous Creature: Why do you talk theſe tender Things to me? But you Men of Wit—— Is it then

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poſſible, ſaid the enamour'd *Strephon*, that ſhe regards my Sorrows! O! Pity, thou Balmy Cure to an Heart o'erloaded. If Rapture, Sollicitation, ſoft Deſire, and pleaſing Anxiety—— But ſtill I live in the moſt afflicting of all Circumſtances, Doubt —— Cannot my Charmer name the Place and Moment?

There all thoſe Joys inſatiably to prove,
With which Rich Beauty feeds the Glutton Love.

Forgive me, Madam, it is not that my Heart is weary of its Chain, but—— This incoherent Stuff was anſwer'd by a tender Sigh, Why do you put your Wit to a weak Woman? *Strephon* ſaw he had made ſome Progreſs in her Heart, and purſued it, by telling her that he would certainly wait upon her ſuch an Hour at *Roſamond's* Pond; and then—— The Sylvian Deities, and Rural Powers of the Place, ſacred and inviolable to *Love*; *Love*, the Mover of all noble Hearts, ſhould hear his Vows repeated by the Streams and Ecchoes. The Aſſignation was accordingly made, This Style he calls the unintelligible Method of ſpeaking his Mind; and I'll engage, had this Gallant ſpoken plain *Engliſh*, ſhe had never underſtood him half ſo readily: For we may take it for granted, That he'll be eſteem'd as a very cold Lover, who diſcovers to his Miſtreſs that he is in his Senſes.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 26.

The following Letter came to my Hand, with a Requeſt to have the Subject recommended to our Readers, particularly the Smart Fellows, who are deſired to repair to Major *Touch-hole*, who can help them to Firelocks that are only fit for Exerciſe.

Juſt ready for the Preſs,

'MARS *Triumphant*, or *London's Glory*; Being the whole Art of Encampment, with the Method of embatteling Armies, marching them off, poſting the Officers, forming hollow Squares, and the various Ways of paying the Salute with the

'Half-

'Half-pike; as it was perform'd by the Train'd-Bands 'of *London* this Year, One thouſand ſeven hundred 'and nine, in that Nurſery of *Bellona* the *Artillery-'Ground*. Wherein you have a new Method how to 'form a ſtrong Line of Foot, with large Intervals 'between each Platon, very uſeful to prevent the 'breaking in of Horſe. A Civil Way of performing 'the Military Ceremony; wherein the Major alights 'from his Horſe, and at the Head of his Company 'ſalutes the Lieutenant-Colonel; and the Lieutenant 'Colonel, to return the Compliment, courteouſly 'diſmounts, and after the ſame Manner ſalutes his 'Major: Exactly as it was perform'd, with abun-'dance of Applauſe, on the 5th of *July* laſt. Like-'wiſe an Account of a new Invention made uſe of 'in the Red Regiment to quell mutineering Captains; 'with ſeveral other Things alike uſeful for the Pub-'lick. To which is added, an Appendix by Major '*Touch-hole*; proving the Method of Diſcipline now uſed 'in our Armies to be very defective: With an Eſſay 'toward an Amendment. Dedicated to the Lieu-'tenant Colonel of the Firſt Regiment.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has now in the Preſs*, A Defence of Aukward Fellows againſt the Claſs of the Smart: *With a Diſſertation upon the Gravity which becomes weighty Perſons, Illuſtrated by Way of Fable, and a Diſcourſe on the Nature of the Elephant, the Cow, the Dray-Horſe, and the Dromedary, which have Motions equally ſteady and grave. To this is added, A Treatiſe written by an Elephant (according to* Pliny) *againſt receiving Foreigners into the Foreſt. Adapted to ſome preſent Circumſtances. Together with Alluſions to ſuch Beaſts as declare againſt the Poor* Palatines.

From

From *Saturday Auguſt* 27. to *Tueſday Auguſt* 30. N° 61.

White's *Chocolate-Houſe*, *Auguſt* 29.

AMONG many Phraſes which have crept into Converſation, eſpecially of ſuch Company as frequent this Place, there is not one which miſleads me more, than that of a *Fellow of a great deal of Fire*. This Metaphorical Term, *Fire*, has done much Good in keeping Coxcombs in Awe of one another; but at the ſame Time it has made 'em troubleſome to every Body elſe. You ſee in the very Air of a *Fellow of Fire* ſomething ſo expreſſive of what he would be at, that if it were not for Self-Preſervation, a Man would laugh out. I had laſt Night the Fate to drink a Bottle with Two of theſe *Fire-men*, who are indeed diſpers'd like the *Myrmidons* in all Quarters, and to be met with among thoſe of the moſt different Education. One of my Companions was a Scholar with *Fire*; the other a Soldier of the ſame Complexion. My learned Man would fall into Diſputes, and argue without any Manner of Provocation or Contradiction: The other was deciſive without Words, and would give a Shrug or an Oath to expreſs his Opinion. My learn'd Man was a meer Scholar, and my Man of War a meer Soldier. The Particularity of the Firſt was ridiculous; that of the Second, terrible. They were Relations by Blood, which in ſome Meaſure moderated their Extravagancies towards each other: But I gave my ſelf up merely as a Perſon of no Note in the Company, but as if brought to be convinc'd, that I was an inconſiderable Thing any otherwiſe than that they would ſhow each other to me, and make me Spectator of the Triumph they alternately enjoy'd. The Scholar has been very converſant with Books, and the other with Men only; which makes 'em both ſuperficial: For the Taſt of Books is neceſſary to our Behaviour in the beſt Company, and the Knowledge of Men is requir'd for a true Reliſh of Books: But they have both *Fire*, which makes

one

one paſs for a Man of Senſe, and the other for a Fine Gentleman. But I found I could eaſily enough paſs my Time with the Scholar; for if I ſeem'd not to do Juſtice to his Parts and Sentiments, he pitied me, and let me alone. But the Warrior could not let it reſt there; I muſt know all that happen'd within his ſhallow Obſervations of the Nature of the War: To all which he added an Air of Lazineſs, and Contempt of thoſe of his Companions who were eminent for delighting in the Exerciſe and Knowledge of their Duty. Thus it is, that all the young Fellows of much animal Life, and little Underſtanding, that repair to our Armies, uſurp upon the Converſation of reaſonable Men, under the Notion of having *Fire*. The Word has not been of greater Uſe to ſhallow Lovers, to ſupply 'em with Chat to their Miſtreſſes, than it has been to pretended Men of Pleaſure to ſupport 'em in being pert and dull, and ſaying of every Fool of their Order, Such a one has *Fire*. There is Colonel *Truncheon*, who marches with Diviſions ready on all Occaſions; an Hero, who never doubted in his Life, but is ever poſitively fix'd in the Wrong, not out of obſtinate Opinion, but invincible Stupidity. It is very unhappy for this Latitude of *London*, that it is poſſible for ſuch as can learn only Faſhion, Habit, and a Set of common Phraſes of Salutation, to paſs with no other Accompliſhments, in this Nation of Freedom, for Men of Converſation and Senſe. All theſe ought to pretend to, is, not to offend; but they carry it ſo far, as to be negligent, whether they offend or not; *For they have Fire*. But their Force differs from true Spirit, as much as a vicious from a mettleſome Horſe. A Man of *Fire* is a general Enemy to all the Waiters where you drink, is the only Man affronted at the Company's being neglected, and makes the Drawers abroad, his Valet de Chambre and Footman at home, know, he is not to be provok'd without Danger. This is not the *Fire* that animates the noble *Marinus*, a Youth of good Nature, Affability, and Moderation. He commands his Ship, as an Intelligence moves its Orb: He is the vital Life, and his Officers the

the Limbs of the Machine. His Vivacity is ſeen in doing all the Offices of Life with Readineſs of Spirit, and Propriety in the Manner of doing 'em. To be ever active in laudable Purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing Character of a Man of Merit; while the common Behaviour of every gay Coxcomb of *Fire* is to be confidently in the wrong, and dare to perſiſt in it.

Will's Coffee-houſe, Auguſt 29.

It is a common Objection againſt Writings of a Satyrical Mixture, that they hurt Men in their Reputations, and conſequently in their Fortunes and Poſſeſſions; but a Gentleman who frequents this Room declar'd, he was of Opinion it ought to be ſo, provided ſuch Performances had their proper Reſtrictions. The greateſt Evils in human Society are ſuch as no Law can come at; as in the Caſe of Ingratitude, where the Manner of obliging very often leaves the Benefactor without Means of demanding Juſtice, tho' that very Circumſtance ſhould be the more binding to the Perſon who has received the Benefit. On ſuch an Occaſion, ſhall it be poſſible for the Malefactor to eſcape? And is it not lawful to ſet Marks upon Perſons who live within the Law, and do baſe Things? Shall not we uſe the ſame Protection of thoſe Laws to puniſh 'em, which they have to defend themſelves? We ſhall therefore take it for a very moral Action to find a good Appellation for Offenders, and to turn 'em into Ridicule under feign'd Names. But I am advertis'd by a Letter of *Auguſt* the 25th, That the Name of *Copperſmith* has very much wanted Explanation in the City, and by that Means unjuſtly giv'n, by thoſe who are conſcious they deſerve it themſelves, to an honeſt and worthy Citizen belonging to the *Copper-Office*; but that Word is fram'd out of a moral Conſideration of Wealth amongſt Men, whereby he that has gotten any Part of it by Injuſtice and Extortion, is to be thought, in the Eye of virtuous Men, ſo much the poorer for ſuch Gain. Thus all the Gold which is torn from our Neighbours, by making Advantage of their Wants, is Copper; and I authorize the *Lombards* to diſtinguiſh themſelves accord-

accordingly. All the honeſt, who make a reaſonable Profit, both for the Advantage of themſelves and thoſe they deal with, are Goldſmiths; but thoſe who tear unjuſtly all they can, Copperſmiths. At the ſame time I deſire him who is moſt guilty, to ſit down ſatisfied with Riches and Contempt, and be known by the Title of, *The Copperſmith*; as being the Chief of that reſpected, contemptible Fraternity. This is the Caſe of all others mention'd in our Lucubrations, particularly of *Stentor*, who goes on in his Vociferations at St. *Paul*'s with ſo much Obſtinacy, that he has receiv'd Admonition from St. *Peter*'s for it from a Perſon of eminent Wit and Piety; but who is by old Age reduc'd to the Infirmity of ſleeping at a Service, to which he has been Fifty Years attentive, and whoſe Death, whenever it happens, may, with that of the Saints, well be call'd, Falling aſleep; for the Innocence of his Life makes him expect it as indifferently as he does his ordinary Reſt. This gives him a Chearfulneſs of Spirit to rally his own Weakneſs, and made him write to *Stentor* to hearken to my Admonitions. Brother *Stentor*, (ſaid he) for the Repoſe of the Church, hearken to *Bickerſtaff*, and conſider, that while you are ſo devout at St. *Paul*'s, we cannot ſleep for you at St. *Peter*'s.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 29.

There has been lately ſent me a much harder Queſtion than was ever yet put to me ſince I profeſs'd Aſtrology; to wit, How far, and to what Age, Women ought to make their Beauty their chief Concern? The Regard and Care of their Faces and Perſons are as variouſly to be conſider'd, as their Complexions themſelves differ; but if one may tranſgreſs againſt the careful Practice of the Fair Sex ſo much as to give an Opinion againſt it, I humbly preſume, that leſs Care, better apply'd, would increaſe their Empire, and make it laſt as long as Life. Whereas now, from their own Example, we take our Eſteem of their Merit; for it is very juſt, that ſhe who values her ſelf only on her Beauty, ſhould be regarded by others only for the ſame Conſideration. But there is certainly a liberal and pedantick Education among Women

men as well as Men, and the Merit laſts accordingly. She therefore that is bred with Freedom, and in good Company, conſiders Men according to their reſpective Characters and Diſtinctions; but ſhe that is lock'd up from ſuch Obſervations, will conſider her Father's Butler not as a Butler, but as a Man. In like Manner, when Men converſe with Women, the well-bred and intelligent are look'd upon with an Obſervation ſuitable to their different Talents and Accompliſhments, without Reſpect to their Sex; while a meer Woman can be obſerv'd under no Conſideration but that of a Woman; and there can be but one Reaſon for placing any Value upon her, or loſing Time in her Company. Wherefore I am of Opinion, that the Rule for pleaſing long, is, to obtain ſuch Qualifications as would make them ſo were they not Women. Let the beauteous *Cleomira* then ſhew us her real Face, and know, that every Stage of Life has its peculiar Charms, and that there is no Neceſſity for Fifty to be Fifteen: That Childiſh colouring of her Cheeks is now as ungraceful, as that Shape would have been when her Face wore its real Countenance. She has Senſe, and ought to know, that if ſhe will not follow Nature, Nature will follow her. Time then has made that Perſon, which had (when I viſited her Grandfather) an agreeable Bloom, ſprightly Air, and ſoft Utterance, now no leſs graceful in a lovely Aſpect, an awful Manner, and maternal Wiſdom. But her Heart was ſo ſet upon her firſt Character, that ſhe neglects and repines at her preſent; not that ſhe is againſt a more ſtaid Conduct in others, for ſhe recommends Gravity, Circumſpection, and Severity of Countenance, to her Daughter. Thus, againſt all Chronology, the Girl is the Sage, the Mother the Fine Lady. But theſe great Evils proceed from an unaccountable wild Method in the Education of the better half of the World, the Women. We have no ſuch Thing as a Standard for good Breeding. I was the other Day at my Lady *Wealthy*'s, and ask'd one of her Daughters, How ſhe did? She anſwer'd, She never convers'd with Men.

The

The ſame Day I viſited at Lady *Plantwell's*, and asked her Daughter the ſame Queſtion. She anſwers, What's that to you, you old Thief? And gives me a Slap on the Shoulders. I defy any Man in *England*, except he knows the Family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he ſhall be agreeable or not, when he comes into it. You find either ſome odd old Woman, who is permitted to rule as long as ſhe lives, in Hopes of her Death, and to interrupt all Things; or ſome impertinent young Woman, who will talk ſillily upon the Strength of looking beautifully. I will not anſwer for it, but that it may be, that I (like all other old Fellows) have a Fondneſs for the Faſhions and Manners which prevail'd when I was young and in Faſhion my ſelf: But certain it is, that the Taſt of Grace and Beauty is very much lower'd! The fine Women they ſhow me now-a-Days, are at beſt but pretty Girls, to me who have ſeen *Sacchariſſa*, when all the World repeated the Poems ſhe inſpir'd; and *Villaria*, when a youthful King was her Subject. The Things you follow and make Songs of now, ſhould be ſent to knit, or ſit down to Bobbins or Bone-lace: They are indeed neat, and ſo are their Sempſtreſſes; they are pretty, and ſo are their Handmaids. But that graceful Motion, that awful Mien, and that winning Attraction, which grew upon 'em from the Thoughts and Converſations they met with in my Time, are now no more ſeen. They tell me I am old: I am glad I am ſo; for I don't like your preſent young Ladies. Thoſe among us who do ſet up for any Thing of Decorum, do ſo miſtake the Matter, that they offend on the other Side. Five young Ladies, who are of no ſmall Fame for their great Severity of Manners, and exemplary Behaviour, who lately go no where with their Lovers but to an Organ-loft in a Church, where they had a Cold Treat, and ſome few Opera Songs, to their great Refreſhment and Edification. Whether theſe prudent Perſons had not been as much ſo if this had been done at a Tavern, is not very hard to determine. 'Tis ſuch ſilly Starts and Incoherences which undervalue

value the beauteous Sex, and puzzle us in our Choice of Sweetneſs of Temper and Simplicity of Manners, which are the only laſting Charms of Woman. But I muſt leave this important Subject at preſent, for ſome Matters which preſs for Publication; as you will obſerve in the following Letter:

Dear Sir,

'TIS natural for diſtant Relations to claim Kindred with a riſing Family; tho' at this Time, Zeal to my Country, not Intereſt, calls me out. The City-Forces being ſhortly to take the Field, all good Proteſtants would be pleaſed that their Arms and Valour ſhould ſhine with equal Luſtre. A Council of War was lately the Honourable Colonel *Mortar* being Preſident. After many Debates, 'twas unanimouſly reſolved, That Major *Blunder*, a moſt expert Officer, ſhould be detach'd for *Bromingham* to buy Arms, and to prove his Fire-locks on the Spot, as well to prevent Expence, as Diſappointment in the Day of Battle. The Major being a Perſon of conſummate Experience, was inveſted with a Diſcretionary Power. He knew from ancient Story, that ſecuring the Rear, and making a glorious Retreat, was the moſt celebrated Piece of Conduct. Accordingly ſuch Meaſures were taken to prevent Surprize in the Rear of his Arms, that even *Pallas* her ſelf, in the Shape of Ruſt, could not invade 'em. They were drawn into cloſe Order, firmly embodied, and arrived ſecurely without Touch-holes. Great and National Actions deſerve popular Applauſe; and as Praiſe is no Expence to the Publick, therefore, deareſt Kinſman, I communicate this to you, as well to oblige this Nurſery of Heroes, as to do Juſtice to my native Country. I am

London, Aug. 26. *Artillery Ground.*

Your moſt affectionate Kinſman,

Offspring Twig.

A

A War-Horſe, belonging to one of the Colonels of the Artillery, to be Let or Sold. He may be ſeen, adorn'd with Ribbons, and ſet forth to the beſt Advantage, the next Training Day.

From *Tueſday Auguſt* 30. to *Thurſday September* 1. N° 62.

White's Chocolate-houſe, Auguſt 31.

THIS Place being frequented by Perſons of Condition, I am deſir'd to recommend a Dog-kennel to any who ſhall want a Pack. It lies not far from *Suffolk-ſtreet*, and is kept by Two who were formerly Dragoons in the *French* Service; but left Plundering for the more orderly Life of keeping Dogs: Beſides that, according to their Expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the Safety of their Skin, to follow this Trade, than the Beat of Drum. Their Reſidence is very convenient for the Dogs to whelp in, and bring up a right Breed to follow the Scent. The moſt eminent of the Kennel are Blood-hounds, which lead the Van, and are as follow:

A Liſt of the Dogs.

Jowler, of a right *Iriſh* Breed, call'd Captain.

Rockwood, of *French* Race, with long Hair, by the Courteſy of *England* call'd alſo Captain.

Pompey, a tall Hound, kennel'd in *Convent* in *France*, and knows a rich Soil.

The Two laſt ſtunt in Couple, and are follow'd by,

Ringwood, a *French* black Whelp of the ſame Breed, a fine open-mouth'd Dog.

An old ſick Hound, always in Kennel; but of the true Blood, with a good Noſe, *French* Breed.

There is alſo an *Italian* Greyhound, with good Legs, and knows perfectly the Ground from *Ghent* to *Paris*.

Ten

Ten Setting-Dogs, right *Engliſh*.
Four Mongrels, of the ſame Nation.
And Twenty Whelps, fit for any Game.

Theſe Curs are ſo extremely hungry, that they are too keen at the Sport, and worry their Game before the Keepers can come in. The other Day a Wild-Boar from the North ruſh'd into the Kennel, and at firſt indeed defended himſelf againſt the whole Pack; but they prov'd at laſt too many for him, and tore 25 Pounds of Fleſh from off his Back, with which they fill'd their Bellies, and made ſo great a Noiſe in the Neighbourhood, that the Keepers are oblig'd to haſten the Sale. That Quarter of the Town is generally inhabited by Strangers, whoſe Blood the Hounds have often ſuck'd in ſuch a Manner, that many a *German* Count, and other *Virtuoſi*, who come from the Continent, have loſt the Intention of their Travels, and been unable to proceed on their Journey.

If theſe Hounds are not very ſoon diſpos'd of to ſome good Purchaſer, as alſo thoſe at the Kennels nearer St. *James*'s, it is humbly propos'd, that they may be altogether tranſported to *America*, where the Dogs are few, and the Wild Beaſts many. Or, that during their Stay in theſe Parts, ſome eminent Juſtice of the Peace may have it in particular Direction to viſit theſe Kennels; and that the Sheriff of *Middleſex* may allow him the Aſſiſtance of the Common Hangman to cut off their Ears, or Part of 'em, for Diſtinction ſake, that we may know the Blood-hounds from the Mungrels and Setters. Till theſe things are regulated, you may inquire at an Houſe belonging to *Paris*, at the upper-End of *Suffolk-ſtreet*; or an Houſe belonging to *Ghent*, oppoſite to the lower End of *Pall-Mall*, and know further.

It were to be wiſh'd theſe Curs were diſpos'd of; for it is a very great Nuſance to have them tolerated in Cities. That of *London* takes Care that the common Hunt, aſſiſted by the Serjeants and Bai-

laſs, expel 'em wherever they are found within the Walls; tho' 'tis ſaid, ſome private Families keep ſuch, to the Deſtruction of their Neighbours: But it is deſir'd, that all who know of any of theſe Curs, or have been bit by 'em, would ſend me their Marks, and the Houſes where they are harbour'd, and I do not doubt but I ſhall alarm the People ſo well, as to have 'em us'd like mad Dogs wherever they appear. In the mean time, I adviſe all ſuch as entertain this kind of Vermin, that if they give me timely Notice that their Dogs are diſmiſs'd, I ſhall let 'em go unregarded, otherwiſe am oblig'd to admoniſh my Fellow Subjects in this behalf, and inſtruct them how to avoid being worried, when they are going about their lawful Profeſſions and Callings. There was lately a young Gentleman bit to the Bone, and has now indeed recover'd his Health; but is as lean as a Skeleton. It griev'd my Heart to ſee a Gentleman's Son run among the Hounds; but he is, they tell me, as fleet and as dangerous as the beſt of the Pack.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 31.

The Evening was ſpent at our Table in Diſcourſe of Propriety of Words and Thoughts, which is Mr. *Dryden's* Definition of Wit; but a very odd Fellow, who would intrude upon, and has a Briskneſs of Imagination more like Madneſs than regular Thought, told us, that *Harry Jacks* was the firſt who told him of the taking of the Citadel of *Tournay*, and (ſays he) *Harry* deſerves a Statue more than the Boy who ran to the Senate with a Thorn in his Foot to tell of a Victory. We were aſtoniſh'd at the Aſſertion, and *Spondee* ask'd him, What Affinity is there between that Boy and *Harry*, that you ſay their Merit reſembles ſo much as you juſt now told us? Why (ſays *Spondee*) *Harry* you know is in the *French* Intereſt, and it was more Pain to him to tell the Story of *Tournay*, than to the Boy to run upon a Thorn to relate a Victory which he was glad of. The Gentleman who was in the Chair upon the Subject of Propriety of Words and Thoughts, would by no means allow, that

that there was Wit in *Spondee*'s Compariſon; and urg'd, that to have any Thing gracefully ſaid, it muſt be natural; and that what was introduc'd in common Diſcourſe with ſo much Premeditation, was inſufferable. That Critick went on: Had Mr. *Jacks* (ſaid *Spondee*) told him the Citadel was taken, and another had anſwer'd, He deſerves a Statue as well as the *Roman* Boy, for he told it with as much Pain; it might have paſs'd for a ſprightly Expreſſion: But there is a Wit for Diſcourſe, and a Wit for Writing. The Eaſineſs and Familiarity of the firſt, is not to favour in the leaſt of Study; but the Exactneſs of the other, is to admit of ſomething like the Freedom of Diſcourſe, eſpecially in Diſcourſes of Humanity, and what regard the *Belles Lettres*. I do not in this allow, that *Bickerſtaff*'s *Tatlers*, or Diſcourſes of Wit by Retale, and for the Peny, ſhould come within the Deſcription of *Writing*. I bow'd at his Compliment, and--- But he would not let me proceed. You ſee in no Place or Converſation the Perfection of Speech ſo much as in an accompliſh'd Woman. Whether it be, that there is a Partiality irreſiſtible when we judge of that Sex, or whatever it is, you may obſerve a wonderful Freedom in their Utterance, and an eaſie Flow of Words, without being diſtracted (as we often are who read much) in the Choice of Dictions and Phraſes. My Lady *Courtly* is an Inſtance of this: She was talking the other Day of Dreſs, and did it with ſo excellent an Air and Geſture, that you would have ſworn ſhe had learn'd her Action from our *Demoſthenes*. Beſides which, her Words were ſo well adapted to the Matter ſhe talk'd of, that the Dreſs was a new Thing to us Men. She avoided the Terms of Art in it, and deſcrib'd an unaffected Garb and Manner in ſo proper Terms, that ſhe came up to that of *Horace*'s *Simplex Munditiis*; which, whoever can tranſlate in Two Words, has as much Eloquence as Lady *Courtly*. I took the Liberty to tell her, That all ſhe had ſaid with ſo much good Grace, was ſpoken in Two Words in *Horace*, but would not undertake

to tranſlate; upon which ſhe ſmil'd, and told me, She believ'd me a very great Scholar, and I took my Leave.

From my own Apartment, Auguſt 31.

I have been juſt now reading the Introduction to the Hiſtory of *Catiline* by *Saluſt*, an Author who is very much in my Favour; but when I reflect upon his profeſſing himſelf wholly diſintereſted, and at the ſame Time ſee how induſtriouſly he has avoided ſaying any thing to the Praiſe of *Cicero*, to whoſe Vigilance the Common-wealth owed its Safety, it very much leſſens my Eſteem for that Writer; and is one Argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the Intereſts of the World, and profeſs purely to act for the Service of Mankind, without the leaſt Regard to themſelves. I do not deny but that the Rewards are different; ſome aim at Riches, others Honour, by their publick Services. However, they are all purſuing ſome End to themſelves, though indeed thoſe Ends differ as much as Right and Wrong can. The moſt graceful Way then, I ſhould think, would be to acknowledge, that you aim at ſerving your ſelves; but at the ſame Time make it appear, it is for the Service of others that you have theſe Opportunities. Of all the diſintereſted Profeſſors I have ever heard of, I take the Boatſwain of *Dampier*'s Ship to be the moſt impudent, but the moſt excuſable. You are to know, that in the wild Searches that Navigator was making, they were out at Sea far diſtant from any Shore, in Want of all the Neceſſaries of Life; inſomuch, that they began to look, not without Hunger, at each other. The Boatſwain was a fat, healthy, freſh Fellow, and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In ſo extreme Neceſſity, all Forms of Superiority were laid aſide: The Captain and Lieutenant were ſafe only by being Carrion, and the unhappy Boatſwain in Danger only by being worth eating. To be ſhort, the Company were unanimous, and the Boatſwain muſt be cut up. He ſaw their Intenſion, and deſired

ſired he might ſpeak a few Words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he deliver'd himſelf as follows:

Gentlemen Sailors,

'Far be it that I ſhould ſpeak it for any private Intereſt of my own, but I take it, that I ſhould not die with a good Conſcience, if I did not confeſs to you that I am not ſound. I ſay, Gentlemen, Juſtice, and the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience, as well as Love of my Country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that Black *Kate* at *Deptford* has made me very unſafe to eat; and (I ſpeak it with Shame) I am afraid, Gentlemen, I ſhould poiſon you.

This Speech had good Effect in the Boatſwain's Favour; but the Surgeon of the Ship proteſted, he had cured him very well, and offer'd to eat the firſt Stake of him himſelf.

The Boatſwain replied, (like an Orator, with a true Notion of the People, and in hopes to gain Time) That he was heartily glad if he could be for their Service, and thank'd the Surgeon for his Information. However, ſaid he, I muſt inform you, for your own Good, that I have ever ſince my Cure been very thirſty and dropſical; therefore I preſume it would be much better to tap me, and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no Man in the Ship fit to be drank. As he was going on in his Harangue, a freſh Gale aroſe, and gave the Crew hopes of a better Repaſt at the neareſt Shore, to which they arrived next Morning.

Moſt of the Self-denials we meet with are of this ſort; therefore I think he acts faireſt who owns, he hopes at leaſt to have Brother's Fare, without profeſſing that he gives himſelf up with Pleaſure to be devour'd for the Preſervation of his Fellows.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, Auguſt 31.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 6th of *September, N. S.* ſay, that the Governour of the Citadel of *Tournay* having

ing offer'd their Highneſſes the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Prince of *Savoy* to ſurrender that Place on the 31ſt of the laſt Month, on Terms which were not allowed them by thoſe Princes, Hoſtilities were thereupon renew'd; but that on the 3d, the Place was ſurrender'd with a ſeeming Condition above that of Priſoners of War; for they were forthwith to be conducted to *Conde*, but were to be exchang'd for Priſoners of the Allies, and particularly thoſe of *Warneton* were mentioned in the Demand. Both Armies having ſtretched towards *Mons* with the utmoſt Diligence, that of the Allies, tho' they paſs'd the much more difficult Road, arriv'd firſt before that Town, which they have now actually inveſted; and the Quarter-Maſter-General was, at the Time of diſpatching theſe Letters, marking the Ground for the Encampment of the covering Army.

To the Bookſellers, or others whom this Advertiſement may concern.

Mr. Omicron, *the Unborn Poet. gives Notice, That he writes all Treatiſes as well in Verſe as Proſe, being a Ninth Son, and tranſlates out of all Languages, without Learning or Study.*

If any Bookſeller will treat for his Paſtoral on the Siege and Surrender of the Citadel of Tournay, *he muſt ſend in his Propoſals before the News of a Capitulation for any other Town.*

The Undertaker for either Play-houſe may have an Opera written by him; or, as it ſhall ſuit their Deſign, a Satyr upon Opera's; both ready for next Winter.

This is to give Notice, That Richard Farloe, *M. A. well known for his Acuteneſs in Diſſection of dead Bodies, and his great Skill in Oſteology, has now laid by that Practice; and having by great Study, and much Labour, acquir'd the Knowledge of an Antidote for all the moſt common Maladies of the Stomach, is remov'd, and may be applied to, at any Time of the Day, in the South Entrance from* Newgate-ſtreet *into* Chriſt's *Hoſpital.*

From

From *Thurſday September* 1. to *Saturday September* 3.
N°. 63.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, September 2.

Of the Enjoyment of Life with Regard to others.

I Have ever thought it the greateſt Diminution to the *Roman* Glory imaginable, that in their Inſtitution of Publick Triumphs, they led their Enemies in Chains when they were Priſoners. It is to be allow'd, that doing all Honour to the Superiority of Heroes above the reſt of Mankind, muſt needs conduce to the Glory and Profit of a Nation; but what ſhocks the Imagination to reflect upon, is, that a polite People ſhould think it reaſonable, that an unhappy Man, who was no way inferior to the Victor, but by the Chance of War, ſhould be led like a Slave at the Wheels of his Chariot. But theſe other Circumſtances of a Triumph, That it was not allow'd in a Civil War, when the whole City could not rejoice together; leſt Part of it ſhould be in Tears, while the other was making Acclamations; That it ſhould not be given, except ſuch a Number were ſlain in Battle; That the General ſhould be diſgrac'd who made a falſe Muſter of his Dead: Theſe, I ſay, had great and Politick Ends in their being eſtabliſh'd, and tended to the apparent Advantage of the Common-wealth. But this Behaviour to the Conquer'd had no Foundation in Nature or Policy, but to gratifie the Inſolence of an haughty People, who triumph'd over barbarous Nations, by acting what was fit only for thoſe very Barbarians to practiſe. It ſeems wonderful, that they who were ſo refin'd as to take Care, that to compleat the Honour done to the victorious Officer, no Power ſhould be known above him in the Empire on the Day of his Triumph; but that the Conſuls themſelves ſhould be but Gueſts at his Table that Evening, could not take it into Thought to make the Man of chief

Note among his Priſoners one of the Company. This would have improv'd the Gladneſs of the Occaſion, and the Victor had made a much greater Figure, in that no other Man appear'd unhappy on his Day, than in that no other Man appear'd great. But we will wave at preſent ſuch important Incidents, and turn our Thoughts rather to the Familiar Part of human Life, and we ſhall find, that the great Buſineſs we contend for, is in a leſs Degree what thoſe *Romans* did on more ſolemn Occaſions, to triumph over our Fellow Creatures; and there is hardly a Man to be found, who would not rather be in Pain to appear happy, than be really happy and thought miſerable. This Men attempt by ſumptuous Equipages, ſplendid Houſes, numerous Servants, and all the Cares and Purſuits of an ambitious or faſhionable Life. *Bromeo* and *Tabio* are particularly Ill-wiſhers to each other, and Rivals in Happineſs. There is no way in Nature ſo good to procure the Eſteem of the one, as to give him little Notices of certain ſecret Points wherein the other is uneaſie. *Gnatho* has the Skill of doing this, and never applauds the Improvements *Bromero* has been many Years making, and ever will be making; but he adds, Now this very Thing was my Thought when *Tabio* was pulling up his Underwood, but he never would hear of it; yet now your Gardens are in this Poſture, he is ready to hang himſelf. Well, to be ſincere, that Situation of his can never make an agreeable Seat: He may make his Houſe and Appurtenances what he pleaſes; but he cannot remove 'em to the ſame Ground where *Bromeo* ſtands. But of all Things under the Sun, a Man that is happy at Second-hand is the moſt monſtrous. 'Tis a very ſtrange Madneſs (anſwers *Bromeo*) if a Man on theſe Occaſions can think of any End but pleaſing himſelf. As for my Part, if Things are Convenient, I hate all Oſtentation: There is no End of the Folly of Adapting our Affairs to the Imagination of others. Upon which the next Thing he does, is to enlarge every Thing wherein he hears his

his Rival has attempted to imitate him; but their Misfortune is, that they are in their Time of Life, in their Eſtates, and in their Underſtanding, equal; ſo that the Emulation may continue to the laſt Day of their Lives. As it ſtands now, *Tabio* has heard *Bronio* has lately purchas'd Two Hundred a Year in the Annuities ſince he laſt ſettled the Account of their Happineſs, in which he thought himſelf to have the Ballance. This may ſeem a very fantaſtical Way of thinking in theſe Men; but there is nothing ſo common, as a Man's endeavouring rather to go further than ſome other Perſon towards an eaſie fortune, than to form any certain Standard that would make himſelf happy.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, September 2.

Mr. *Dactile* has been this Evening very profuſe of his Eloquence upon the Talent of turning Things into Ridicule; and ſeem'd to ſay very juſtly, That there was generally in it ſomething too diſingenuous for the Society of liberal Men, except it were governed by the Circumſtances of Perſons, Time, and Place. This Talent, continued he, is to be us'd as a Man does his Sword, not to be drawn but in his own Defence, or to bring Pretenders and Impoſtors in Society to a true Light. But we have ſeen this Faculty ſo miſtaken, that the Burleſque of *Virgil* himſelf has paſs'd, among Men of little Taſt, for Wit; and the nobleſt Thoughts that can enter into the Heart of Man, levell'd with Ribaldry and Baſeneſs: Tho' by the Rules of Juſtice, no Man ought to be ridicul'd for any Imperfection, who does not ſet up for eminent Sufficiency in that way wherein he is defective. Thus Cowards, who would hide themſelves by an affected Terror in their Mien and Dreſs; and Pedants, who would ſhow the Depth of their Knowledge by a ſupercilious Gravity, are equally the Objects of Laughter. Not that they are in themſelves ridiculous for their want of Courage, or Weakneſs of Underſtanding, but that they ſeem inſenſible of their own Place in Life, and unhappily Rank themſelves

with thoſe, whoſe Abilities, compar'd to their Defects, make 'em contemptible. At the ſame Time, it muſt be remark'd, that Riſibility being the Effect of Reaſon, a Man ought to be expell'd from ſober Company who laughs without it. Ha! ha! ſays *Will. Truby*, who ſat by, Will any Man pretend to give me Laws when I ſhould laugh, or tell me what I ſhould laugh at? Look ye, anſwer'd *Humphry Slyboots*, you are mightily miſtaken; you may if you pleaſe, make what Noiſe you do, and no Body can hinder an *Engliſh* Gentleman from putting his Face into what Poſture he thinks fit; but take my Word for it, that Motion which you now make with your Mouth open, and the Agitation of your Stomach, which you relieve by holding your Sides, is not Laughter: Laughter is a more weighty Thing than you imagine: and I'll tell you a Secret, You never did laugh in your Life: and to tell you the Truth, I am afraid you never will, except you take great Care to be cur'd of thoſe Convulſive Fits. *Truby* left us, and when he had got Two Yards from us, Well (ſaid he) you are ſtrange Fellows, and was immediately taken with another Fit. The *Trubies* are a well-natur'd Family, whoſe particular Make is ſuch, that they have the ſame Pleaſure out of good Will, which other People have in that Scorn which is the Cauſe of Laughter: Therefore their burſting into the Figures of Men that are laughing, proceeds only from a general Benevolence they are born with; as the *Slyboots* ſmile only on the greateſt Occaſion of Mirth; which Difference is caus'd rather from a different Structure of their Organs, than that one is leſs mov'd than the other. I know *Somerly* frets inwardly when *Will. Truby* laughs at him; but when I meet him, and he burſts out, I know 'tis out of his abundant Joy to ſee me, which he expreſſes by that Vociferation which is in others Laughter. But I ſhall deſer conſidering this Subject at large, till I come to my Treatiſe of Oſcitation, Laughter, and Ridicule.

From my own Apartment, September 2.

The following Letter being a Panegyrick upon me for a Quality which every Man may attain, an Acknowledgment of his Faults; I thought it for the good of my Fellow Writers to publiſh it.

SIR,

'IT muſt be allow'd, that Eſquire *Bickerſtaff* is of all Authors the moſt ingenuous. There are few, very few, that will own themſelves in a Miſtake, tho' all the World ſee 'em to be in downright Nonſenſe. You'll be pleaſed, Sir, to pardon this Expreſſion, for the ſame Reaſon for which you once deſired us to excuſe you when you ſeem'd any thing dull. Moſt Writers, like the Generality of *Paul Lorrain*'s Saints, ſeem to place a peculiar Vanity in dying hard. But you, Sir, to ſhow a good Example to your Brethren, have not only confeſs'd, but of your own accord mended the Indictment. Nay, you have been ſo good-natur'd as to diſcover Beauties in it, which, I'll aſſure you, he that drew it never dream'd of: And to make your Civility the more accompliſh'd, you have honour'd him with the Title of your Kinſman, which tho' deriv'd by the Left-Hand, he is not a little proud of. My Brother (for ſuch *Obadiah* is) being at preſent very buſie about nothing, has order'd me to return you his ſincere Thanks for all theſe Favours; and, as a ſmall Token of his Gratitude, to communicate to you the following Piece of Intelligence, which, he thinks, belongs more properly to you than to any others of our Modern Hiſtorians. *Madonella*, who as 'twas thought had long ſince taken her Flight towards the Æthereal Manſions, ſtill walks, it ſeems, in the Regions of Mortality; where ſhe has found, by deep Reflections on the Revolution mention'd in yours of June the 23d, That where early Inſtructions have been wanting to imprint true Idea's of Things on the tender Souls of thoſe of her Sex, they are never after a-

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ble to arrive at ſuch a Pitch of Perfection, as to be above the Laws of Matter and Motion: Laws which are conſiderably enforc'd by the Principles uſually imbib'd in Nurſeries and Boarding-Schools. To remedy this Evil, ſhe has laid the Scheme of a College for young Damſels; where, inſtead of Sciſſors, Needles, and Sampiers; Pens, Compaſſes, Quadrants, Books, Manuſcripts, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, are to take up their whole Time. Only on Holy-days the Students will, for moderate Exerciſe, be allow'd to divert themſelves with the Uſe of ſome of the lighteſt and moſt voluble Weapons; and proper Care will be taken to give them at leaſt a ſuperficial Tincture of the Ancient and Modern Amazonian Tacticks. Of theſe Military Performances, the Direction is undertaken by *Epicene*, the Writer of *Memoirs from the Mediterranean*, who by the Help of ſome artificial Poiſons convey'd by Smells, has within theſe few Weeks brought many Perſons of both Sexes to an untimely Fate; and what is more ſurpriſing, has, contrary to her Profeſſion, with the ſame Odors reviv'd others who had long ſince been drown'd in the Whirlpools of *Lethe*. Another of the Profeſſors is to be a certain Lady, who is now publiſhing two of the choiceſt *Saxon* Novels, which are ſaid to have been in as great Repute with the Ladies of Queen *Emma*'s Court, as the *Memoirs from the new Atalantis* are with thoſe of ours. I ſhall make it my Buſineſs to enquire into the Progreſs of this learned Inſtitution, and give you the firſt Notice of their Philoſophical Tranſactions, and Searches after Nature.

Yours, &c.

Tobiah Greenhat.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, September 2.

This Day we have receiv'd Advices by the way of *Oſtend*, which give an Account of an Engagement between the *French* and the Allies on the 11th Inſtant,

N. S.

N. S. The Marſhal *Boufflers* arriv'd in the Enemy's Camp on the 5th, and acquainted the Marſhal *Villars*, That he did not come in any Character, but to receive his Commands for the King's Service, and communicate to him his Orders upon the preſent Poſture of Affairs. On the 9th, both Armies advanc'd towards each other, and cannonaded all the enſuing Day till the Cloſe of the Evening, and ſtood to their Arms all the Night between the 10th and 11th. Early on the 11th, the Cannonading was renew'd about Seven: The Duke of *Argyle* had Orders to attack the Wood *Sart* on the Enemy's Right, which he executed ſo ſucceſsfully, that he penetrated it, and won a conſiderable Poſt. The Prince of *Orange* had the ſame good Fortune at a Wood on their Left: After which, the whole Body of the Confederates, join'd by the Forces from the Siege, march'd up, and engag'd the Enemy, who were drawn up at ſome Diſtance from theſe Woods. The Diſpute was very warm for ſome Time; but towards Noon the *French* began to give Ground from one Wing to the other: Which Advantage being obſerv'd by our Generals, the whole Army was urg'd on with freſh Vigour, and in a few Hours the Day ended with the intire Defeat of the Enemy.

From *Saturday September* 3. to *Tueſday September* 6. N° 64.

From my own Apartment, September 5.

WHEN I lately ſpoke of Triumphs, and the Behaviour of the *Romans* on thoſe Occaſions, I knew by my Skill in Aſtrology, that there was a great Event approaching to our Advantage; but not having yet taken upon me to tell Fortunes, I thought fit to defer the Mention of the Battle of *Mons* till it happen'd; which Moderation was no ſmall Pain to me: But I ſhould wrong my Art, if I conceal'd that ſome of my Aerial Intelligencers had ſignified to me the News of it ev'n from *Paris*, before the Arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel *Graham* in *England*. All Nations, as well

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as Perſons, have their good and evil Genius attending 'em; but the Kingdom of *France* has Three, the laſt of which is neither for it, nor againſt it in Reality, but has for ſome Months paſt acted an ambiguous Part, and attempted to ſave its Ward from the Incurſion of its powerful Enemies, by little Subterfuges and Tricks, which a Nation is more than undone when it is reduc'd to practiſe. Thus, inſtead of giving exact Accounts and Repreſentations of Things, they tell what is indeed true, but at the ſame Time a Falſhood when all the Circumſtances come to be related. *Pacolet* was at the Court of *France* on *Friday* Night laſt, when this Genius of that Kingdom came thither in the Shape of a Poſt-Boy, and cry'd out, That *Mons* was reliev'd, and the Duke of *Marlborough* march'd. *Pacolet* was much aſtoniſh'd at this Account, and immediately chang'd his Form, and flew to the Neighbourhood of *Mons*, from whence he found the Allies had really march'd, and began to enquire into the Reaſons of this ſudden Change, and half fear'd, he had heard a Truth of the Poſture of the *French* Affairs, ev'n in their own Country. But upon diligent Enquiry among the Aerials, who attend theſe Regions, and Conſultation with the neighbouring Peaſants, he was able to bring me the following Account of the Motions of the Armies ſince they retir'd from about that Place, and the Action which follow'd thereupon.

On *Saturday* the 7th of *September*, *N. S.* the Confederate Army was alarm'd in their Camp at *Havre* by Intelligence, That the Enemy were marching to attack the Prince of *Heſſe*. Upon this Advice, the Duke of *Marlborough* commanded that the Troops ſhould immediately move, which was accordingly perform'd, and they were all join'd on *Sunday* the Eighth at Noon. On that Day in the Morning it appear'd, that inſtead of being attack'd, the advanc'd Guard of the Detachment commanded by the Prince of *Heſſe* had diſpers'd & taken Priſoners a Party of the Enemy's Horſe, which was ſent out to obſerve the March of the Confederates. The *French* mov'd from *Quivcrain* on *Sunday*

day in the Morning, and inclin'd to the Right from thence all that Day. The 9th, the *Monday* following, they continued their March, till on *Tueſday* the Tenth they poſſeſs'd themſelves of the Woods of *Dour* and *Blaugies*. As ſoon as they came into that Ground, they threw up Intrenchments with all Expedition. The Allies arriv'd within few Hours after the Enemy was poſted; but the Duke of *Marlborough* thought fit to wait for the Arrival of the Reinforcement which he expected from the Siege of *Tournay*. Upon Notice that theſe Troops were ſo far advanc'd, as to be depended on for an Action the next Day, it was accordingly reſolv'd to engage the Enemy.

It will be neceſſary for underſtanding the Greatneſs of the Action, and the ſeveral Motions made in the Time of the Engagement, that you have in your Mind an Idea of the Place. The Two Armies on the 11th Inſtant were both drawn up before the Woods of *Dour*, *Blaugies*, *Sart* and *Janſart*; the Army of the Prince of *Savoy* on the Right before that of *Blaugies*; the Forces of *Great Britain* in the Center on his Left; thoſe of the High Allies, with the Wood *Sart*, as well as a large Interval of plain Ground, and *Janſart*, on the Left of the Whole. The Enemy were intrench'd in the Paths of the Woods, and drawn up behind Two Intrenchments over againſt them, oppoſite to the Armies of the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*. There were alſo Two Lines intrench'd in the Plains over againſt the Army of the States. This was the Poſture of the *French* and Confederate Forces when the Signal was giv'n, and the whole Line mov'd on to the Charge. The *Dutch* Army, commanded by the Prince of *Heſſe*, attack'd with the moſt undaunted Bravery; and after a very obſtinate Reſiſtance, forc'd the firſt Intrenchment of the Enemy in the Plain between *Sart* and *Janſart*; but were repuls'd in their Attack on the ſecond with great Slaughter on both Sides. The Duke of *Marlborough*, while this was tranſacting on the Left, had with very much Difficulty march'd thro' *Sart*, and beaten the Enemy from the ſeveral Intrenchments they had thrown up in it. As

ſoon

ſoon as the Duke had marched into the Plain, he obſerv'd the main Body of the Enemy drawn up and intrench'd in the Front of his Army. This Situation of the Enemy, in the ordinary Courſe of War, is uſually thought an Advantage hardly to be ſurmounted; and might appear impractable to any, but that Army which had juſt overcome greater Difficulties. The Duke commanded the Troops to form, but to forbear charging till further Order. In the mean Time he viſited the Left of our Line, where the Troops of the States had been engag'd. The Slaughter on this Side had been very great, and the Troops incapable of making further Progreſs, except they were ſuddenly reinforc'd. The Right of our Line was attack'd ſoon after their coming upon the Plain; but they drove back the Enemy with ſuch Bravery, that the Victory began to incline to the Allies by the precipitate Retreat of the *French* to their Works, from whence they were immediately beaten. The Duke, upon obſerving this Advantage on the Right, commanded the Earl of *Orkney* to march with a ſufficient Number of Battalions to force the Enemy from their Intrenchments on the Plain between the Woods of *Sart* and *Jenſart*; which being perform'd, the Horſe of the Allies march'd into the Plains, cover'd by their own Foot, and forming themſelves in good Order, the Cavalry of the Enemy attempted no more, but to cover the Foot in their Retreat; but the Allies made ſo good uſe of the beginning of the Victory, that all their Troops mov'd on with freſh Reſolution, till they ſaw the Enemy fly before them towards *Conde* and *Maubeuge*; after whom proper Detachments were made, who made a terrible Slaughter in the Purſuit. In this Action, it is ſaid, Prince *Eugene* was wounded, as alſo the Duke of *Arcmberg*, and Lieutenant-General *Webb*. The Count of *Oxenſtern*, Colonel *Lalo*, and Sir *Thomas Pendergraſs*, kill'd. This wonderful Succeſs, obtain'd under all the Difficulties that could be oppos'd in the Way of an Army, muſt be acknowledged as owing to the Genius, Courage and Conduct, of the Duke of *Marlborough*, a Conſummate

mate Heroe; who has liv'd not only beyond the Time in which *Cæſar* ſaid, He was arriv'd at a Saciety of Life and Glory; but alſo been ſo long the Subject of Panegyrick, that it is as hard to ſay any thing new in his Praiſe, as to add to the Merit which requires ſuch Eulogiums.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 5.

The following Letter being very explanatory of the true Deſign of our Lucubrations, and at the ſame Time an excellent Model for performing it, it is abſolutely neceſſary, for the better underſtanding our Works, to publiſh it.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff *Eſq;*

SIR,

'THO' I have not the Honour to be of the Family of the *Staffs*, nor related to any Branch of it, yet I applaud your wholeſom Project of making Wit uſeful.

'This is what has been, or ſhould have been, intended by the beſt Comedies. But no Body (I think) before thought of a Way to bring the Stage as it were into the Coffee-houſe, and there attack thoſe Gentlemen who thought themſelves out of the Reach of Raillery, by always prudently avoiding its chief Walks and Diſtricts. I ſmile when I ſee a ſolid Citizen of Threeſcore read the Article from *Will's Coffee-houſe*, and ſeem to be juſt beginning to learn his Alphabet of Wit in Spectacles; and to hear the attentive Table ſometimes ſtop him with pertinent Queries, which he is puzzled to anſwer, and then joyn in commending it the ſincereſt Way, by freely owning they don't underſtand it.

'In purſuing this Deſign, you will always have a large Scene before you, and can never be at a Loſs for Characters to entertain a Town ſo plentifully ſtock'd with 'em. The Follies of the fineſt Minds, which a Philoſophick Surgeon knows how to diſſect, will beſt employ your Skill: And of this

'Sort,

'Sort, I take the Liberty to ſend you the following 'Sketch.

'*Cleontes* is a Man of good Family, good Learning, 'entertaining Converſation, and acute Wit. He talks 'well, is Maſter of Stile, and writes not contemptibly in Verſe. Yet all this ſerves but to make 'him politely ridiculous; and he is above the Rank 'of common Characters, only to have the Privilege of 'being laugh'd at by the Beſt. His Family makes him 'proud and ſcornful; his Learning, aſſuming and abſur'd; and his Wit, arrogant and ſatyrical. He 'mixes ſome of the beſt Qualities of the Head with 'the worſt of the Heart. Every body is entertain'd 'by him, while no body eſteems him. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt affectionate Monitor,

Joſiah Couplet.

Loſt from the Tree *in* Pall-Mall, *Two* Iriſh *Dogs, belonging to the Pack of* London; *one a tall white Wolf-Dog; the other a black nimble Greyhound* (*not very ſound*) *and ſuppos'd to be gone to the* Bath *by Inſtinct for Cure. The Man of the Inn from whence they ran being now there, is deſir'd, if he meets either of them, to tie 'em up. Several others are loſt about* Tunbridge *and* Epſom; *which whoever will maintain, may keep.*

From *Tueſday September* 6. to *Thurſday September* 8. N° 65.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 7.

I CAME hither this Evening, and expected nothing elſe but mutual Congratulations in the Company on the late Victory; but found our Room, which one ſhould have hop'd to have been full of good Humour and Alacrity upon ſo glorious an Occaſion, full of ſoure Animals, enquiring into the Action, in Doubt

Doubt of what had happen'd, and fearful of the Succeſs of their Country. It is natural to believe eaſily what we wiſh heartily; and a certain Rule, That they are not Friends to a glad Occaſion, who ſpeak all they can againſt the Truth of it; who end their Argument againſt our Happineſs, that they wiſh it otherwiſe. When I came into the Room, a Gentleman was declaiming; If (ſays he) we have ſo great and compleat a Victory, Why have we not the Names of the Priſoners? Why is not an exact Relation of the Conduct of our Generals laid before the World? Why do we know not where or whom to applaud? If we are victorious, Why do we not give an Account of our Captives and our Slain? But we are to be ſatisfy'd with general Notices we are Conquerors, and to believe it ſo. Sure this is approving the deſpotick Way of treating the World, which we pretend to fight againſt, if we ſit down ſatisfied with ſuch contradictory Accounts, which have the Words of Triumph, but do not bear the Spirit of it. I whiſper'd Mr. *Greenhat*, Pray, what can that diſſatisfied Man be? He is, anſwer'd he, a Character you have not yet perhaps obſerv'd. You have heard of Battle-Painters, have mention'd a Battle-Poet; but this is a Battle-Critick. He is a Fellow that lives in a Government ſo gentle, that tho' it ſees him an Enemy, ſuffers his Malice becauſe they know his Impotence. He is to examine the Weight of an Advantage before the Company will allow it. *Greenhat* was going on in his Explanation, when Sir *George England* thought fit to take up the Diſcourſe in the following Manner:

Gentlemen, The Action you are in ſo great doubt to approve of, is greater than ever has been perform'd in any Age; and the Value of it I obſerve from your Diſſatisfaction: For Battle-Criticks are like all others; you are the more offended, the more you ought to be, and are convinc'd you ought to be pleas'd. Had this Engagement happen'd in the Time of the Old *Romans*, and ſuch Things been acted in their Service, there would not be a Foot of the Wood which

which was pierc'd, but had been conſecrated to ſome Deity, or made memorable by the Death of him who expir'd in it for the Sake of his Country. It had on ſome Monument at the Entrance been ſaid, Here the Duke of *Argyle* drew his Sword, and ſaid, March. Here *Webb*, after having an accompliſh'd Fame for Gallantry, expos'd himſelf like a common Soldier. Here *Rivett*, who was wounded at the Beginning of the Day, and carry'd off as dead, return'd to the Field, and receiv'd his Death. Medals had been ſtruck for our General's Behaviour when he firſt came into the Plain. Here was the Fury of the Action, and here the Hero ſtood as fearleſs as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the Carts of that State for their own Honour, and in Gratitude to their Heroick Subjects. But the Wood entrench'd, the Plain made more impaſſable than the Wood, and all the Difficulties oppos'd to the moſt gallant Army, and moſt intrepid Leaders that ever the Sun ſhone upon, are treated by ſome in the Talk of this Room as Objections to the Merit of our Leader and our Army: But (continu'd he) I leave all the Examination of this Matter, and a proper Diſcourſe on our Senſe of Publick Actions, to my Friend Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, who may let Beaus and Gameſters reſt, till he has examin'd into the Reaſons of Mens being Malecontents, in the only Nation that ſuffers profeſs'd Enemies to breath in open Air.

From my own Apartment, September 7.

The following Letters are ſent to me from Relations; and tho' I do not know who and who are intended, I publiſh them. I have only writ Nonſence if there is nothing in 'em; and done a good Action if they alarm any heedleſs Men againſt the Fraternity of the Knights whom the *Greeks* call Παρασιτοι.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'IT is taken very ill by ſeveral Gentlemen here, 'that you are ſo little vigilant, as to let the Dogs 'run from their Kennel to this Place. Had you

'done

done your Duty, we ſhould have had Notice of their Arrival; but the *Sharpers* are now become ſo formidable here, that they have divided themſelves into Nobles and Commons. Beau *Bogg*, Beau *Pert*, *Rake*, and *Taliboy*, are of their Upper Houſe; Broken Captains, Ignorant Attorneys, and ſuch other Bankrupts, from induſtrious Profeſſions, compoſe their Lower Order. Among theſe Two Sets of Men there happen'd here lately ſome unhappy Differences: Squire *Humphry* came down among us with Four Hundred Guinea's. His raw Appearance, and certain Signals in the good natur'd Muſcles of *Humphry*'s Countenance, alarm'd the Societies: For *Sharpers* are as skilful as Beggars in Phiſiognomy, and know as well where to hope for Plunder, as the others to ask for Alms. *Pert* was the Man exactly fitted for taking with *Humphry* as a Fine Gentleman; for a raw Fool is ever enamour'd with his Contrary, a Coxcomb; and a Coxcomb is what the Booby, who wants Experience, and is unus'd to Company, regards as the Firſt of Men. He ever looks at him with Envy, and would certainly be ſuch, if he were not oppreſs'd by his Ruſticity or Baſhfulneſs. There aroſe an intire Friendſhip by this Sympathy between *Pert* and *Humphry*, which ended in ſtripping the latter. We now could ſee this forlorn Youth for ſome Days Moneyleſs, without Sword, and one Day without his Hat, and with ſecret Melancholy pining for his Snuff-box; the Jeſt of the whole Town, but moſt of thoſe who robb'd him. At laſt freſh Bills came down, when immediately their Countenances clear'd up, ancient Kindneſs and Familiarity renew'd, and to Dinner he was invited by the Fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his Days of Solitude, a Commoner, who was excluded from his Share of the Prey, had whiſper'd the Squire, that he was bit, and caution'd him of venturing again. However, Hopes of recovering his Snuff-box, which was given him by his Aunt, made him fall to play after

ter Dinner; yet mindful of what he was told, he ſaw ſomething that provok'd him to tell 'em, they were a Company of *Sharpers*. Preſently *Tallboy* fell on him, and being too hard at Fiſty-cuffs, drove him out of Doors. The valiant *Pert* follow'd, and kick'd him in his turn; which the Squire reſented, as being nearer his Match; ſo challeng'd him: But differing about Time and Place, Friends interpoſed, (for he had ſtill Money left) and perſuaded him to ask Pardon for provoking 'em to beat him, and they ask'd his for doing it. The Houſe conſulting whence *Humphry* could have his Information, concluded it muſt be from ſome malicious Commoner; and to be reveng'd, Beau *Bogg* watch'd their Haunts, and in a Shop where ſome of them were at Play with Ladies, ſhew'd Dice which he found, or pretended to find; and declaring how falſe they were, warn'd the Company to take Care who they play'd with. By this ſeeming Candour, he clear'd his Reputation at leaſt to Fools, and ſome ſilly Women; but it was ſtill blaſted by the Squire's Story with thinking Men: However, he gain'd a great Point by it; for the next Day he got the Company ſhut up with himſelf and Fellow Members, and robb'd 'em at Diſcretion.

'I cannot expreſs to you with what Indignation I behold the noble Spirit of Gentlemen degenerated to that of private Cut-Purſes. 'Tis in vain to hope a Remedy, while ſo many of the Fraternity get and enjoy Eſtates of Twenty, Thirty, and Fifty Thouſand Pounds with Impunity, creep into the beſt Converſations, and ſpread the infectious Villany through the Nation, while the leſſer Rogues, that rob for Hunger or Nakedneſs, are ſacrific'd by the Blind, and in this Reſpect, partial and defective Law. Could you open Mens Eyes againſt the Occaſion of all this, the great Corrupter of our Manners and Morality, the Author of more Bankrupts than the War, and ſure Bane of all Induſtry, Frugality, and good Nature; in a Word, of all Virtues; I mean, publick or private Play at Cards or

'Dice:

'Dice; How willingly would I contribute my utmoſt, and poſſibly ſend you ſome Memoirs, of the Lives and Politicks of ſome of the Fraternity of great Figure, that might be of Uſe to you in ſetting this in a clear Light againſt next Seſſion; that all who care for their Country or Poſterity, and ſee the pernicious Effects of ſuch a publick Vice, may endeavour its Deſtruction by ſome effectual Laws. In Concurrence to this good Deſign, I remain,

Bath, Auguſt 30.

Your Humble Servant, &c.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *Friday Sept.* 2.

'I Heartily join with you in your laudable Deſign againſt the *Mirmidons*, as well as your late Inſinuations againſt *Coxcombs of Fire*; and I take this Opportunity to congratulate you on the Succeſs of your Labours, which I obſerv'd Yeſterday in one of the hotteſt *Firemen* in Town, who not only affects a ſoft Smile, but was ſeen to be thrice contradicted without ſhewing any Sign of Impatience. Theſe, I ſay, ſo happy Beginnings promiſe fair, and on this Account I rejoice you have undertaken to unkennel the Curs; a Work of ſuch Uſe, that I admire it ſo long eſcap'd your Vigilance; and exhort you, by the Concern you have for the good People of *England*, to purſue your Deſign; and that theſe Vermin may not flatter themſelves that they paſs undiſcover'd, I deſire you'd acquaint *Jack Haughty*, that the whole Secret of his bubbling his Friend with the *Swiſs* at the *Thatch'd-Houſe* is well known, as alſo his ſweetning the Knight; and I ſhall acknowledge the Favour.

Your Humble Servant, &c

From

From *Thurſday September* 8. to *Saturday September* 10.
N°. 66.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, September 9.

WE have been very much perplex'd here this Evening, by two Gentlemen, who took upon 'em to talk as loud as if it were expected from 'em to entertain the Company. Their Subject was Eloquence, and graceful Action. *Lyſander*, who is ſomething particular in his Way of Thinking and Speaking, told us, a Man could not be Eloquent without Action: For the Deportment of the Body, the Turn of the Eye, and an apt Sound to every Word that is uttered, muſt all conſpire to make an accompliſh'd Speaker. Action in one that ſpeaks in Publick, is the ſame Thing which a good Mien is in ordinary Life. Thus, as a certain Inſenſibility in the Countenance recommends a Sentence of Humour and Jeſt, ſo it muſt be a very lively Conſciouſneſs that gives Grace to great Sentiments: For the Jeſt is to be a Thing unexpected; therefore your undeſigning Manner is a Beauty in Expreſſions of Mirth; but when you are to talk on a Set Subject, the more you are mov'd your ſelf, the more you will move others. There is, ſaid he, a remarkable Example of that kind: *Æſchines*, a famous Orator of Antiquity, had pleaded at *Athens* in a great Cauſe againſt *Demoſthenes*; but having loſt it, retir'd to *Rhodes*. Eloquence was then the Quality moſt admir'd among Men; and the Magiſtrates of that Place having heard he had a Copy of the Speech of *Demoſthenes*, deſir'd him to repeat both their Pleadings. After his own, he recited alſo the Oration of his Antagoniſt. The People expreſs'd their Admiration of both, but more of that of *Demoſthenes*. If you are, ſaid he, thus touch'd with hearing only what that great Orator ſaid, How would you have been affected had you ſeen him ſpeak? For he who hears *Demoſthenes* only, loſes much the better part of the Oration. Certain it is, that they who ſpeak gracefully,

ly, are very lamely repreſented, in having their Speeches read or repeated by unskilful People; for there is ſomething native to each Man, that is ſo inherent to his Thoughts and Sentiments, which it is hardly poſſible for another to give a true Idea of. You may obſerve in common Talk, when a Sentence of any Man's is repeated, an Acquaintance of his ſhall immediately obſerve, That 'tis ſo like him, methinks I ſee how he look'd when he ſaid it. But of all the People on the Earth, there are none who puzzle me ſo much as the Clergy of *Great-Britain*, who are, I believe, the moſt learned Body of Men now in the World; and yet this Art of Speaking, with the proper Ornaments of Voice and Geſture, is wholly neglected among 'em; and I'll engage, were a Deaf Man to behold the greater Part of 'em preach, he would rather think they were reading the Contents only of ſome Diſcourſe they intended to make, than actually in the Body of an Oration, even when they are upon Matters of ſuch a Nature as one would believe it were impoſſible to think of without Emotion. I own there are Exceptions to this general Obſervation, and that the Dean we heard the other Day together, is an Orator. He has ſo much Regard to his Congregation, that he commits to his Memory what he is to ſay to 'em; and has ſo ſoft and graceful a Behaviour, that it muſt attract your Attention. His Perſon it is to be confeſs'd is no ſmall Recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not loſing that Advantage, and adding to the Propriety of Speech (which might paſs the Criticiſm of *Longinus*) an Action which would have been approv'd by *Demoſthenes*: He has a peculiar Force in his Way, and has many of his Audience who could not be intelligent Hearers of his Diſcourſe, were there not Explanation as well as Grace in his Action. This Art of his is us'd with the moſt exact and honeſt Skill. He never attempts your Paſſions, till he has convinc'd your Reaſon. All the Objections which he can form, are laid before you, and diſpers'd, before he uſes the leaſt Vehemence in his

Sermon; but when he thinks he has your Head, he very ſoon wins your Heart; and never pretends to ſhew the Beauty of Holineſs, till he has convinc'd you of the Truth of it. Would every one of our Clergymen be thus careful to recommend Truth and Virtue in their proper Figures, and ſhow ſo much Concern for 'em as to give all the additional Force they were able, it is not poſſible that Nonſence ſhould have ſo many Hearers as you find it has in Diſſenting Congregations, for no Reaſon in the World, but becauſe it is ſpoken *Extempore*: For ordinary Minds are wholly govern'd by their Eyes and Ears, and there is no Way to come at their Hearts but by Power over their Imagination. There is my Friend and merry Companion *Daniel*: He knows a great deal better than he ſpeaks, and can form a proper Diſcourſe as well as any Orthodox Neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, My Beloved; and the Words, Grace! Regeneration! Sanctification! A New Light! The Day! The Day! Ay, my beloved, the Day! Or rather, The Night! The Night is coming! And Judgment will come, when we leaſt think of it! And ſo forth,-- He knows, to be vehement is the only Way to come at his Audience; and *Daniel*, when he ſees my Friend *Greenhat* come in, can give him a good Hint, and cry out, This is only for the Saints! The Regenerated! By this Force of Action, tho' mix'd with all the Incoherence and Ribaldry imaginable, *Daniel* can laugh at his Dioceſan, and grow Fat by a voluntary Subſcription, while the Parſon of the Pariſh goes to Law for half his Dues. *Daniel* will tell you, it is not the Shepherd, but the Sheep with the Bell, which the Flock follows. Another Thing very wonderful, this learned Body ſhould omit, is, Learning to read; which is a moſt neceſſary part of Eloquence in one who is to ſerve at the Altar: For there is no Man but muſt be ſenſible that the lazy Tone, and inarticulate Sound of our common Readers, depreciates the moſt proper Form of Words that were ever extant in any Nation or Language, to ſpeak our own Wants, or his Power from

from whom we ask Relief. There cannot be a greater Inſtance of the Power of Action than in little Parſon *Dapper*, who is the common Relief to all the lazy Pulpits in Town. This Smart Youth has a very good Memory, a quick Eye, and a clean Handkerchief. Thus equipp'd, he opens his Text, ſhuts his Book fairly, ſhows he has no Notes in his Bible, opens both Palms, and ſhows all is fair there too. Thus with a deciſive Air, my Young Man goes on without Heſitation; and tho' from the Beginning to the End of his pretty Diſcourſe, he has not uſed one proper Geſture, yet at the Concluſion, the Churchwarden pulls his Gloves from off his Head; Pray, who is this extraordinary Young Man? Thus the Force of Action is ſuch, that it is more prevalent (even when improper) than all the Reaſon and Argument in the World without it. This Gentleman concluded his Diſcourſe by ſaying, I do not doubt but if our Preachers would learn to ſpeak, and our Readers to read, within Six Months Time we ſhould not have a Diſſenter within a Mile of a Church in *Great-Britain*.

From my own Apartment, September 9.

I have a Letter from a Young-Fellow who complains to me, that he was bred a Mercer, and is now juſt out of his Time, but unfortunately (for he has no manner of Education ſuitable to his preſent Eſtate) an Uncle has left him 1000*l. per Annum*. The young Man is ſenſible that he is ſo Spruce, that he fears he ſhall never be genteel as long as he lives, but applies himſelf to me, to know what Method to take to help his Air, and be a Fine Gentleman. He adds, that ſeveral of thoſe Ladies who were formerly his Cuſtomers, viſit his Mother on Purpoſe to fall in his Way, and fears he ſhall be oblig'd to Marry againſt his Will: for (ſays he) if any one of them ſhould ask me, I ſhall not be able to deny her. I am (ſays he further) utterly at a Loſs how to deal with 'em; for tho' I was the moſt pert Creature in the World when I was Foreman, and could Hand a Woman of the firſt Quality to her Coach, as well as her

own Gentleman Uſher, I am now quite out of my Way, and Speechleſs in their Company. They commend my Modeſty to my Face. No one ſcruples to ſay, I ſhould certainly make the beſt Husband in the World, a Man of my ſober Education.--- Mrs. *Wou'dby* watches all Opportunities to be alone with me: Therefore good Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, here are my Writings enclos'd; if you can find any Flaw in my Title, ſo as it may go to the next Heir, who goes to St. *James*'s Coffee-Houſe, and *White*'s, and could enjoy it, I ſhould be extremely well pleas'd with Two Thouſand Pounds to ſet up my Trade, and live in a Way I know I ſhould become, rather than be laugh'd at all my Life among too good Company. If you could ſend for my Couſin, and perſuade him to take the Eſtate on theſe Terms, and let no Body know, you would extremely oblige me. Upon firſt Sight, I thought this a very whimſical Propoſal; but upon more mature Conſideration, I could not but admire the Young Gentleman's Prudence and good Senſe: For there is nothing ſo irkſome, as living in a Way a Man knows he does not become. I conſulted Mr. *Obadiah Greenhat* on this Occaſion, and he is ſo well pleas'd with the Man, that he has half a Mind to take the Eſtate himſelf; but upon ſecond Thoughts he propos'd this Expedient; I ſhould be very willing (ſaid he) to keep the Eſtate where it is, if we could make the Young Man any way eaſie; therefore I humbly propoſe, he ſhould take to Drinking for one Half-Year, and make a Sloven of him, and from thence begin his Education anew: For it is a Maxim, That one who is ill taught, is in a worſe Condition than he who is wholly ignorant; therefore a Spruce Mercer is farther off the Air of a fine Gentleman, than a downright Clown. To make our Patient any Thing better, we muſt unmake him what he is. I indeed propos'd to flux him; but *Greenhat* anſwer'd, That if he recover'd, he'd be as prim and feat as ever he was: Therefore he would have it his Way; and our Friend is to drink till he is Carbuncled and Tunbellied; after which, we will ſend him down to ſmoke,

and

and be buried with his Anceſtors in *Derbyſhire*. I am indeed deſirous he ſhould have his Life in the Eſtate, becauſe he has ſuch a juſt Senſe of himſelf and his Abilities, to know that it is an Unhappineſs to him to be a Man of Fortune. This Youth ſeems to underſtand, that a Gentleman's Life is that of all others the hardeſt to paſs through with Propriety of Behaviour; for tho' he has a Support without Art or Labour, yet his Manner of enjoying that Circumſtance, is a Thing to be conſider'd; and you ſee among Men who are honour'd with the common Appellation of Gentlemen, ſo many Contradictions to that Character, that it is the utmoſt ill-Fortune to bear it: For which Reaſon I am oblig'd to change the Circumſtances of ſeveral about this Town. *Harry Lacker* is ſo very exact in his Dreſs, that I ſhall give his Eſtate to his Younger Brother, and make him a Dancing-Maſter. *Nokes Lightfoot* is ſo nimble, and values himſelf ſo much upon it, that I have Thoughts of making him Huntſman to a Pack of Beagles, and give his Land to ſome body that will ſtay upon it. Now I am upon the Topick of becoming what we enjoy, I forbid all Perſons who are not of the firſt Quality, or who do not bear ſome important Office that requires ſo much Diſtinction, to go to *Hide-Park* with Six Horſes, for I cannot but eſteem it the higheſt Inſolence: Therefore hereafter no Man ſhall do it merely becauſe he is able, without any other Pretenſion. But what may ſerve all Purpoſes quite as well, it ſhall be allow'd all ſuch who think Riches the chief Diſtinction, to appear in the Ring with Two Horſes only, and a Rent-Roll hanging out of each Side of their Coach. This is a Thought of Mr. *Greenhat*'s, who deſigns very ſoon to publiſh a ſumptuary Diſcourſe upon the Subject of Equipage, wherein he will give us Rules on that Subject, and aſſign the proper Duties and Qualifications of Maſters and Servants, as well as that of Husbands and Wives; with a Treatiſe of Oeconomy without Doors, or the compleat Art of appearing in the World. This will be very uſe-

ful to all who are ſuddenly Rich, or are aſham'd of being Poor.

——————Sunt certa Piacula, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare Libello.

I have Notice of a new Pack of Dogs, of quite another Sort than hitherto mention'd. I have not an exact Account of their Way of Hunting, the following Letter giving only a bare Notice of them.

SIR, *September 7.*

'THERE are another Pack of Dogs to be diſpos'd of, who Kennel about *Charing-Croſs*, at the old Fat Dog's at the Corner of *Buckingham-Court* near *Spring-Garden*: Two of them are ſaid to be whelp'd in *Aſſotia*, now in Ruins; but they, with the reſt of the Pack, are as Pernicious, as if the old Kennel had never been broken down. The Ancients diſtinguiſh'd this ſort of Curs by the Name of *Hæreditates*, the moſt pernicious of all Biters, for ſeizing young Heirs, eſpecially when their Eſtates are entail'd, whom they reduce by one good Bite to ſuch a Condition, that they can't ever after come to the Uſe of their Teeth, or get ſmelling of a Cruſt. You are deſir'd to diſpoſe of theſe as ſoon as you can, that the Breed may not encreaſe; and your Care in tying 'em up, will be acknowledg'd by,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Philanthropos.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, September 9.

We have received Letters from the Duke of *Marlborough's* Camp, which bring us further Particulars of the

the great and glorious Victory obtain'd over the Enemy on the 11th Inſtant, *N. S.* The Number of the Wounded and Priſoners is much greater than was expected from our firſt Account. The Day was doubtful till after Twelve of the Clock; but the Enemy made little Reſiſtance after their firſt Line on the Left began to give way. An exact Narration of the whole Affair is expected next Poſt. The *French* have had Two Days allow'd them to bury their Dead, and carry off their wounded Men upon Parole. Thoſe Regiments of *Great-Britain* which ſuffer'd moſt, are order'd into Garriſon, and freſh Troops commanded to march into the Field. The States have alſo directed Troops to march out of the Towns, to relieve thoſe who loſt ſo many Men in attacking the Second Intrenchment of the *French* in the Plain between *Sart* and *Janſart*.

From *Saturday September* 10. to *Tueſday September* 13.

N°. 67.

From my own Apartment, September 12.

NO Man can conceive, till he comes to try it, how great a Pain it is to be a Publick-ſpirited Perſon. I am ſure I am unable to expreſs to the World, how much Anxiety I have ſuffer'd, to ſee of how little Benefit my Lucubrations have been to my Fellow-Subjects. Men will go on in their own Way in ſpight of all my Labour. I gave Mr. *Didapper* a private Reprimand for wearing red-heel'd Shoes, and at the ſame Time was ſo indulgent as to connive at him for Fourteen Days, becauſe I would give him the wearing of 'em out; but after all this I am inform'd, he appear'd yeſterday with a new Pair of the ſame Sort. I have no better Succeſs with Mr. *Whatdee'call* as to his Buttons: *Stentor* ſtill roars; and Box and Dice rattle as loud as they did before I writ againſt 'em. *Partridge* walks about, at Noon-

day, and *Eſculapius* thinks of adding a new Lace to his Livery. However, I muſt ſtill go on in laying theſe Enormities before Mens Eyes, and let them anſwer for going on in their Practice. My Province is much larger than at firſt Sight Men would imagine, and I ſhall loſe no Part of my Juriſdiction, which extends not only to Futurity, but alſo is retroſpect to Things paſt; and the Actions of Perſons who have long ago acted their Parts, are as much liable to my Examination, as thoſe of my own Contemporaries. In order to put the whole Race of Mankind in their proper Diſtinctions, according to the Opinion their Cohabitants conceiv'd of them, I have with very much Care, and Depth of Meditation, thought fit to erect a Chamber of Fame, and eſtabliſh'd certain Rules, which are to be obſerv'd in admitting Members into this illuſtrious Society. In this Chamber of Fame there are to be Three Tables, but of different Lengths; the Firſt is to contain exactly Twelve Perſons; the Second, Twenty; the Third, an Hundred. This is reckon'd to be the full Number of thoſe who have any competent Share of Fame. At the Firſt of theſe Tables are to be plac'd in their Order the Twelve moſt Famous Perſons in the World, not with regard to the Things they are famous for, but according to the Degree of their Fame, whether in Valour, Wit, or Learning. Thus if a Scholar be more famous than a Soldier, he is to ſit above him. Neither muſt any Preference be given to Virtue, if the Perſon be not equally famous. When the firſt Table is fill'd, the next in Renown muſt be ſeated at the Second, and ſo on in like Manner to the Number of Twenty; as alſo in the ſame Order at the Third, which is to hold an Hundred. At theſe Tables no Regard is to be had to Seniority: For if *Julius Cæſar* ſhall be judg'd more famous than *Romulus* and *Scipio*, he muſt have the Precedence. No Perſon who has not been Dead an Hundred Years, muſt be offer'd to a Place at any of theſe Tables: And becauſe this is altogether a Lay-Society, and that Sacred Perſons move upon greater Motives than that of

of Fame, no Perſons celebrated in holy Writ, or any Eccleſiaſtical Men whatſoever, are to be introduc'd here.

At the lower End of the Room is to be a Side-Table for Perſons of great Fame, but dubious Exiſtence, ſuch as *Hercules*, *Theſeus*, *Æneas*, *Achilles*, *Hector*, and others. But becauſe it is apprehended, that there may be great Contention about Precedence, the Propoſer humbly deſires the Opinion of the Learned towards his Aſſiſtance in placing every Perſon according to his Rank, that none may have juſt Occaſion of Offence.

The Merits of the Cauſe ſhall be judg'd by Plurality of Voices.

For the more impartial Execution of this important Affair, it is deſir'd, That no Man will offer his Favourite Hero, Scholar, or Poet; and that the Learned will be pleas'd to ſend to Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, at Mr. *Morphew*'s near *Stationers-Hall*, their ſeveral Liſts for the Firſt Table only, and in the Order they would have them plac'd; after which the Compoſer will compare the ſeveral Liſts, and make another for the Publick, wherein every Name ſhall be rank'd according to the Voices it has had. Under this Chamber is to be a dark Vault for the ſame Number of Perſons of evil Fame.

It is humbly ſubmitted to Conſideration, Whether the Project would not be better, if the Perſons of true Fame meet in a middle Room, thoſe of dubious Exiſtence in an Upper-Room, and thoſe of evil Fame in a lower dark Room.

It is to be noted, That no Hiſtorians are to be admitted at any of theſe Tables, becauſe they are appointed to conduct the ſeveral Perſons to their Seats, and are to be made Uſe of as Ushers to the Aſſemblies.

I call upon the Learned World to ſend me their Aſſiſtance towards this Deſign, it being a Matter of too great Moment for any one Perſon to determine. But I do aſſure 'em, their Liſts ſhall be examin'd with great Fidelity, and thoſe that are expos'd to the Publick,

made with all the Caution imaginable. In the mean Time, while I wait for theſe Liſts, I am employ'd in keeping People in a right Way, to avoid the contrary to Fame and Applauſe; to wit, Blame and Deriſion. For this End, I work upon that uſeful Project of the Peny-Poſt, by the Benefit of which it is propos'd, that a Charitable Society be eſtabliſh'd: From which Society there ſhall go every Day Circular Letters to all Parts within the Bills of Mortality, to tell People of their Faults in a friendly and private Manner, whereby you may know what the World thinks of 'em, before it is declar'd to the World that they are thus faulty. This Method cannot fail of univerſal good Conſequences: For it is further added, that they who will not be reform'd by it, muſt be contented to ſee the ſeveral Letters printed, which were not regarded by 'em, that when they will not take private Reprehenſion, they may be try'd further by a Publick one. I am very ſorry I am oblig'd to print the following Epiſtles of that Kind to ſome Perſons, and the more, becauſe they are of the Fair Sex. This went on *Friday* laſt to a very fine Lady.

MADAM,

'I Am highly ſenſible, that there is Nothing of ſo tender a Nature as the Reputation and Conduct of Ladies; and that when there is the leaſt Stain got into their Fame, it is hardly ever to be waſh'd out. When I have ſaid this, you will believe I am extremely concern'd, to hear at every Viſit I make, that your Manner of Wearing your Hair is a meer Affectation of Beauty; as well as, that your neglect of Powder has been a common Evil to your Sex. It is to you an Advantage to ſhow that abundance of fine Treſſes: But I beſeech you to conſider, that the Force of your Beauty, and the Imitation of you, coſts *Eleonora* great Sums of Money to her Tire-Woman for falſe Locks, beſides what is allowed to her Maid for keeping

'keeping the Secret that she is Grey. I must take 'leave to add to this Admonition, that you are not 'to reign above Four Months and odd Days longer. 'Therefore I must desire you to raise and frizz your 'Hair a little, for it is downright Insolence to be 'thus handsome without Art; and you'll forgive 'me for intreating you to do now out of Com-'passion, what you must soon do out of Necessity. 'I am,

Madam,

Your most Obedient, and most Humble Servant.

This Person Dresses just as she did before I writ. As does also the Lady to whom I address'd the following Billet the same Day.

MADAM,

'LET me beg of you to take off the Patches 'at the lower End of your left Cheek, and I 'will allow two more under your left Eye, which 'will contribute more to the Simmetry of your 'Face; except you would please to remove the Ten 'Black Atoms on your Ladyship's Chin, and wear 'one large Patch instead of 'em. If so, you may 'properly enough retain the Three Patches above-'mentioned. Iam, *&c.*

This, I thought had all the Civility and Reason in the World in it; but whether my Letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the Lady patches as she us'd to do. It is to be observ'd by all the Charitable Society, as an Instruction in their Epistles, that they tell People of nothing but what is in their Power to mend. I shall give another Instance of this way of Writing: Two Sisters in *Essex-Street* are eternally gaping out of the Window, as if they knew not the Value of Time, or would call in Companions. Upon which I writ the following Line:

Dear

Dear Creatures,

On the Receipt of this, ſhut your Caſements.

But I went by Yeſterday, and found them ſtill at the Window. What can a Man do in this Caſe? but go on, and wrap himſelf up in his own Integrity, with Satisfaction only in this melancholy Truth, that Virtue is its own Reward; and that if no one is the better for his Admonitions, yet he is himſelf the more Virtuous in that he gave thoſe Advices.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, September 12.

Letters of the 13th Inſtant from the Duke of *Marlborough's* Camp at *Havre* adviſe, That the neceſſary Diſpoſitions were made for opening the Trenches before *Mons*. The Direction of the Seige is to be committed to the Prince of *Orange*, who deſign'd to take his Poſt accordingly with 30 Battalions and 30 Squadrons on the Day following. On the 17th Lieutenant General *Cadogan* ſet out for *Bruſſels*, to haſten the Ammunition and Artillery which is to be employ'd in this Enterprize; and the Confederate Army was extended from the *Haiſne* to the *Trouille*, in order to cover the Seige. The Loſs of the Confederates in the late Battle is not exactly known; but it appears by a Liſt tranſmitted to the States-General, that the Number of the Kill'd and Wounded in their Service amounts to above Eight Thouſand. It is computed that the *Engliſh* have loſt 1500 Men, and the reſt of the Allies about Five Thouſand, including the Wounded. The States General have taken the moſt ſpeedy and effectual Meaſures for reinforcing their Troops; and 'tis expected, that in Eight or Ten Days the Army will be as numerous as before the Battle. The Affairs in *Italy* afford us nothing remarkable; but 'tis hop'd, that the Difference between the Courts of *Vienna* and *Turin* will be ſpeedily accommodated. Letters from *Poland* preſent us with a near Proſpect of ſeeing

ſeeing King *Auguſtus* re-eſtabliſh'd on the Throne, all Parties being very induſtrious to reconcile themſelves to his Intereſts.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 12.

Of all the pretty Arts in which our Modern Writers excel, there is not any which is more to be recommended to the Imitation of Beginners, than the Skill of Tranſition from one Subject to another. I know not whether I make my ſelf well underſtood; but it is certain, that the Way of ſtringing a Diſcourſe, us'd in the *Mercury Gallant*, the *Gentleman's Journal*, and other learned Writings, not to mention how naturally Things preſent themſelves to ſuch as harrangue in Pulpits and other Occaſions which occur to the Learned, are Methods worthy Commendation. I ſhall attempt this Style my ſelf in a few Lines. Suppoſe I were diſcourſing upon the King of *Sweden*'s paſſing the *Boriſthenes*. The *Boriſthenes* is a great River, and puts me in Mind of the *Danube* and the *Rhine*. The *Danube* I cannot think of without reflecting on that unhappy Prince who had ſuch fair Territories on the Banks of it; I mean the Duke of *Bavaria*, who by our laſt Letters is retir'd from *Mons*. *Mons* is as ſtrong a Fortification as any which has no Citadel: And Places which are not compleatly fortified, are, methinks, Leſſons to Princes, that they are not Omipotent, but liable to the Strokes of Fortune. But as all Princes are ſubject to ſuch Calamities, it is the Part of Men of Letters to guard 'em from the Obſervations of all ſmall Writers: For which Reaſon I ſhall conclude my preſent Remarks, by publiſhing the following Advertiſement, to be taken Notice of by all who dwell in the Suburbs of Learning.

Whereas the King of Sweden *has been ſo unfortunate to receive a Wound in his Heel; we do hereby prohibit all Epigrammatiſts in either Language, and both Univerſities, as well as all other Poets, of what Denominations ſoever, to make any Mention of* Achilles *having receiv'd his Death's Wound in the ſame Part.*

We do likewiſe forbid all Compariſons in Coffee-houſes between Alexander the Great *and the ſaid King of* Sweden,

den, *and from making any Parallels between the Death of* Patkul *and* Philotas; *we being very apprehenſive of the Reflections that ſeveral Politicans have ready by them to produce on this Occaſion, and being willing, as much as in us lies, to free the Town from all Impertinencies of this Nature.*

From *Tueſday September* 13. to *Thurſday September* 15.
N°. 68.

From my own Apartment, September 14.

THE Progreſs of our Endeavours will of Neceſſity be very much interrupted, except the learned World will pleaſe to ſend their Liſts to the Chamber of Fame with all Expedition. There is nothing can ſo much contribute to create a noble Emulation in our Youth, than the honourable Mention of ſuch whoſe Actions have outliv'd the Injuries of Time, and recommended themſelves ſo far to the World, that it is become Learning to know the leaſt Circumſtance of their Affairs. It is a great Incentive to ſee, that ſome Men have rais'd themſelves ſo highly above their Fellow Creatures; that the Lives of ordinary Men are ſpent in Inquiries after the particular Actions of the moſt Illuſtrious. True it is, that without the Impulſe to Fame and Reputation, our Induſtry would ſtagnate, and that lively Deſire of pleaſing each other die away. This Opinion was ſo eſtabliſh'd in the Heathen World, that their Senſe of Living appear'd inſipid, except their Being was enliven'd with a Conſciouſneſs, that they were eſteem'd by the reſt of the World. Upon examining the Proportion of Mens Fame for my Table of Twelve, I thought it no ill Way, ſince I had laid it down for a Rule, That they were to be rank'd ſimply as they were famous, without Regard to their Virtue, to ask my Siſter *Jenny*'s Advice, and particularly mention to her the Name of *Ariſtotle*. She immediately told me, he was a very great Scholar,

and

and that ſhe had read him at the Boarding-School. She certainly means a Trifle ſold by the Hawkers, call'd *Ariſtotle's Problems*. But this rais'd a great Scruple in me, Whether a Fame increas'd by Impoſition of others is to be added to his Account, or that theſe Excreſcencies, which grow out of his real Reputation, and give Encouragement to others to paſs Things under the Covert of his Name, ſhould be conſider'd in giving him his Seat in the Chamber? This Punctilio is referr'd to the Learned. In the mean Time, ſo ill-natur'd are Mankind, that I believe I have Names already ſent me ſufficient to fill up my Liſts for the dark Room, and every one is apt enough to ſend in their Accounts of ill Deſervers. This Malevolence does not proceed from a real Diſlike of Virtue, but a diabolical Prejudice againſt it, which makes Men willing to deſtroy what they care not to imitate. Thus you ſee the greateſt Characters among your Acquaintance, and thoſe you live with, are traduc'd by all below 'em in Virtue, who never mention 'em but with an Exception. However, I believe I ſhall not give the World much Trouble about filling my Tables for thoſe of evil Fame, for I have ſome Thoughts of clapping up the *Sharpers* there as faſt as I can lay hold of 'em. At preſent, I am employ'd in looking over the ſeveral Notices which I have receiv'd of their Manner of Dexterity, and the Way at Dice of making all Rugg, as the Cant is. The whole Art of ſecuring a Die has lately been ſent me by a Perſon who was of the Fraternity, but is diſabled by the Loſs of a Fingure, by which Means he cannot, as he us'd to do, ſecure a Die. But I am very much at a Loſs how to call ſome of the Fair Sex, who are Accomplices with the *Knights of Induſtry*; for my Metaphorical Dogs are eaſily enough underſtood: but the Feminine Gender of Dogs has ſo harſh a Sound, that we know not how to name it. But I am credibly inform'd, that there are Female Dogs as voracious as the Males, and make Advances to young Fellows, without any other Deſign but coming to a Familiarity with their Purſes. I have alſo long Liſts of Perſons

Perſons of Condition, who are certainly of the ſame Regiment with theſe *Banditti*, and inſtrumental to their Cheats upon undiſcerning Men of their own Rank; and add their good Reputation to carry on the Impoſtures of thoſe, whoſe very Names would otherwiſe be Defence enough againſt falling into their Hands. But for the Honour of our Nation, theſe ſhall be unmention'd, provided we hear no more of ſuch Practices, and that they ſhall not from henceforward ſuffer the Society of ſuch, as they know to be the common Enemies of Order, Diſcipline, and Virtue. If it prove that they go on in encouraging them, they muſt be proceeded againſt according to ſevereſt Rules of Hiſtory, where all is to be laid before the World with Impartiality, and without Reſpect to Perſons.

So let the ſtricken Deer go weep.

Will's Coffee-houſe, September 14.

I find left here for me the following Epiſtle:

SIR,

'HAving lately read your Diſcourſe about the Family of *Trubies*, wherein you obſerve, that 'there are ſome who fall into Laughter out of a cer-'tain Benevolence in their Temper, and not out of 'the ordinary Motive, *viz.* Contempt and Triumph 'over the Imperfection of others; I have conceived 'a good Idea of your Knowledge of Mankind. And 'as you have a Tragy-comick Genius, I beg the 'Favour of you to give us your Thoughts of a 'quite different Effect, which alſo is caused by other 'Motives than what are commonly taken Notice 'of. What I would have you treat of, is, the Cauſe 'of ſhedding Tears. I deſire you would diſcuſs it 'a little, with Obſervations upon the various Oc-'caſions which provoke us to that Expreſſion of our 'Concern, *&c.*

To

To obey this complaiſant Gentleman, I know no Way ſo ſhort as examining the various Touches of my own Boſom, on ſeveral Occurrences in a long Life, to the Evening of which I am arriv'd, after as many various Incidents as any Body has met with. I have often reflected, that there is a great Similitude in the Motions of the Heart in Mirth and in Sorrow; and I think the uſual Occaſion of the latter, as well as the former, is ſomething which is ſudden and unexpected. The Mind has not a ſufficient Time to recollect its Force, and immediately guſhes into Tears before we can utter our ſelves by Speech or Complaint. The moſt notorious Cauſes of theſe Drops from our Eyes, are Pity, Sorrow, Joy, and Reconciliation. The Fair Sex, who are made of Man, and not of Earth, have a more delicate Humanity than we have, and Pity is the moſt common Cauſe of their Tears: For as we are inwardly compos'd of an Aptitude to every Circumſtance of Life; and every Thing that befals any one Perſon, might have happen'd to any other of human Race; Self-love, and a Senſe of the Pain we our ſelves ſhould ſuffer in the Circumſtances of any whom we pity, is the Cauſe of that Compaſſion. Such a Reflection in the Breaſt of a Woman, immediately inclines her to Tears; but in a Man, it makes him think how ſuch a one ought to act on that Occaſion, ſuitable to the Dignity of his Nature. Thus a Woman is ever moved for thoſe whom ſhe hears lament, and a Man for thoſe whom he obſerves to ſuffer in Silence. It is a Man's own Behaviour in the Circumſtances he is under, which procures him the Eſteem of others, and not meerly the Affliction it ſelf which demands our Pity: For we never give a Man that Paſſion he falls into for himſelf. He that commends himſelf, never purchaſes our Applauſe; nor he who bewails himſelf, our Pity. Going through an Alley the other Day, I obſerv'd a noiſy impudent Beggar bawl out, That he was wounded in a Merchant-man; That he had loſt his poor Limbs, and ſhow'd a Leg clouted up. All that paſs'd by, made what haſt they could

could out of Sight and Hearing: but a Poor Fellow at the End of the Paſſage, with a ruſty Coat, a melancholy Air, and a ſoft Voice, deſir'd 'em to look upon a Man not us'd to beg. The latter receiv'd the Charity of almoſt every one that went by. The Strings of the Heart, which are to be touch'd to give us Compaſſion, are not ſo play'd on but by the fineſt Hand. We ſee in Tragical Repreſentations, it is not the Pomp of Language, or Magnificence of Dreſs, in which the Paſſion is wrought that touches ſenſible Spirits, but ſomething of a plain and ſimple Nature which breaks in upon our Souls, by that Simpathy which is given us for our mutual Good-will and Service. In the Trajedy of *Mackbeth*, where *Wilks* acts the Part of a Man whoſe Family has been murder'd in his Abſence, the Wildneſs of his Paſſion, which is run over in a Torrent of calamitous Circumſtances, does but raiſe my Spirits and give me the Alarm; but when he skilfully ſeems to be out of Breath, and is brought too low to ſay more; and upon a ſecond Reflection, cry, only wiping his Eyes, What, both my Children! Both! both my Children gone—— There is no reſiſting a Sorrow which ſeems to have caſt about for all the Reaſons poſſible for its Conſolation, but has no Recourſe. There is not one left, but both, both are murder'd! Such ſudden Starts from the Thread of the Diſcourſe, and a plain Sentiment expreſs'd in an artleſs Way, are the irreſiſtible Strokes of Eloquence and Poetry. The ſame great Maſter, *Shakeſpear*, can afford us Inſtances of all the Places where our Souls are acceſſible, and ever commands our Tears; But it is to be obſerv'd, that he draws 'em from ſome unexpected Source, which ſeems not wholly of a Piece with the Diſcourſe. Thus, when *Brutus* and *Caſſius* had a Debate in the Tragedy of *Cæſar*, and roſe to warm Language againſt each other, inſomuch that it had almoſt come to ſomething that might be fatal, 'till they recollected themſelves; *Brutus* does more than make an Apology for the Heat he had been in, by ſaying, *Portia* is dead —Here *Caſſius* is all Tenderneſs, & ready to diſſolve when

he

he conſiders, that the Mind of his Friend had been employ'd on the greateſt Affliction imaginable, when he had been adding to it by a Debate on Triſles; which makes him in the Anguiſh of his Heart cry out, How ſcap'd I killing when I thus provok'd you! This is an Incident which moves the Soul in all its Sentiments; and *Caſſius*'s Heart was at once touch'd with all the ſoft Pangs of Pity, Remorſe, and Reconciliation. It is ſaid indeed by *Horace*, If you would have me weep, you muſt firſt weep your ſelf. This is not literally true, for it would have been as rightly ſaid, if we obſerve Nature, That I ſhall certainly weep, if you do not. But what is intended by that Expreſſion, is, That it is not poſſible to give Paſſion, except you ſhow that you ſuffer your ſelf. Therefore the true Art ſeems to be, that when you would have the Perſon you repreſent pitied, you muſh ſhow him at once, in the higheſt Grief and Struggling, to bear it with Decency and Patience. In this Caſe, we ſigh for him, and give him every Groan he ſuppreſſes. I remember, when I was young enough to follow the Sports of the Field, I have more than once rode off at the Death of a Deer, when I have ſeen the Animal in an Affliction which appear'd human without the leaſt Noiſe, let fall Tears when he was reduc'd to Extremity; and I have thought of the Sorrow I ſaw him in when his Haunch came to the Table. But our Tears are not given only to Objects of Pity, but the Mind has Recourſe to that Relief in all Occaſions, which give us much Emotion. Thus, to be apt to ſhead Tears, is a Sign of a great as well as little Spirit. I have heard ſay, the preſent Pope never paſſes through the People, who always kneel in Crowds, and ask his Benediction, but the Tears are ſeen to flow from his Eyes. This muſt proceed from an Imagination, that he is the Father of all thoſe People, and that he is touch'd with ſo extenſive a Benevolence, that it breaks out into a Paſſion of Tears you ſee Friends, who have been long abſent, tranſported in the ſame Manner: A Thouſand little Images crowd upon 'em at their Meeting,

Meeting, as all the Joys and Griefs they have known during their Separation; and in one Hurry of Thought, they conceive how they ſhould have participated in thoſe Occaſions; and weep, becauſe their Minds are too full to wait the ſlow Expreſſion of Words.

His Lacrymis Vitam damus, & miſereſcimus ultro.

There is lately broke looſe from the London *Pack, a very tall dangerous Biter. He is now at the* Bath, *and it's feared will make a dammable Havock amongſt the Game. His Manner of biting is new, and call'd the* Top. *He ſecures one Die betwixt his two Fingures: The other is fix'd, by the Help of a famous Wax invented by an Apothecary, ſince a Gamſter; a little of which he puts upon his Fore-finger, and that holds the Die in the Box at his Devotion. Great Sums have been lately won by theſe Ways; but it is hoped, that this Hint of his Manner of Cheating will open the Eyes of many who are every Day impos'd upon.*

There is now in the Preſs, and will be ſuddenly Publiſh'd a Book, entituled, An Appendix to the Contempt of the Clergy, *wherein will be ſet forth at large, That all our Diſſentions are owing to the Lazineſs of Perſons in the ſacred Miniſtry, and that none of the preſent Schiſms could have crep into the Flock, but by the Negligence of the Paſtors. There is a Digreſſion in this Treatiſe, proving, That the Pretences made by the Prieſthood from Time to Time, that the Church was in Danger, is only a Trick to make the Laity paſſionate for that of which they themſelves have been negligent. The whole concludes with an Exhortation to the Clergy, to the Study of Eloquence, and Practice of Piety, as the only Method to ſupport the higheſt of all Honours, that of a Prieſt, who lives and acts according to this Character.*

From

From *Thurſday September* 15. to *Saturday September* 17.
N° 69.

From my own Apartment, September 16.

IT is, as far as it relates to our preſent Being, the great End of Education to raiſe our ſelves above the Vulgar; but what is intended by the Vulgar, is not, methinks, enough underſtood. In me, indeed, that Word raiſes a quite different Idea from what it uſually does in others; but perhaps that proceeds from my being old, and beginning to want the Reliſh of ſuch Satisfactions as are the ordinary Entertainment of Men. However, ſuch as my Opinion is in this Caſe, I will ſpeak it; becauſe it is poſſible that Turn of Thought may be received by others, who may reap as much Tranquillity from it as I do my ſelf. It is to me a very great Meanneſs, and ſomething much below a Philoſopher, which is what I mean by a Gentleman, to rank a Man among the Vulgar for the Condition of Life he is in, and not according to his Behaviour, his Thoughts and Sentiments, in that Condition. For if a Man be loaded with Riches and Honours, and in that State of Life has Thoughts and Inclinations below the meaneſt Artificer; is not ſuch an Artificer, who within his Power is good to his Friends, moderate in his Demands for his Labour, and chearful in his Occupation, very much ſuperior to him who lives for no other End but to ſerve himſelf, and aſſumes a Preference in all his Words and Actions to thoſe, who act their Part with much more Grace than himſelf? *Epictetus* has made uſe of the Similitude of a Stage-Play to human Life with much Spirit. It is not, ſays he, to be conſider'd among the Actors, who is Prince, or who is Beggar, but who acts Prince, or Beggar beſt. The Circumſtance of Life ſhould not be that which gives us Place, but our Behaviour in that Circumſtance is what ſhould be our ſolid Diſtinction. Thus, a wiſe Man ſhould think no Man above

bove him or below him, any further than it regards the outward Order and Diſcipline of the World: For if we take too great an Idea of the Eminence of our Superiors, or Subordination of our Inferiors, it will have an ill Effect upon our Behaviour to both. But he who thinks no Man above him but for his Virtue, none below him but for his Vice, can never be obſequious or aſſuming in a wrong Place, but will frequently emulate Men in Rank below him, and pity thoſe above him. This Senſe of Mankind is ſo far from a levelling Principle, that it only ſets us upon a true Baſis of Diſtinction, and doubles the Merit of ſuch as become their Condition. A Man in Power, who can, without the ordinary Prepoſſeſſions which ſtop the Way to the true Knowledge and Service of Mankind, overlook the little Diſtinctions of Fortune, raiſe obſcure Merit, and diſcountenance ſucceſsful Indeſert, has, in the Minds of knowing Men, the Figure of an Angel rather than a Man, and is above the reſt of Men in the higheſt Character he can be, even that of their Benefactor. Turning my Thoughts as I was taking my Pipe this Evening after this Manner, it was no ſmall Delight to me to receive Advice from *Felicia*, That *Eboracenſis* was appointed a Governor of one of their Plantations. As I am a great Lover of Mankind, I took Part in the Happineſs of that People who were to be govern'd by one of ſo great Humanity, Juſtice, and Honour. *Eboracenſis* has read all the Schemes which Writers have form'd of Government and Order, and been long converſant with Men who have the Reins in their Hands; ſo that he can very well diſtinguiſh between Chimerical and Practical Politicks. It it a great Bleſſing (when Men have to deal with ſuch different Characters in the ſame Species as thoſe of Free-Men and Slaves) that they who command have a juſt Senſe of human Nature it ſelf, by which they can temper the Haughtineſs of the Maſter, and ſoften the Servitude of the Slave. *Hæ tibi erunt Artes.* This is the Notion with which thoſe of the Plantation receive *Eboracenſis:* And as I have caſt his Nativity,

I find it will be a Record made of this Perſon's Adminiſtration; and on that Part of the Shore from whence he embarks to return from his Government, there will be a Monument with theſe Words; *Here the People wept, and took Leave of* Liberacenſis, *the firſt Governour our Mother* Felicia *ſent, who during his Command here, believ'd himſelf her Subject.*

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 16.

The following Letter wants ſuch ſudden Diſpatch, that all Things elſe muſt wait for this time.

SIR, *September* 13. *Equal Day and Night.*

'THere are Two Ladies, who having a good Opinion of your Taſt and Judgment, deſire you to make Uſe of 'em in the following Particular, which perhaps you may allow very particular. The Two Ladies before-mention'd, have a conſiderable Time ſince contracted a more ſincere and conſtant Friendſhip than their Adverſaries, the Men will allow conſiſtent with the Frailty of Female Nature; and being from a long Acquaintance convinc'd of the perfect Agreement of their Tempers, have thought upon an Expedient to prevent their Separation, and can't think any ſo effectual (ſince 'tis common for Love to deſtroy Friendſhip) as to give up both their Liberties to the ſame Perſon in Marriage. The Gentleman they have pitch'd upon, is neither well-bred nor agreeable, his Underſtanding moderate, and his Perſon never deſign'd to charm Women; but having ſo much Self-Intereſt in his Nature, as to be ſatisfy'd with making double Contracts, upon Condition of receiving double Fortunes; and moſt Men being ſo far ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs that one Woman occaſions, they think him for theſe Reaſons the moſt likely Perſon of their Acquaintance to receive theſe Propoſals. Upon all other Accounts, he is the laſt Man either of them would chuſe, yet for this preferable to all the reſt. They deſire to know your Opinon the next Poſt, reſolving

'to

'to defer farther Proceeding, till they have receiv'd
'it. I am,

SIR,

Your Unknown,

Unthought of,

Humble Servant,

Bridget Eitherſide.

This is very extraordinary, and much might be objected by me, who am ſomething of a Civilian, to the Caſe of Two marrying the ſame Man; but theſe Ladies are, I perceive, Free-Thinkers, and therefore I ſhall ſpeak only to the prudential Part of this Deſign, meerly as a Philoſopher, without entring into the Merit of it in the Eccleſiaſtical or Civil Law. Theſe conſtant Friends, *Philadn* and *Oreſtes*, are at a Loſs to preſerve their Friendſhip from the Encroachments of Love; for which End they have reſolv'd upon a Fellow who cannot be the Object of Affection or Eſteem to either, and conſequently cannot rob one of the Place each has in her Friend's Heart. But in all my Reading, (and I have read all that the Sages in Love have writ) I have found the greateſt Danger in Jealouſy. The Ladies indeed, to avoid this Paſſion, chuſe a ſad Fellow; but if they would be adviſ'd by me, they had better have each their worthleſs Man; otherwiſe, he that was deſpicable while he was indifferent to 'em, will become valuable when he ſeems to prefer one to the other. I remember in the Hiſtory of Don *Quixot* of the *Manca*, there is a memorable Paſſage which opens to us the Weakneſs of our Nature in ſuch Particulars. The Don falls into Diſcourſe with a Gentleman whom he calls the Knight of the *Green Caſſock*, and is invited to his Houſe. When he comes there, he runs into Diſcourſe and Panegyrick upon the Oeconomy, the Go-

vernment

vernment and Order of his Family, the Education of his Children; and laſtly, on the ſingular Wiſdom of him who diſpos'd Things with that Exactneſs. The Gentleman makes a Soliloquy to himſelf, Oh irreſiſtible Power of Flattery! Tho' I know this is a Madman, I cannot help being taken with his Applauſe. The Ladies will find this much more true in the Caſe of their Lover; and the Woman he moſt likes, will certainly be more pleas'd; ſhe whom he ſlights, more offended, than ſhe can imagine before ſhe has try'd. Now I humbly propoſe, That they both marry Coxcombs whom they are ſure they cannot like, and then they may be pretty ſecure againſt the Change of Affection, which they Fear; and by that Means, preſerving the Temperature under which they now write, enjoy during Life, *Equal Day and Night.*

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, September 16.

There is no manner of News; but People now ſpend their Time in Coffee-Houſes in Reflections upon the Particulars of the late glorious Day, and collecting the ſeveral Parts of the Action, as they are produc'd in Letters from private Hands, or Notices given to us by Accounts in publick Papers. A pleaſant Gentleman, alluding to the great Fences thro' which we pierc'd, ſaid this Evening, The *French* thought themſelves on the right ſide of the Hedge, but it prov'd otherwiſe. Mr. *Kidney*, who has long convers'd with, and fill'd Tea for the moſt conſummate Politicians, was pleas'd to give me an Account of this Piece of Ribaldry, and deſir'd me on that Occaſion to write a whole Paper on the Subject of Valour, and explain how that Quality, which muſt be poſſeſs'd by whole Armies, is ſo highly preferable in one Man rather than another, and how the ſame Actions are but meer Acts of Duty in ſome, and Inſtances of the moſt Heroick Virtue in others. He adviſ'd me not to fail in this Diſcourſe to mention the Gallantry of the Prince of *Naſſau* in this laſt Engagement, who (when a Battalion made an Halt in the Face of the Enemy) ſnatch'd the

Colours out of the Hands of the Enſign, and planted 'em juſt before the Line of the Enemy, calling to that Battalion to take Care of their Colours, if they had no Regard to him. Mr. *Kidney* has my Promiſe to obey him in this Particular on the firſt Occaſion that offers.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *is now compiling exact Accounts of the Pay of the* Militia, *and the Commiſſion-Officers under the reſpective Lieutenancies of* Great-Britain: *In the firſt Place, of theſe of* London *and* Weſtminſter; *and in Regard that there are no common Soldiers, but all Houſe-keepers, or Repreſentatives of Houſe-keepers in theſe Bodies, the Sums rais'd by the Officers ſhall be look'd into, and their Fellow-Soldiers, or rather Fellow-Travellers from one Part of the Town to the other, not defrauded of the Ten Pounds allow'd for the Subſiſtence of the Troops.*

Whereas not very long ſince, at a Tavern between Fleet-Bridge *and* Charing-Croſs, *ſome certain polite Gentlemen thought fit to perform the* Bacchanalian *Exerciſes of Devotion, by Dancing without Clothes on, after the Manner of the* Præ-Adamites; *This is to certifie thoſe Perſons, That there is no manner of Wit or Humour in the ſaid Practice, and that the Beadles of the Pariſh are to be at their next Meeting, where it is to be examin'd, Whether they are arriv'd at want of Feeling, as well as want of Shame?*

Whereas a Chapel-Clerk was lately taken in a Garret on a Flock-Bed with Two of the Fair Sex, who are uſually employ'd in ſifting Cinders; This is to let him know, That if he perſiſts in being a Scandal both to Laity and Clergy (as being as it were both and neither) the Names of the Nymphs who were with him ſhall be printed; therefore he is deſir'd, as he tenders the Reputation of his Ladies, to repent.

Mr. Bickerſtaff *has receiv'd Information, That an eminent and noble Preacher in the chief Congregation of* Great-Britain, *for Fear of being thought guilty of Presbyterian Fervency and Extemporary Prayer, lately read his before his Sermon; but the ſame Advices acknowledging, that he*

he made the Congregation large Amends by the Shortneſs of his Diſcourſe, it is thought fit to make no further Obſervation upon it.

From *Saturday September* 17. to *Tueſday September* 20.
N° 70.

From my own Apartment, September 19.

THE following Letter, in Proſecution of what I have lately aſſerted, has urg'd that Matter ſo much better than I had, that I inſert it as I receiv'd it. Theſe Teſtimonials are cuſtomary with us learned Men, and ſometimes are ſuſpected to be written by the Author; but I fear no one will ſuſpect me of this.

SIR, *London, September* 15. 1709.

'HAving read your Lucubrations of the 10th Inſtant, I can't but entirely agree with you in your Notions of the Scarcity of Men who can either read or ſpeak. For my Part I have liv'd theſe 30 Years in the World, and yet have obſerv'd but a very few who could do either in any tolerable manner; among which few, you muſt underſtand that I reckon my ſelf. How far Eloquence, ſet off with the proper Ornaments of Voice and Geſture, will prevail over the Paſſions, and how cold and unaffecting the beſt Oration in the World would be without 'em, there are Two remarkable Inſtances in the Caſe of *Ligarius* and that of *Milo*. *Cæſar* had condemn'd *Ligarius*. He came indeed to hear what might be ſaid; but thinking himſelf his own Maſter, reſolv'd not to be byaſs'd by any Thing *Cicero* could ſay in his behalf: But in this he was miſtaken; for when the Orator began to ſpeak, the Hero is moved, he is vanquiſh'd, and at length the Criminal abſolv'd. It muſt be obſerved, that this

famous Orator was leſs renown'd for his Courage than his Eloquence; for tho' he came at another Time, prepar'd to defend *Milo* with one of the beſt Orations that Antiquity has produc'd; yet being ſeiz'd with a ſudden Fear by ſeeing ſome arm'd Men ſurrounding the *Forum*, he falter'd in his Speech, and became unable to exert that irreſiſtible Force and Beauty of Action which would have ſav'd his Client, and for want of which he was condemned to Baniſhment. As the Succeſs the former of theſe Orations met with, appears chiefly owing to the Life and graceful Manner with which it was recited, (for ſome there are who think it may be read without Tranſport) ſo the latter ſeems to have fail'd of Succeſs for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the Orator was not in a Condition to ſet it off with thoſe Ornaments. It muſt be confeſs'd, that artful Sound will with the Crowd prevail even more than Senſe; but thoſe who are Maſters of both, will ever gain the Admiration of all their Hearers: And there is, I think, a very natural Account to be given of this Matter; for the Senſation of the Head and Heart are caus'd in each of theſe Parts by the outward Organs of the Eye and Ear: That therefore which is convey'd to the Underſtanding and Paſſions by only one of theſe Organs, will not affect us ſo much as that which is tranſmitted through both. I can't but think your Charge is juſt againſt a great Part of the learned Clergy of *Great Britain*, who deliver the moſt excellent Diſcourſes with ſuch Coldneſs and Indifference, that 'tis no great Wonder the unintelligent and many of their Congregations fall aſleep. Thus it happens that their Orations meet with a quite contrary Fate to that of *Demoſthenes* you mentioned; for as that loſt much of its Beauty and Force by being repeated to the Magiſtrates of *Rhodes* without the winning Action of that great Orator, ſo the Performances of theſe Gentlemen never appear with ſo little Grace and to ſo much Diſadvantage, as when deliver'd by themſelves from the Pulpit. *Hyppocrates* being ſent for to a Patient

'tient in this City, and having felt his Pulſe, en-
'quired into the Symptoms of his Diſtemper, and
'finding that it proceeded in great Meaſure from
'want of Sleep, adviſes his Patient with an Air of
'Gravity, to be carried to Church to hear a Sermon,
'not doubting but that it would diſpoſe him for the
'Reſt he wanted. If ſome of the Rules *Horace* gives
'for the Theatre, were (not improperly) applied to
'our Pulpits, we ſhould not hear a Sermon preſcribed
'as a good Opiate.

——Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primum ipſi tibi. ——————

'A Man muſt himſelf expreſs ſome Concern and
'Affection in delivering his Diſcourſe, if he expects
'his Auditory ſhould intereſt themſelves in what he
'propoſes: For otherwiſe, notwithſtanding the Dig-
'nity and Importance of the Subject he treats on;
'notwithſtanding the Weight and Argument of the
'Diſcourſe it ſelf, yet too many will ſay,

——————— *Male ſi Mandata loqueris,*
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. ———————

'If there be a Deficiency in the Speaker, there will
'not be a ſufficient Attention and Regard paid to the
'Things ſpoken: But, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you know, that
'as too little Action is cold, ſo too much is ful-
'ſome. Some indeed may think themſelves accom-
'pliſh'd Speakers, for no other Reaſon than becauſe
'they can be loud and noiſy; (for ſurely *Stentor* muſt
'have ſome Deſign in his Vociferations.) But, dear
'Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, convince 'em, that as harſh and irre-
'gular Sound is not Harmony; ſo neither is banging
'a Cuſhion Oratory: And therefore in my humble
'Opinion, a certain Divine of the Firſt Order, whom
'I allow otherwiſe to be a great Man, would do well
'to leave this off; for I think his Sermons would be
'more perſuaſive, if he gave his Auditory leſs Di-
'ſturbance. Tho' I cannot ſay, that this Action would

'be wholly improper to a prophane Oration; yet, 'I think, in a Religious Aſſembly, it gives a Man too 'Warlike, or perhaps too Theatrical a Figure, to be 'ſuitable to a Chriſtian Congregation. I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

The moſt learned and ingenious Mr. *Roſehat* is alſo pleaſed to write to me on this Subject.

SIR,

'I Read with great Pleaſure in the *Tatler* of *Saturday* 'laſt the Converſation upon Eloquence; permit 'me to hint to you one Thing the great *Roman* Ora'tor obſerves upon this Subject, *Caput enim arbitra'batur Oratoris*, (he quotes *Menedemus* an *Athenian*) *ut 'ipſis apud quos ageret talis qualem ipſe optaret videretur, id 'fieri Vitæ Dignitate.* It is the firſt Rule, That a Man 'muſt appear ſuch as he would perſwade others to 'be, and that can be accompliſh'd only by the Force of 'his Life. I believe it might be of great Service to let 'our publick Orators know, That an unnatural Gra'vity, or an unbecoming Levity in their Behaviour 'out of the Pulpit, will take very much from the 'Force of their Eloquence in it. Excuſe another 'ſcrap of *Latin*; 'tis from one of the Fathers: I 'think it will appear a juſt Obſervation to all, as 'it may have Authority with ſome; *Qui autem do'cent tantum, nec faciunt, ipſi Præceptis ſuis detrahunt Pon'dus; Quis enim obtemperet, cum ipſi Præceptores doceant 'non obtemperare?* I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

Jonathan Roſehat.

P.S.

P. S. You were complaining in that Paper, That the Clergy of *Great-Britain* had not yet learn'd to ſpeak; a very great Defect indeed; and therefore I ſhall think my ſelf a Well-Deſerver of the Church in recommending all the Dumb Clergy to the famous ſpeaking Doctor at *Kenſington*. This ingenious Gentleman, out of Compaſſion to thoſe of a bad Utterance, has plac'd his whole Study in the new modelling the Organs of Voice; which Art he has ſo far advanc'd, as to be able even to make a good Orator of a Pair of Bellows. He lately exhibited a Specimen of his Skill in this way, of which I was inform'd by the worthy Gentlemen then preſent, who were at once delighted and amaz'd to hear an Inſtrument of ſo ſimple an Organiſation uſe an exact Articulation of Words, a juſt Cadency in its Sentences, and a wonderful *Pathos* in its Pronunciation; not that he deſigns to expatiate in this Practice, becauſe he cannot (as he ſays) apprehend what Uſe it may be of to Mankind, whoſe Benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: And for the ſame Reaſon, he will never more inſtruct the Feather'd Kind, the Parrot having been his laſt Scholar in that way. He has a wonderful Faculty in making and mending Ecchoes, and this he will perform at any Time for the Uſe of the Solitary in the Country, being a Man born for univerſal Good, and for that Reaſon recommended to your Patronage by, *Sir*, *Yours*,

Philalethes.

Another learned Gentleman gives me alſo this Encomium.

SIR, *September* 16.

'YOU are now got into an uſeful and noble Subject; take Care to handle it with Judg-
'ment and Delicacy. I wiſh every young Divine
'would give yours of *Saturday* laſt a ſerious Peruſal;
'and now you are entred upon the Action of an Ora-

'tor, if you would proceed to favour the World with 'ſome Remarks on the myſtical Enchantments of 'Pronunciation, what a ſecret Force there is in the 'Accents of a tunable Voice, and wherefore the Works 'of Two very great Men of the Profeſſion could ne'ver pleaſe ſo well when read as heard, I ſhall trou'ble you with no more Scribble. You are now in the 'Method of being truly profitable and delightful. 'If you can keep up to ſuch great and ſublime Sub'jects, and purſue them with a ſuitable Genius, go on 'and proſper. *Farewel.*

White's Chocolate-Houſe, September 19.

This was left for me here for the Uſe of the Company of the Houſe.

To Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*;

SIR, *September* 15.

'THE Account you gave lately of a certain Dog-'Kennel in or near *Suffolk-Street* was not ſo punctual as to the Liſt of the Dogs, as might have been expected from a Perſon of Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s Intelligence; for if you'll diſpatch *Pacolet* thither ſome Evening, 'tis Ten to One but he finds, beſides thoſe you mention'd,

'*Towzer*, a large *French* Mongrel, that was not long ago in a tatter'd Condition, but has now got new Hair, is not fleet; but when he grapples, bites even to the Marrow.

'*Spring*, a little *French* Greyhound, that lately made a falſe Trip to *Tunbridge*.

'*Sly*, an old batter'd Fox-hound, that began the Game in *France*.

'*Lightfoot*, a fine skinn'd *Flanders* Dog, that belong'd to a Pack at *Ghent*; but having loſt Fleſh, is come to *Paris* for the Benefit of the Air.

'With ſeveral others, that in Time may be worth Notice.

'Your

'Your Familiar will ſee alſo, how anxious the Keep-
'ers are about the Prey, and indeed not without ve-
'ry good Reaſon, for they have their Share of every
'Thing; nay, not ſo much as a poor Rabbet can be
'run down, but theſe carnivorous Curs ſwallow a
'large Quarter of it. Some Mechanicks in the Neigh-
'bourhood, that have entred into this civil Society,
'(and who furniſh Part of the Carrion and Oatmeal
'for the Dogs) have the Skin; and the Bones are
'pick'd clean by a little *French* Shock that belongs to
'the Family, *&c.* I am,

SIR,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

'I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that *Ringwood* bites
'at *Hamſtead* with falſe Teeth.

From *Tueſday September* 20. to *Thurſday September* 22.
N°. 71.

From my own Apartment, September 21.

I Have long been againſt my Inclination employ'd in Satyr, and that in Proſecution of ſuch Perſons who are below the Dignity of the true Spirit of it; ſuch who I fear are not to be reclaim'd by making 'em only ridiculous. The *Sharpers* therefore ſhall have a Month's Time to themſelves free from the Obſervation of this Paper; but I muſt not make a Truce without letting 'em know, that at the ſame Time I am preparing for a more vigorous War; for a Friend of mine has promis'd me, he will employ his Time in compiling ſuch a Tract before the Seſſion of the enſuing Parliament, as ſhall lay Gaming home to the Boſoms of all who love their Country or their Families; and he doubts not but it will create an Act, That ſhall make theſe Rogues as Scandalous, as thoſe

leſs miſchievous ones on the high Road. I have receiv'd private Intimations to take Care of my Walks, and remember there are ſuch Things as Stabs and Blows: But as there never was any Thing in this Deſign which ought to diſpleaſe a Man of Honour, or which was not deſign'd to offend the Raſcals, I ſhall give my ſelf very little Concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provok'd at theſe Lucubrations. But tho' I utterly deſpiſe the Pack, I muſt confeſs I am at a ſtand at the Receipt of the following Letter, which ſeems to be written by a Man of Senſe and Worth, who has miſtaken ſome Paſſage that I am ſure was not levell'd at him. This Gentleman's Complaints give me Compunction, when I neglect the Threats of the Raſcals. I can't be in Jeſt with the Rogues any longer, ſince they pretend to threaten. I don't know whether I ſhall allow 'em the Favour of Tranſportation.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *September* 13.

'OBſerving you are not content with laſhing the many Vices of the Age, without illuſtrating each with particular Characters, it's thought nothing would more contribute to the Impreſſion you deſign by ſuch than always having Regard to Truth. In your *Tatler* of this Day, I obſerve you allow, That nothing is ſo tender as a Lady's Reputation; that a Stain once got in their Fame is hardly ever to be waſhed out. This you grant, even when you give your ſelf leave to trifle. If ſo, What Caution is neceſſary in handling the Reputation of a Man, whoſe well-being in this Life perhaps entirely depends on preſerving it from any Wound, which once there receiv'd, too often becomes fatal and incurable? Suppoſe ſome villainous Hand, through Perſonal Prejudice, tranſmits Materials for this Purpoſe, which you publiſh to the World, and afterwards become fully convinc'd you were impos'd on, (as by this Time you may be of a Character you have ſent into the World); I ſay, ſuppoſing this,

'this, I would be glad to know, what Reparation you think ought to be made the Perſon ſo injured, admitting you ſtood in his Place. It has always been held, that a generous Education is the ſureſt Mark of a generous Mind. The former is indeed perſpicuous in all your Papers; and I am perſuaded, tho' you affect often to ſhow the latter, yet you would not keep any Meaſures (even of Chriſtianity) with thoſe who ſhould handle you in the Manner you do others. The Application of all this is from your having very lately glanc'd at a Man, under a Character, that were he conſcious to deſerve, he would be the firſt to rid the World of himſelf; and would be more juſtifiable in it to all Sorts of Men, than you in your committing ſuch a Violence on his Reputation, which perhaps you may be convinc'd of in another Manner than you deſerve from him.

'A Man of your Capacity, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſhould have more noble Views, and purſue the true Spirit of Satyr; but I will conclude, leſt I grow out of Temper, and will only beg for your own Preſervation, to remember the Proverb of the Pitcher.

I am Yours,

A. J.

The Proverb of the Pitcher I have no Regard to; but it would be an Inſenſibility not to be pardon'd, if a Man could be untouch'd at ſo warm an Accuſation, and that laid with ſo much ſeeming Temper. All I can ſay to it is, That if the Writer, by the ſame Method by which he convey'd this Letter, ſhall give me an Inſtance wherein I have injur'd any good Man, or pointed at any Thing which is not the true Object of Raillery, I ſhall acknowledge the Offence in as open a Manner as the Preſs can do it, and lay down this Paper for ever. There is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking Men in a Way that may prejudice

judice their Honour or Fortune; but when Men of too modeſt a Senſe of themſelves will think they are touch'd, it is impoſſible to prevent ill Conſequences from the moſt Innocent and general Diſcourſes. This I have known happen in Circumſtances the moſt foreign to theirs who have taken Offence at them. An Advertiſement lately publiſh'd, relating to *Omicron*, alarm'd a Gentleman of good Senſe, Integrity, Honour, and Induſtry, which is, in every particular, different from the trifling Pretenders pointed at in that Advertiſement. When the Modeſty of ſome is as exceſſive as the Vanity of others, What Defenſe is there againſt Miſinterpretation? However giving Diſturbance, tho' not intended, to Men of Virtuous Characters, has ſo ſincerely troubled me, that I will break from this Satyrical Vein; and to ſhow I very little value my ſelf upon it, ſhall for this Month enſuing leave the *Sharper*, the *Fop*, the *Pedant*, the *Proud Man*, the *Inſolent*; in a Word, all the Train of *Knaves* and *Fools* to their own Devices, and touch on nothing but Panegyrick. This way is ſuitable to the true Genius of the *Staffs*, who are much more inclin'd to Reward than Puniſh. If therefore the Author of the abovemention'd Letter does not command my Silence wholly, as he ſhall if I do not give him Satisfaction, I ſhall for the abovementioned Space turn my Thoughts to raiſing Merit from its Obſcurity, celebrating Virtue in its Diſtreſs, and attacking Vice by no other Method, but ſetting Innocence in a proper Light.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, September 20.

I find here for me the following Letter:

'Squire *Bickerſtaff*,

'FInding your Advice and Cenſure to have a good Effect, I deſire your Admonition to our Vicar and Schoolmaſter, who in his Preaching to his Auditors, ſtretches his Jaws ſo wide, that inſtead of inſtru-

' inſtructing Youth, it rather frightens them: Like-
' wiſe in reading Prayers, he has ſuch a careleſs Loll,
' that People are juſtly offended at his irreverent
' Poſture; beſide the extraordinary Charge they are
' put to in ſending their Children to dance, to bring
' them off of thoſe ill Geſtures. Another evil Facul-
' ty he has, in making the Bowling-green his daily Re-
' ſidence, inſtead of his Church, where his Curate
' reads Prayers every Day. If the Weather is fair,
' his Time is ſpent in Viſiting; if Cold or Wet, in
' Bed, or at leaſt at Home, tho' within 100 Yards of
' the Church. Theſe out of many ſuch irregular
' Practices, I write for his Reclaimation: But two
' or three Things more before I conclude; to wit,
' that generally when his Curate preaches in the Af-
' ternoon, he ſleeps ſotting in the Desk on a Hiſſock.
' With all this he is ſo extremely proud, that he
' will go but once to the Sick, except they return his
' Viſit.

I was going on in reading my Letter, when I was interrupted by Mr. *Greenhat*, who has been this Evening at the Play of *Hamlet*. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, ſaid he, had you been to Night at the Play-houſe, you had ſeen the Force of Action in Perfection: Your admired Mr. *Betterton* behav'd himſelf ſo well, that, tho' now about Seventy, he acted Youth; and by the prevalent Power of proper Manner, Geſture and Voice, appear'd through the whole *Drama* a Youth of great Expectation, Vivacity and Enterprize. The Soliloquy, where he began the celebrated Sentence of *To be, or not to be*; the Expoſtulation where he explains with his Mother in her Cloſet, the noble Ardor after ſeeing his Father's Ghoſt, and his generous Diſtreſs for the Death of *Ophelia*; are each of them Circumſtances which dwell ſtrongly upon the Minds of the Audience, and would certainly affect their Behaviour on any parallel Occaſions in their own Lives. Pray, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, let us have Virtue thus repreſented on the Stage with its proper Ornaments, or let theſe Ornaments be added to her in

Places

Places more Sacred. As for my Part, ſaid he, I carry'd my Couſin *Jerry*, this little Boy, with me, and ſhall always love the Child for his Partiality in all that concern'd the Fortune of *Hamlet*. This is entring Youth into the Affections and Paſſions of Manhood before-hand, and as it were antedating the Effects we hope from a long and liberal Education.

I cannot, in the midſt of many other Things which preſs, hide the Comfort that this Letter from my ingenious Kinſman gives me.

To my Honour'd Kinſman Iſaac Bickerſtaff, *Eſq*;

Dear Couſin, Oxford, Sept. 18.

'I Am ſorry, tho' not ſurpriz'd, to find that you have rallied the Men of Dreſs in vain; that the Amber-headed Cane ſtill maintains its unſtable Poſt; that Pockets are but a few Inches ſhorten'd; and a Beau is ſtill a Beau, from the Crown of his Night-cap to the Heels of his Shoes. For your Comfort, I can aſſure you, that your Endeavours ſucceed better in this Famous Seat of Learning. By them, the Manners of our young Gentlemen, are in a fair way of Amendment, and their very Language is mightily refin'd. To them it is owing, that not a Servitor will ſing a Catch, not a Senior-Fellow make a Pun, not a determining Batchelor drink a Bumper; and I believe a Gentleman-Commoner would as ſoon have the Heels of his Shoes red, as his Stockings. When a Witling ſtands at a Coffee-Houſe Door, and ſneers thoſe who paſs by, to the great Improvement of his hopeful Audience, he is no longer ſirnam'd a *Slicer*, but a Man of Fire is the Word. A Beauty, whoſe Health is drank from *Heddington* to *Hinkſey*, who has been the Theme of the Muſes, (her Cheeks painted with Roſes, and her Boſom planted with Orange Boughs) has no more the Title of a *Lady*, but reigns an undiſputed Toaſt. When to the plain Garb of Gown

and

'and Band, a Spark adds an inconſiſtent long Wig, 'we do not ſay now he *Boſhes*, but there goes a 'Smart Fellow. If a Virgin Bluſhes, we no lon-'ger cry ſhe *Blues*. He that Drinks till he ſtares, 'is no more *Tow-Row*, but Honeſt. A Youngſter 'in a *Scrape*, is a Word out of Date; and what 'bright Man ſays, I was *Joab'd* by the Dean: *Bam-'bouzling* is exploded; a *Shat* is a Tatler; and if 'the muſcular Motion of a Man's Face be violent, 'no Mortal ſays, he *raiſes a Horſe*, but he's a Mer-'ry Fellow.

'I congratulate you, my dear Kinſman, upon 'theſe Conqueſts; ſuch as *Roman* Emperors lamen-'ted they could not gain; and in which you ri-'val your Correſpondent *Lewis le Grand*, and his 'dictating Academy.

'Be yours the Glory to perform, mine to record; '(as Mr. *Dryden* has ſaid before me to his Kinſman) 'and while you enter Triumphant into the Temple 'of the *Muſes*, I, as my Office requires, will, with 'my Staff on my Shoulder, attend and conduct 'you. Iam,

Dear Couſin,

Your moſt Affectionate Kinſman,

Benjamin Beadleſtaff.

Upon the humble Application of certain Perſons who have made Heroick Figures in Mr. Bickerſtaff's *Narrations, Notice is hereby given, That no ſuch ſhall ever be mention'd for the future, except thoſe who have ſent Menaces, and not ſubmitted to Admonition.*

From

From *Thurſday September* 22. to *Saturday September* 24.
No. 72.

White's Chocolate-houſe, September 23.

I Have taken upon me no very eaſy Task in turning all my Thoughts on Panegyrick, when moſt of the Advices I receive tend to the quite contrary Purpoſe; and I have few Notices but ſuch as Regard Follies and Vices. But the propereſt way for me to treat, is to keep in general upon the Paſſions and Affections of Men, with as little Regard to Particulars as the Nature of the Thing will admit. However, I think there is ſomething ſo paſſionate in the Circumſtances of the Lovers mentioned in the following Letter, that I am willing to go out of my Way to obey what is commanded in it.

SIR, *London, September* 17.

'YOur Deſign of entertaining the Town with the Characters of the ancient Heroes, as Perſons 'ſhall ſend an Account to Mr. *Morphews*, encourages 'me and others to beg of you, that in the mean 'Time (if it is not contrary to the Method you have 'propoſed) you would give us one Paper upon the 'Subject of *Pætus* and his Wife's Death, when *Nero* 'ſent him an Order to kill himſelf: His Wife ſetting 'him the Example, dy'd with theſe Words, *Pætus*, it 'is not painful. You muſt know the Story, and your 'Obſervations upon it will oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

When the worſt Man that ever liv'd in the World had the higheſt Station in it, Human Life was the Object of his Diverſion; and he ſent Orders frequently, cut

out of meer Wantonneſs, to take off ſuch and ſuch, without ſo much as being angry with 'em. Nay frequently his Tyranny was ſo humourous, that he put Men to Death becauſe he could not but approve of 'em. It came one Day to his Ear, that a certain married Couple, *Pætus* and *Arria*, liv'd in a more happy Tranquillity and mutual Love than any other Perſons who were then in Being. He liſtned with great Attention to the Account of their Manner of ſpending their Time together, of the conſtant Pleaſure they were to each other in all their Words and Actions; and found by exact Information, that they were ſo reaſonable, as to be much more happy than his Imperial Majeſty himſelf. Upon which he writ *Pætus* the following Billet:

Pætus, *you are hereby requir'd to diſpatch your ſelf. I have heard a very good Character of you, and therefore leave it to your ſelf, whether you will die by Dagger, Sword, or Poiſon. If you outlive this Order above an Hour, I have given Directions to put you to Death by Torture.*

NERO.

This familiar Epiſtle was deliver'd to his Wife *Arria*, who open'd it.

One muſt have a Soul very well turn'd for Love, Pity, and Indignation, to comprehend the Tumult this unhappy Lady was thrown into upon this Occaſion. The Paſſion of Love is no more to be underſtood by ſome Tempers, than a Problem in a Science by an ignorant Man: But he that knows what Affection is, will have, upon conſidering the Condition of *Arria*, Ten thouſand Thoughts flow in upon him, which the Tongue was not form'd to expreſs. But the charming Statue is now before my Eyes, and *Arria*, in her unutterable Sorrow, has more Beauty than ever appear'd in Youth, in Mirth, or in Triumph. Theſe are the great and noble Incidents which ſpeak the Dignity of our Nature, in our Sufferings and Diſtreſſes. Behold her tender Affection for her Huſband, ſinks her Features into a Countenance, which

appears

appears more helpleſs than that of an Infant: But again, her Indignation ſhows in her Viſage and her Boſom a Reſentment as ſtrong as that of the braveſt Man. Long ſhe ſtood in this Agony of alternate Rage and Love; but at laſt compos'd her ſelf for her Diſſolution, rather than ſurvive her belov'd *Pætus*. When he came into her Preſence, he found her with the Tyrant's Letter in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other. Upon his Approach to her, ſhe gave him the Order; and at the ſame Time, ſtabbing her ſelf, *Pætus* (ſaid ſhe) it is not painful, and expir'd. *Pætus* immediately followed her Example. The Paſſion of theſe memorable Lovers was ſuch, that it illuded the Rigour of their Fortune, and baffled the Force of a Blow, which neither felt, becauſe each receiv'd it for the ſake of the other. The Woman's Part in this Story is by much the more Heroick, and has occaſion'd one of the beſt Epigrams tranſmitted to us from Antiquity.

When Arria *pull'd the Dagger from her Side,*
Thus to her Conſort ſpoke the illuſtrious Bride:
The Wound I gave my ſelf I do not grieve,
I die, by that which Pætus *muſt receive.*

From my own Apartment, September 23.

The Boy ſays, one in a black Hat left the following Letter:

Friend, *19th of the 7th Month.*

'BEeing of that Part of Chriſtians whom Men call *Quakers*; and being a Seeker of the Right Way, I was perſwaded Yeſterday to hear one of your moſt noted Teachers. The matter he treated, was the Neceſſity of Well-living, grounded upon a future State. I was attentive; but the Man did not appear in earneſt. He read this Diſcourſe (notwithſtanding thy Rebukes) ſo heavily, and with ſo little Air of being convinc'd himſelf, that I thought he would have ſlept, as I obſerv'd many of his Hearers did. I came Home unedify'd, and troubled

'in

'in Mind. I dip'd into the *Lamentations*, and from 'thence turning to the 34th Chapter of *Ezekiel*, I 'found theſe Words; *Wo be to the Shepherds of* Iſrael, 'that do feed themſelves! Should not the Shepherds feed the 'Flock? Ye eat the Fat, and ye cloath you with the Wool: 'Ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the Flock. 'The Diſeas'd have ye not ſtrengthen'd; neither have ye 'heal'd that which was ſick; neither have ye bound up 'that which was broken; neither have ye brought again 'that which was driven away; neither have ye ſought 'that which was loſt; but with Force and with Cruelty 'have ye rul'd them, &c. Now I pray thee, Friend, 'as thou art a Man skill'd in many things, tell me, 'Who is meant by the *Diſeas'd*, the *Sick*, the *Broken*, 'the *Driven away*, and the *Loſt*? And whether the 'Prophecy in this Chapter be accompliſh'd, or yet to 'come to paſs; and thou wilt oblige thy Friend, 'tho' unknown.

This Matter is too ſacred for this Paper; but I can't ſee what Injury it would do any Clergyman, to have it in his Eye, and believe, all that are taken from him by his Want of Induſtry, are to be demanded of him. I dare ſay *Favonius* has very few of theſe Loſſes. *Favonius*, in the midſt of a Thouſand impertinent Aſſailants of the Divine Truths, is an undiſturb'd Defender of 'em. He protects all under his Care by the Clearneſs of his Underſtanding, and the Example of his Life: He viſits dying Men with the Air of a Man who hop'd for his own Diſſolution, and enforces in others a Contempt of this Life, by his own Expectation of the next. His Voice and Behaviour are the lively Images of a compos'd and well-govern'd Zeal. None can leave him for the frivolous Jargon utter'd by the ordinary Teachers among Diſſenters, but ſuch who cannot diſtinguiſh Vociferation from Eloquence, and Argument from Railing. He is ſo great a Judge of Mankind, and touches our Paſſions with ſo ſuperiour a Command, that he who deſerts his Congregation, muſt be a Stranger to the Dictates of Nature, as well as to thoſe of Grace.

But

But I muſt proceed to other Matters, and reſolve the Queſtions of other Enquirers; as in the following:

SIR, *Hedington, Sept.* 19.

'UPon reading that Part of the *Tatler*, Number 69. where Mention is made of a certain Chappel-Clerk, there aroſe a Diſpute, and that produc'd a Wager, Whether by the Words Chappel-Clerk, was meant a Clergyman or a Layman? By a Clergyman, I mean one in holy Orders. It was not that any body in the Company pretended to gueſs who the Perſon was; but ſome aſſerted, that by Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s Words, muſt be meant a Clergyman only: Others ſaid, that thoſe Words might have been ſaid of any Clerk of a Pariſh: and ſome of 'em more properly, of a Layman. The Wager is half a Dozen Bottles of Wine, in which (if you pleaſe to determine it) your Health, and all the Family of the *Staffs*, ſhall certainly be drank; and you will ſingularly oblige another very conſiderable Family. I mean that of,

Your humble Servants,

The Trencher-Caps.

It is very cuſtomary with us learned Men to find Perplexities where no one elſe can ſee any. The honeſt Gentlemen who writ me this, are much at a Loſs to underſtand what I thought very plain; and in Return, their Epiſtle is ſo plain, that I can't underſtand it. This, perhaps, is at firſt a little like Nonſence; but I deſire all Perſons to examine theſe Writings with an Eye to my being far gone in the Occult Sciences; and remember, that it is the Privilege of the Learned and the Great to be underſtood when they pleaſe: For as a Man of much Buſineſs may be allowed to leave Company when he pleaſes; ſo one of High Learning may be above your Capacity when he thinks fit. But without further Speeches or Fooling,

Fooling, I muſt inform my Friends the *Trencher-Caps*, in plain Words, that I meant in the Place they ſpeak of, a drunken Clerk of a Church: And I will return their Civility among my Relations, and drink their Healths as they do ours.

Friday *Evening*. *Mr.* Bickerſtaff *juſt now received Mr.* Truſty's *Letter*.

From *Saturday September* 24. to *Tueſday September* 27.
No 73.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, September 26.

I Cannot expreſs the Confuſion the following Letter gave me, which I received by Sir *Thomas* this Morning. There cannot be a greater Surprize than to meet with ſudden Enmity in the midſt of a familiar and friendly Correſpondence; which is my Caſe in relation to this Epiſtle: And I have no Way to Purge my ſelf to the World, but publiſhing both it and my Anſwer.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'YOU are a very impudent Fellow to put me into the *Tatler*. Rot you, Sir, I have more Wit 'than you; and rot me, I have more Money than 'moſt Fools I have bubbled. All Perſons of Quality admire Me; tho' rot me, if I value a Blue Garter any more than I do a Blue Apron. Every Body 'knows I am brave; therefore have a Care how 'you provoke.

Monoculus.

The ANSWER.

SIR,

'DID I not very well know your Hand, as well by the Spelling as the Character, I ſhould 'not

' not have believ'd yours of to Day had come from ' you. But when all Men are acquainted, that I have ' had all my Intelligence from you relating to your ' Fraternity, let them pronounce who is the more ' impudent. I confeſs I have had a peculiar Tender- ' neſs for you, by reaſon of that luxuriant Eloquence ' of which you are Maſter, and have treated you ac- ' cordingly; for which you have turn'd your florid ' Violence againſt your ancient Friend and School- ' fellow. You know in your own Conſcience, you gave ' me leave to touch upon your Vein of Speaking, pro- ' vided I hid your other Talents; in which I be- ' liev'd you ſincere, becauſe, like the ancient *Simon*, ' you have before now ſuffer'd your ſelf to be defac'd ' to carry on a Plot. Beſides, Sir, Rot me, Language ' for a Perſon of your preſent Station. Fie, fie, I ' am really aſhamed for you, and I ſhall no more de- ' pend upon your Intelligence. Keep your Temper, ' waſh your Face, and go to Bed.

Iſaac Bickerſtaff.

For ought I know, this Fellow may have confus'd the Deſcription of the Pack, on Purpoſe to enſnare the Game, while I have all along believ'd he was deſtroying them as well as my ſelf. But becauſe they pretend to bark more than ordinary, I ſhall let 'em ſee, that I will not throw away the Whip, till they know better how to behave themſelves. But I muſt not at the ſame Time omit the Praiſes of their Oeconomy, expreſs'd in the following Advice.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *Sept.* 17.

' THough your Thoughts are at preſent employ'd ' upon the Tables of *Fame*, and marſhalling ' your illuſtrious Dead, 'tis hop'd the Living may ' not be neglected, nor defrauded of their juſt Ho- ' nours: And ſince you have begun to publiſh to the ' World the great Sagacity and Vigilance of the Knights ' of the Induſtry, it will be expected you ſhould pro- ' ceed

'ceed to do Juſtice, to all the Societies of them you 'can be inform'd of, eſpecially ſince their own great 'Induſtry covers their Actions as much as poſſible 'from that publick Notice which is their Due.

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat Inertiæ
Celata Virtus.

Hidden Vice, and conceal'd Virtue, are much alike.

'Be pleaſed therefore to let the following Memoirs 'have a Place in their Hiſtory.

'In a certain Part of the Town, famous for the 'freſheſt Oyſters and the plaineſt *Engliſh*, there is 'a Houſe, or rather a College, ſacred to Hoſpitality, 'and the induſtrious Arts. At the Entrance is hiero-'glyphically drawn, a Cavalier contending with a 'Monſter, with Jaws expanded, juſt ready to devour 'him.

'Hither the Brethren of the Induſtry reſort; but to 'avoid Oſtentation, they wear no Habits of Diſtinc-'tion, and perform their Exerciſes with as little Noiſe 'and Shew as poſſible. Here are no Under-Gradu-'ates, but each is a Maſter of his Art. They are diſ-'tributed according to their various Talents, and 'detach'd abroad in Parties, to divide the Labours of 'the Day. They have Dogs as well nos'd and as fleet 'as any, and no Sportſmen ſhew greater Activity. 'Some beat for the Game, ſome hunt it, others come 'in at the Death; and my honeſt Landlord makes 'good Veniſon Sauce, and eats his Share of the Din-'ner.

'I would fain purſue my Metaphors; but a vene-'rable Perſon, who ſtands by me, and waits to bring 'you this Letter, and whom, by a certain Benevo-'lence in his Look, I ſuſpect to be *Pacolet*, reproves 'me, and obliges me to write in plainer Terms; 'That the Society had fix'd their Eyes on a gay young 'Gentleman who has lately ſucceeded to a Title and 'an Eſtate; the latter of which they judg'd would be 'very convenient for them. Therefore after ſeveral 'Attempts to get into his Acquaintance, my Land-

'lord

'lord finds an Opportunity to make his Court to a 'Friend of the young Spark's in the following 'Manner.

'Sir, As I take you to be a Lover of Ingenuity and 'Plain-dealing, I ſhall ſpeak very freely to you. In 'few Words then, you are acquainted with Sir *Libe-*'*ral Briſk*. Providence has for our Emolument ſent 'him a fair Eſtate, for Men are not born for them-'ſelves. Therefore if you'll bring him to my Houſe, 'we will *take Care of him*, and you ſhall have half the 'Profits. There's *Ace* and *Cutter* will do his Buſineſs 'to a Hair. You'll tell me perhaps he's your Friend: 'I grant it, and 'tis for that I propoſe it, to prevent 'his falling into ill Hands.

'*We'll carve him like a Diſh fit for the Gods,*
'*Not hew him like a Carcaſs fit for Hounds.*

'In ſhort, there are to my certain Knowledge a 'Hundred Mouths open for him. Now if we do ſe-'cure him to our ſelves, we ſhall diſappoint thoſe Raſ-'cals that don't deſerve him. Nay, you need not 'ſtart at it, Sir, 'tis for your own Advantage. Beſides, '*Partridge* has caſt me his Nativity, and I find by cer-'tain Deſtiny, *his Oaks muſt be fell'd*.

'The Gentleman to whom this honeſt Propoſal was 'made, made little Anſwer; but ſaid, he would 'conſider of it, and immediately took Coach to find 'out the young Baronet, and told him all that had 'paſs'd, together with the new Salvo to ſatisfy a 'Man's Conſcience in ſacrificing his Friend. Sir '*Briſk* was fir'd, ſwore a Dozen Oaths, drew his 'Sword, put it up again, call'd for his Man, beat 'him, and bid him fetch a Coach. His Friend asked 'him, What he deſign'd, and whither he was going? 'He anſwer'd, to find out the Villains, and fight 'em. To which his Friend agreed, and promis'd to 'be his Second, on Condition he would firſt divide 'his Eſtate to 'em, and reſerve only a Proportion to 'himſelf, that ſo he might have the Juſtice of fighting 'his Equals. His next Reſolution was to play with

'em,

'em, and let 'em see he was not the Bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolv'd at last to tell *Bickerstaff* of 'em, and get 'em inroll'd in the Order of the *Industry*, with this Caution to all young landed Knights and Squires, That whenever they are drawn to Play, they would consider it as calling 'em down to a Sentence already pronounc'd upon 'em, and think of the Sound of those Words, *His Oaks must be fell'd.* I am,

SIR,

Your faithful, humble Servant,

Will. Trusty.

From my own Apartment, September 26.

It is wonderful to consider to what a Pitch of Confidence this World is arriv'd: Do People believe I am made up of Patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no Enormity to pass, without I have an Understanding with the Offenders by way of Hush-Money; and yet the Candidates at *Queen-Hithe* send all the Town Coals but me. All the publick Papers have had this Advertisement.

London, September 22. 1709.

To the Electors of an Alderman for the Ward of Queen-Hithe.

'WHereas an evil and pernicious Custom has of late very much prevail'd at the Election of Alderman for this City, by treating at Taverns and Alehouses, thereby engaging many unwarily to give their Votes: Which Practice appearing to Sir *Arthur de Bradly* to be of dangerous Consequence to the Freedom of Elections, he hath avoided the Excess there of. Nevertheless, to make an Acknowledgment to this Ward for their intended Favour, he hath deposited in the Hands of Mr.——, one of the present

' Common-Council, Four Hundred and Fifty Pounds, ' to be diſpoſed of as follows, provided the ſaid Sir ' *Arthur de Bradly* be the Alderman, *viz.*

' *All ſuch that ſhall Poll for Sir* Arthur de Bradly, *ſhall* ' *have one Chaldron of good Coals* gratis.

' *And Half a Chaldron to every one that ſhall not Poll* ' *againſt him.*

' *And the Remainder to be laid out in a Clock, Dial, or* ' *otherwiſe, as the Common-Council Men of the ſaid Ward* ' *ſhall think fit.*

' And if any Perſon ſhall refuſe to take the ſaid ' Coals to himſelf, he may aſſign the ſame to any poor ' Electors in the Ward.

' *I do acknowledge to have receiv'd the ſaid Four* ' *Hundred and Fifty Pounds, for the Purpo-* ' *ſes abovemention'd, for which I have given a* ' *Receipt.*

Witneſs, J——s H——t,
J——y G——h,
E——d D——s.

J——n M——y.

' *N. B.* Whereas ſeveral Perſons have already en- ' gag'd to Poll for Sir *Humphry Greenhat*; it is here- ' by farther declar'd, That every ſuch Perſon as doth ' Poll for Sir *Humphry Greenhat*, and doth alſo Poll for ' Sir *Arthur de Bradly*, ſhall each of them receive a ' Chaldron of Coals *gratis*, on the Proviſio above- ' mention'd.

This is certainly the moſt plain Dealing that ever was us'd, except that the juſt Quantity which an Elector may drink without Exceſs, and the Difference between an Acknowledgment and a Bribe, wants Explanation. Another Difficulty with me is, How a Man who is bargain'd with for a Chaldron of Coals for his Vote, ſhall be ſaid to have that Chaldron *gratis?* If my Kinſman *Greenhat* had given me the leaſt

leaſt Intimation of his Deſign, I ſhould have prevented his publiſhing Nonſenſe; nor ſhould any Knight in *England* have put my Relation at the bottom of the Leaf as a Poſtſcript, when after all it appears *Greenhat* has been the more Popular Man. There is here ſuch open Contradiction, and clumſy Art to palliate the Matter, and prove to the People, that the Freedom of Election is ſafer when laid out in Coals, than ſtrong Drink, that I can turn this only to a Religious Uſe, and admire the Diſpenſation of Things: for if theſe Fellows were as wiſe as they are rich, Where would ſoon be our Liberty? This reminds me of a memorable Speech made to a City almoſt in the ſame Latitude with *Weſtminſter*. *When I think of your Wiſdom, I admire your Wealth; when I think of your Wealth, I admire your Wiſdom.*

From *Tueſday September* 27. to *Thurſday September* 29.
N°. 74.

White's Chocolate-Houſe, September 28.

THE Writer of the following Letter has made an Uſe of me which I did not foreſee I ſhould fall into. But the Gentleman having aſſur'd me, that he has a moſt tender Paſſion for the Fair One, and ſpeaking his Intentions with ſo much Sincerity, I am willing to let 'em contrive an Interview by my Means.

SIR,

'I Earneſtly intreat you to publiſh the enclos'd; for I have no other Way to come at her, or return to my ſelf.

A. L.

P. S. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'You can't imagine how handſome ſhe is: The 'Superſcription of my Letter will make her recol-'lect the Man that gaz'd at her. Pray put it in.

I can aſſure the young Lady, the Gentleman is in the true Trammels of Love: How elſe would he make his Superſcription ſo very much longer than his Billet? He ſuperſcribes;

To the younger of the Two Ladies in Mourning, (who ſat in the hindmoſt Seat of the middle Box at Mr. Winſtanley's *Water-Works, on* Tueſday *was Fortnight, and had with them a Brother, or ſome Acquaintance that was as careleſs of that pretty Creature as a Brother; which ſeeming Brother uſher'd 'em to their Coach;) with great Reſpect. Preſent.*

MADAM,

'I Have a very good Eſtate, and wiſh my ſelf 'your Husband. Let me know by this Way 'where you live, for I ſhall be miſerable till we 'live together.

Alexander Landlord.

This is the Modern Way of Bargain and Sale; a certain Short-hand Writing, in which Laconick Elder Brothers are very ſucceſsful. All my Fear is, that the Nymph's Elder Siſter is unmarried. If ſhe is, we are undone: But perhaps the careleſs Fellow was her Husband; and then ſhe will let us go on.

From my own Apartment, September 28.

The following Letter has given me a new Senſe of the Nature of my Writings. I have the deepeſt Regard to Conviction, and ſhall never act againſt it. However, I do not yet underſtand what good

Man

Man he thinks I have injur'd: But his Epiſtle has ſuch Weight in it, that I ſhall always have Reſpect for his Admonition, and deſire the Continuance of it. I am not conſcious that I have ſpoke any Faults a Man may not mend if he pleaſes.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *September* 25.

'WHEN I read your Paper of *Thurſday*, I was ſurpriz'd to find mine of the 13th inſerted at large; I never intended my ſelf or you a Second Trouble of this kind, believing I had ſufficiently pointed out the Man you had injur'd, and that by this Time you were convinc'd that Silence would be the beſt Anſwer; but finding your Reflections are ſuch as naturally call for a Reply, I take this way of doing it; and, in the firſt Place, return you Thanks for the Compliment made me of my ſeeming Senſe and Worth. I do aſſure you, I ſhall always endeavour to convince Mankind of the latter, tho' I have no pretence to the former. But to come a little nearer, I obſerve you put your ſelf under a very ſevere Reſtriction, even the laying down the *Tatler* for ever, if I can give you an Inſtance, *wherein you have injur'd any good Man, or pointed at any Thing which is not the true Object of Raillery.*

'I muſt confeſs, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, if the making a Man guilty of Vices, that would ſhame the Gallows, be the beſt Methods to *point at the true Object of Raillery*, I have till this Time been very ignorant; but if it be ſo, I will venture to aſſert one Thing, and lay it down as a Maxim, even to the *Staffian* Race, *viz.* That that Method of Pointing, ought no more to be purſued, than thoſe People ought to cut your Throat who ſuffer by it; becauſe I take both to be Murder, and the Law is not in every private Man's Hands to execute. But indeed, Sir, were you the only Perſon would ſuffer by the *Tatler*'s diſcontinuance, I have Malice enough to puniſh you in the Manner you preſcribe; but I am

not ſo great an Enemy to the Town, or my own Pleaſures, as to wiſh it; nor that you would lay aſide laſhing the reigning Vices, ſo long as you keep to the true Spirit of Satyr, without deſcending to rake into Characters below its Dignity; for as you well obſerve, *There is ſomething very terrible in unjuſtly attacking Men in a way that may Prejudice their Honour or Fortune*; and indeed, where Crimes are enormous, the Delinquent deſerves little Pity, yet the Reporter may deſerve leſs: And here I am naturally led to that celebrated Author of *The Whole Duty of Man*, who hath ſet this Matter in a true Light in his Treatiſe of the Government of the Tongue; where ſpeaking of uncharitable Truths, he ſays, a Diſcovery of this Kind *ſerves not to reclaim, but enrage the Offender, and precipitate him into farther Degrees of Ill. Modeſty and fear of ſhame is one of thoſe natural Reſtraints, which the Wiſdom of Heaven has put upon Mankind; and he that once ſtumbles, may yet by a Check of that Bridle recover again: But when by a publick Detection he is fallen under that Infamy he fear'd, he will then be apt to diſcard all Caution, and to think he owes himſelf the utmoſt Pleaſures of Vice, as the Price of his Reputation. Nay, perhaps, he advances farther, and ſets up for a revers'd ſort of Fame, by being eminently wicked, and he who before was but a clandeſtine Diſciple, becomes a Doctor of Impiety*, &c. This Sort of Reaſoning, Sir, moſt certainly induc'd our wiſe Legiſlators very lately to repeal that Law which put the Stamp of Infamy in the Face of Felons; therefore you had better give an Act of Oblivion to your Delinquents, at leaſt for Tranſportation, than continue to mark them in ſo notorious a Manner. I can't but applaud your deſign'd Attempt of *raiſing Merit from Obſcurity, celebrating Virtue in Diſtreſs, and attacking Vice in another Method, by ſetting Innocence in a proper Light*. Your purſuing theſe noble Themes, will make a greater advance to the Reformation you ſeem to aim at, than the Method you have hitherto taken, by putting Mankind beyond the Power of retrieving themſelves,

or

' or indeed to think it poſſible. But if after all your ' Endeavours in this new way, there ſhould then re- ' main any harden'd Impenitents, you muſt e'en give ' 'em up to the Rigour of the Law, as Delinquents ' not within the Benefit of their Clergy. Pardon me, ' good Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, for the Tedioufneſs of this E- ' piſtle, and believe it is not from any Self-Conviction I have taken up ſo much of your Time, or my ' own; but ſuppoſing you mean all your Lucubrati- ' ons ſhould tend to the Good of Mankind, I may the ' eaſier hope your Pardon, being,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

Grecian Coffee-Houſe, September 29.

This Evening I thought fit to notify to the Literati of this Houſe, and by that means to all the World, that on *Saturday* the 15th of *October* next enſuing, I deſign to fix my firſt Table of *Fame*; and deſire that ſuch as are acquainted with the Characters of the Twelve moſt Famous Men that have ever appear'd in the World, would ſend in their Liſts, or name any one Man for that Table, aſſigning alſo his Place at it before that Time, upon Pain of having ſuch his Man of Fame poſtponed, or plac'd too high for ever. I ſhall not, upon any Application whatſoever, alter the Place which upon that Day I ſhall give to any of theſe Worthies. But whereas there are many who take upon them to admire this Hero, or that Author, upon Second-hand, I expect each Subſcriber ſhould underwrite his Reaſon for the Place he allots his Candidate.

The Thing is of the laſt Conſequence; for we are about ſettling the greateſt Point that has ever been debated in any Age, and I ſhall take Precautions accordingly. Let every Man who Votes conſider, That he is now going to give away that, for which the Soldier gave up his Reſt, his Pleaſure, and his Life; the Scholar reſign'd his whole Series of

Thought, his Midnight Repoſe, and his Morning Slumbers. In a Word, he is (as I may ſay) to be Judge of that After-Life, which noble Spirits prefer to their very real Being. I hope I ſhall be forgiven therefore, if I make ſome Objections againſt their Jury as they ſhall occur to me. The whole of the Number by whom they are to be try'd are to be Scholars. I am perſuaded alſo, that *Ariſtotle* will be put up by all of that Claſs of Men. However, in Behalf of others, ſuch as wear the Livery of *Ariſtotle*, the Two famous Univerſities are call'd upon on this Occaſion; but I except the Men of *Queen's*, *Exeter*, and *Jeſus* Colleges in *Oxford*, who are not to be Electors, becauſe he ſhall not be crown'd from an implicit Faith in his Writings, but to receive his Honour from ſuch Judges as ſhall allow him to be cenſur'd. Upon this Election (as I was juſt now going to ſay) I baniſh all who think and ſpeak after others to concern themſelves in it. For which Reaſon all illiterate diſtant Admirers are forbidden to corrupt the Voices, by ſending, according to the new Mode, any poor Students Coals and Candle for their Votes, in behalf of ſuch Worthies as they pretend to Eſteem. All News Writers are alſo excluded, becauſe they conſider Fame as it is a Report which gives Foundation to the filling up their Rhapſodies, and not as it is the Emanation or Conſequence of good and evil Actions. Theſe are excepted againſt as juſtly as Butchers in Caſe of Life and Death: Their Familiarity with the greateſt Names takes off the Delicacy of their Regard, as dealing in Blood, makes the *Lanmei* leſs tender of ſpilling it.

St. *James's Coffee-Houſe*, *September* 28.

Letters from *Lisbon* of the 25th Inſtant, *N. S.* ſpeak of a Battle which has been fought near the River *Cinca*, in which General *Staremberg* had overthrown the Army of the Duke of *Anjou*. The Perſons who ſend this, excuſe their not giving Particulars, becauſe they believ'd an Account muſt have arriv'd here before we could hear from them. They had Advices from different Parts, which concurr'd in the Circumſtances of the

the Action; after which the Army of his Catholick Majeſty advanc'd as far as *Fraga*, and the Enemy retir'd to *Saragoſſa*. There are Reports, That the Duke of *Anjou* was in the Engagement; but Letters of good Authority ſay, That Prince was on the Road towards the Camp when he receiv'd the News of the Defeat of his Troops. We promiſe our Selves great Conſequences from ſuch an Advantage, obtain'd by ſo accompliſh'd a General as *Staremberg*; who, among the Men of this preſent Age, is eſteem'd the Third in Military Fame and Reputation.

From *Thurſday September* 29. to *Saturday October* 1.
N°. 75.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I Am call'd off from publick Diſſertations by a Domeſtick Affair of great Importance, which is no leſs than the Diſpoſal of my Siſter *Jenny* for Life. The Girl is a Girl of great Merit, and pleaſing Converſation; but I being born of my Father's Firſt Wife, and ſhe of his Third, ſhe converſes with me rather like a Daughter than a Siſter. I have indeed told her, That if ſhe kept her Honour, and behav'd her ſelf in ſuch Manner as became the *Bickerſtaffs*, I would get her an agreeable Man for her Husband; which was a Promiſe I made her after reading a Paſſage in *Pliny*'s *Epiſtles*. That polite Author had been employ'd to find out a Conſort for his Friend's Daughter, and gives the following Character of the Man he had pitch'd upon:

Aciliano plurimum Vigoris & Induſtriæ quanquam in maxima Verecundia: Eſt illi Facies liberalis, multo Sanguine, multo Rubore, ſuffuſa: Eſt ingenua totius Corporis Pulchritudo, & quidam ſenatorius Decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda: Debet enim hoc Caſtitati Puellarum quaſi Præmium dari.

' *Acilianus*, (for that was the Gentleman's Name) ' is a Man of exraordinary Vigour and Induſtry, ac-' companied with the greateſt Modeſty. He has ve-' ry much of the Gentleman, with a lively Colour, ' and Fluſh of Health in his Aſpect. His whole ' Perſon is finely turn'd, and ſpeaks him a Man of ' Quality: Which are Qualifications that, I think, ' ought by no means to be overlook'd, and ſhould ' be beſtow'd on a Daughter as the Reward of her ' Chaſtity.

A Woman that will give her ſelf Liberties, need not put her Parents to ſo much Trouble; for if ſhe does not poſſeſs theſe Ornaments in a Husband, ſhe can ſupply her ſelf elſewhere. But this is not the Caſe of my Siſter *Jenny*, who, I may ſay without Vanity, is as unſpotted a Spinſter as any in *Great Britain*. I ſhall take this Occaſion to recommend the Conduct of our own Family in this Particular.

We have in the Genealogy of our Houſe, the Deſcriptions and Pictures of our Anceſtors from the Time of King *Arthur*: in whoſe Days there was one of my own Name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the Name of Sir *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*. He was low of Stature, and of a very ſwarthy Complexion, not unlike a *Portugueze* Jew. But he was more prudent than Men of that Height uſually are, and would often communicate to his Friends his Deſign of Lengthening and Widening his Poſterity. His Eldeſt Son *Ralph*, for that was his Name, was for this Reaſon Married to a Lady who had little elſe to recommend her, but that ſhe was very tall and very fair. The Iſſue of this Match, with the Help of high Shoes, made a tolerable Figure in the next Age; tho' the Complexion of the Family was Obſcure till the Fourth Generation from that Marriage. From which Time, till the Reign of *William the Conqueror*, the Females of our Houſe were famous for their Needle-work and fine Skins. In the Male Line, there hap-

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pen'd an unlucky Accident in the Reign of *Richard* the Third: the Eldeſt Son of *Philip*, then chief of the Family, being born with an Hump-back and very high Noſe. This was the more aſtoniſhing, becauſe none of his Forefathers ever had ſuch a Blemiſh: nor indeed was there any in the Neighbourhood of that Make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders, and a *Roman* Noſe: What made the Noſe the leſs excuſable, was, the remarkable Smalneſs of his Eyes.

Theſe ſeveral Defects were mended by ſucceeding Matches; the Eyes were open'd in the next Generation, and the Hump fell in a Century and half; but the greateſt Difficulty was, how to reduce the Noſe; which I do not find was accompliſh'd till about the Middle of *Henry* the Seventh's Reign, or rather the Beginning of that of *Henry* the Eighth.

But while our Anceſtors were thus taken up cultivating the Eyes and Noſe, the Face of the *Bickerſtaffs* fell down inſenſibly into Chin, which was not taken Notice of (their Thoughts being ſo much employ'd upon the more noble Features) till it became almoſt too long to be remedied.

But Length of Time, and ſucceſſive Care in our Alliances, have cur'd this alſo, and reduc'd our Faces into that tolerable Oval which we enjoy at preſent. I would not be tedious in this Diſcourſe, but cannot but obſerve, that our Race ſuffer'd very much about Three Hundred Years ago, by the Marriage of one of our Heireſſes with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-Shanks, and Cramps in our Bones, inſomuch that we did not recover our Health and Legs, till Sir *Walter Bickerſtaff* Married *Maud* the Milk-Maid, of whom the then *Garter* King at Arms (a facetious Perſon) ſaid pleaſantly enough, That ſhe had ſpoil'd our Blood, but mended our Conſtitutions. After this Account of the Effect our prudent Choice of Matches has had upon our Perſons and Features, I cannot but obſerve, that there are daily Inſtances of as great Changes made by Marriage upon

on Mens Minds and Humours. One might wear any Paſſion out of a Family by Culture, as skilful Gardiners blot a Colour out of a Tulip that hurts its Beauty. One might produce an affable Temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the Mild upon the Cholerick; or raiſe a Jack-pudding from a Prude, by inoculating Mirth and Melancholy. It is for want of Care in the diſpoſing of our Children, with Regard to our Bodies and Minds, that we go into an Houſe and ſee ſuch different Complexions and Humours in the ſame Race and Family. But to me it is as plain as a Pike-ſtaff, from what Mixture it is, that this Daughter ſilently lowers, t'other ſteals a kind of Look at you, a third is exactly well behav'd, a fourth a Splenetick, and a fifth a Coquet. In this Diſpoſal of my Siſter, I have choſen, with an Eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bridegroom be a Man of a Sound and excellent Judgment, who will ſeldom mind what ſhe ſays when ſhe begins to harangue: For *Jenny*'s only Imperfection is an Admiration of her Parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttiſh; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate moſt, and bring into Obſervation, what we think moſt excellent in our Selves, or moſt capable of Improvement. Thus my Siſter, inſtead of conſulting her Glaſs, and her Toilet for an Hour and a half after her private Devotion, ſits with her Noſe full of Snuff, and a Man's Nightcap on her Head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit ſhe thinks her Diſtinction; therefore knows nothing of the Skill of Dreſs, or making her Perſon agreeable. It would make you laugh to ſee me often with my Spectacles on lacing her Stays; for ſhe is ſo very a Wit, that ſhe underſtands no ordinary Thing in the World For this Reaſon I have diſpoſed of her to a Man of Buſineſs, who will ſoon let her ſee, that to be well Dreſs'd, in good Humour, and chearful in the Command of her Family, are the Arts and Sciences of a Female Life. I could have beſtow'd her upon a Fine Gentleman, who extremely admir'd her Wit, and would have given her a Coach and Six:

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But I found it abſolutely neceſſary to croſs the Strain; for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in Diſcourſe, and in continual Contentention for the Superiority of Underſtanding, and brought forth Citicks, Pedants, or pretty good Poets. As it is, I expect an Offspring fit for the Habitation of City, Town, or Country; Creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to. To convince Men of the Neceſſity of taking this Method, let but one, even below the Skill of an Aſtrologer, behold the Turn of Faces he meets as ſoon as he paſſes *Cheapſide Conduit*, and you ſee a deep Attention and a certain unthinking Sharpneſs in every Countenance. They look attentive; but their Thoughts are engag'd on mean Purpoſes. To me it is very apparent when I ſee a Citizen paſs by, whether his Head is upon Woollen, Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now this Trace of Thought appears or lies hid in the Race for Two or Three Generations. I know at this Time a Perſon of a vaſt Eſtate, who is the immediate Deſcendant of a Fine Gentleman, but the Great Grandſon of a Broker, in whom his Anceſtor is now reviv'd. He is a very honeſt Gentleman in his Principles, but can't for his Blood talk fairly: He is heartily ſorry for it; but he Cheats by Conſtitution, and over-reaches by Inſtinct.

The Happineſs of the Man who Marries my Siſter will be, that he has no Faults to correct in her, but her own, a little Byaſs of Fancy, or Particularity of Manners, which grew in her ſelf, and can be amended by her. From ſuch an untainted Couple, we can hope to have our Family riſe to its ancient Splendour of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner, and Shape, without diſcovering the Product of Ten Nations in one Houſe. There's *Obadiah Greenhat* ſays, he never comes into any Company in *England*, but he diſtinguiſhes the different Nations of which we are compos'd: There is ſcarce ſuch a living Creature as a true *Britain*. We ſit down indeed all Friends, Acquaintance, and Neighbours; but after two Bottles, you ſee a *Dane* ſtart up and ſwear, the Kingdom is his own. A *Saxon* drinks up

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the whole Quart, and ſwears, He'll diſpute that with him. A *Norman* tells 'em both, He'll aſſert his Liberty: And a *Welſhman* cries, They are all Foreigners and Intruders of Yeſterday, and beats 'em out of the Room. Such Accidents happen frequently among Neighbours Children, and Couſin-Germans. For which Reaſon, I ſay, ſtudy your Race, or the Soil of your Family will dwindle into Cits or Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

From *Saturday October* 1. to *Tueſday October* 4. N°. 76.

From my own Apartment, October 3.

IT is a Thing very much to be lamented, that a Man muſt uſe a certain Cunning to ſpeak to People of what it is their Intereſt to avoid. All Men will allow, that it is a great and heroick Work to correct Mens Errors, and at the Price of being call'd a Common Enemy, to go on in being a Common Friend to my Fellow Subjects and Citizens. But I am forc'd in this Work to revolve the ſame Thing in Ten Thouſand Lights, and caſt 'em in as many Forms, to come at Mens Minds and Affections, in order to lead the Innocent in Safety, as well as diſappoint the Artifices of Betrayers. Since therefore I can make no Impreſſion upon the offending Side, I ſhall turn my Obſervations upon the offended: That is to ſay, I muſt Whip my Children for going into bad Company, inſtead of railing at bad Company for enſnaring my Children. The greateſt Misfortunes Men fall into, ariſe from themſelves; and that Temper, which is call'd very often, tho' with great Injuſtice, good Nature, is the Source of a Numberleſs Train of Evils. For which Reaſon we are to take this as a Rule, That no Action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a Maxim, That Man who is commonly call'd good natur'd, is hardly to be thank'd for any Thing he does, becauſe half that is acted about him, is done rather by his Sufferance than Appro-

Approbation. It is generally a Lazineſs of Diſpoſition, which chuſes rather to let Things paſs the worſt Way, than go through the Pain of Examination. It muſt be confeſs'd, ſuch a one has ſo great a Benevolence in him, that he bears a Thouſand Uneaſineſſes, rather than incommode others; nay, often when he has juſt Reaſon to be offended, will rather ſit down with a ſmall Injury, than bring it into Reprehenſion, out of pure Compaſſion to the Offender. Such a Perſon has it uſually ſaid of him, He is no Man's Enemy but his own; which is in Effect ſaying, He is a Friend to every Man but himſelf and his Friends: For by a natural Conſequence of his neglecting himſelf, he either incapacitates himſelf to be anothers Friend, or makes others ceaſe to be his. If I take no Care of my own Affairs, no Man that is my Friend, can take it ill if I am negligent alſo of his. This ſoft Diſpoſition, if it continues uncorrected, throws Men into a Sea of Difficulties. There is *Euphuſius*, with all the good Qualities in the World, deſerves well of no body: That univerſal Good-will which is ſo ſtrong in him, expoſes him to the Aſſault of every Invader upon his Time, his Converſation, and his Property. His Diet is Butcher's Meat, his Wenches are in plain Pinners and *Norwich* Crapes, his Dreſs like other People, his Income great, and yet has he ſeldom a Guinea at Command. From theſe eaſy Gentlemen are collected Eſtates by Servants or Gameſters; which latter Fraternity are excuſable, when we think of this Clan, who ſeem born to be their Prey. All therefore of the Family of *Actæon* are to take Notice, That they are hereby given up to the Brethren of the *Induſtry*, with this Reſerve only, That they are to be mark'd as ſtricken Deer, not for their own Sakes, but to preſerve the Herd from following them and coming within the Scent. But I am oblig'd to leave this important Subject, without telling whoſe Quarters are ſever'd, who has the Humbles, who the Haunch, and who the Legs, of the Stag that was pull'd down; but this is only deferr'd in Hopes my Deer will

will make their Escape without more Admonitions or Examples, of which they have had (in mine and the Town's Opinion) too great a Plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other Matters of Moment.

White's Chocolate House, October 3.

The Lady has answer'd the Letter of Mr. *Alexander Landlord*, which was publish'd on *Thursday* last, but in such a Manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the Affair; for she has plainly told him, That Love is her Design, but Marriage her Aversion. Bless me! What is this Age come to, that People can think to make a Pimp of an Astronomer? I shall not promote such Designs, but shall leave her to find out her Admirer, while I speak to another Case sent to me by a Letter of *September* 30. subscrib'd, *Lovewell Barebones*, where the Author desires me to suspend my Care of the Dead, till I have done something for the Dying. His Case is, That the Lady he loves is ever accompanied by a Kinswoman, one of those gay cunning Women, who prevent all the Love which is not address'd to themselves. This Creature takes upon her; in his Mistress's Presence, to ask him, Whether Mrs. *Florimel* (that is the cruel One's Name) is not very handsome; upon which he looks silly; then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, That Mrs. *Florimel* had an equal Passion for him; but desir'd him not to expect the first Time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at Liberty before her only who was her Friend to speak his Mind, and that his Mistress expected it. Upon which *Florimel* acts a Virgin-Confusion, and with some Disorder waits his Speech. Here ever follows a deep Silence; after which a loud Laugh. Mr. *Barebones* applies himself to me on this Occasion. All the Advice I can give him is, to find a Lover for the Confident, for there is no other Bribe will prevail; and I see by her Carriage, that it is no hard Matter; for she is too gay to have a particular Passion, or to want a general one.

Some

Some Days ago the Town had a full Charge laid againſt my Eſſays, and printed at large. I alter'd not one Word of what he of the contrary Opinion ſaid; but have blotted ſome warm Things ſaid for me; therefore pleaſe to hear the Council for the Defendant, tho' I ſhall be ſo no otherwiſe than to take a middle Way, and, if poſſible, keep Commendations from being inſipid to Men's Taſt, or Raillery pernicious to their Characters.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, *Sept.* 30.

'AS I always looked upon Satyr as the beſt Friend to Reformation, whilſt its Laſhes were general; ſo that Gentleman † muſt excuſe me, if I do not ſee the Inconvenience of a Method he is ſo much concern'd at. The Errors he aſſigns in it, I think, are comprized in the Deſperation Men are generally drove too, when by a publick Detection they fall under the Infamy they feared; who otherwiſe, by checking their Bridle, might have recovered their Stumble, and through a Self-Conviction become their own Reformers: So he that was before but a clandeſtine Diſciple, (to uſe his own Quotation) is now become a Doctor in Impiety. The little Succeſs that is to be expected by theſe Methods from a harden'd Offender, is too evident to inſiſt on; yet it is true, there is a great deal of Charity in this Sort of Reaſoning, whilſt the Effects of thoſe Crimes extend not beyond themſelves. But what Relation has this to your Proceedings? It is not a circumſtantial Gueſſing will ſerve turn, for there are more than one to pretend to any of your Characters; but there muſt at leaſt be ſomething that muſt amount to a nominal Deſcription, before even common Fame can ſeparate me from the reſt of Mankind to dart at. A general Repreſentation of an Action, either ridiculous or enormous, may make thoſe winch who find too much Similitude in the

† *See* Tatler *of* Sep. 29.

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'Character with themſelves to plead not guilty; but
'none but a Witneſs to the Crime can charge them
'with the Guilt, whilſt the Indictment is general,
'and the Offender has the Aſylum of the whole
'World to protect him. Here can then be no In-
'juſtice, where no one is injur'd; for 'tis themſelves
'muſt appropriate the Saddle, before Scandal can ride
'them. Your Method then, in my Opinion, is no
'Way ſubject to the Charge brought againſt it; but,
'on the contrary, I believe this Advantage is too
'often drawn from it, that whilſt we laugh at, or
'deteſt the uncertain Subject of the Satyr, we often
'find ſomething in the Error a Parallel to our ſelves;
'and being inſenſibly drawn to the Compariſon we
'would get rid of, we plunge deeper into the Mire,
'and Shame produces that which Advice has been
'too weak for; and you, Sir, get Converts you ne-
'ver thought of. As for deſcending to Characters be-
'low the Dignity of Satyr, what Men think are not
'beneath Commiſſion, I muſt aſſure him, I think are
'not beneath Reproof: For as there is as much Folly
'in a Ridiculous Deportment, as there is En-
'ormity in a Criminal one, ſo neither the one nor
'the other ought to plead Exemption. The
'Kennel of Curs are as much Enemies to the State, as
'*Greg* for his Confederacy; for as this betray'd our
'Government, ſo the other does our Property, and
'one without the other is equally uſeleſs. As for the
'Act of Oblivion he ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſts on, *Le*
'*Roy s'aviſera*, is a faſhionable Anſwer; and for his Mo-
'dous of Panegyrick, the Hint was unneceſſary,
'where Virtue need never ask twice for her Lawrel.
'But as for his Reformation by Oppoſites, I again
'muſt ask his Pardon, if I think the Affects of theſe
'Sort of Reaſonings (by the Paucity of Converts)
'are too great an Argument, both of their Imbecility
'and Unſucceſsfulneſs, to believe it will be any bet-
'ter than miſpending of Time, by ſuſpending a
'Method that will turn more to Advantage, and
'which has no other Danger of loſing Ground, but by
'Diſcontinuance. And as I am certain (of what he

'ſuppoſes)

' ſupoſes) that your Lucubrations are intended for the
' publick Benefit, ſo I hope you will not give them
' ſo great an Interruption, by laying aſide the only
' Method that can render you beneficial to Mankind,
' and (among others) agreeable to,

SIR,

Your humble Servant, &c.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, October 3.

Letters from the Camp at *Havre* of the 7th Inſtant, *N. S.* adviſe, That the Trenches were open'd before *Mons* on the 27th of the laſt Month, and the Approaches were carried on at Two Attacks with great Application and Succeſs, notwithſtanding the Rains which had fallen; That the Beſiegers had made themſelves Maſters of ſeveral Redoubts, and other Outworks, and had advanc'd the Approaches within Ten Paces of the Counterſcarps of the Hornwork. Lieutenant-General *Cadogan* receiv'd a ſlight Wound in the Neck ſoon after opening the Trenches.

The Enemy was throwing up Intrenchments between *Queſnoy* and *Valenciennes*, and the Chevalier *de Luxemburge* was encamp'd near *Charleroy* with a Body of 10000 Men. Advices from *Catalonia* by the Way of *Genoa* import, that Count *Starcmberg* having paſs'd the *Segra*, advanc'd towards *Balaguier*, which Place he took after a few Hours Reſiſtance, and made the Garriſon, conſiſting of Three *Spaniſh* Battalions, Priſoners of War. Letters from *Bern* ſay, That the Army under the Command of Count *Thaun* had began to repaſs the Mountains, and would ſhortly evacuate *Savoy*.

Whereas Mr. Bickerſtaff *has receiv'd Intelligence, That a young Gentleman, who has taken my Diſcourſes upon* John Partridge *and others in too literal a Senſe, and is ſuing an elder Brother to an Ejectment; the aforeſaid young Gentleman is hereby adviſed to drop his Action, no Man being eſteem'd dead in Law, who eats and drinks, and receives his Rents.*

From

From *Tuesday* October 4. to *Thursday* October 6. N° 77.

From my own Apartment, October 5.

AS bad as the World is, I find by very ſtrict Obſervation upon Virtue and Vice, that if Men appear'd no worſe than they really are, I ſhould have leſs Work than at preſent I am oblig'd to undertake for their Reformation. They have generally taken up a kind of inverted Ambition, and affect even Faults and Imperfections of which they are innocent. The other Day in a Coffee-houſe I ſtood by a young Heir with a freſh, ſanguine, and healthy Look, who entertain'd us with an Account of his Claps and his Diet-Drink; tho' to my Knowledge, he is as ſound as any of his Tenants. This worthy Youth put me into Reflections upon that Subject; and I obſerv'd the fantaſtical Humour to be ſo general, that there is hardly a Man who is not more or leſs tainted with it. The Firſt of his Order of Men are the *Valetudinarians*, who are never in Health, but complain of Want of Stomach or Reſt every Day till Noon, and then devour all which comes before 'em. Lady *Dainty* is convinc'd, that it is neceſſary for a Gentlewoman to be out of Order; and to preſerve that Character, ſhe dines every Day in her Cloſet at Twelve, that ſhe may become her Table at Two, and be unable to eat in Publick. About five Years ago, I remember it was the Faſhion to be ſhort-ſighted: A Man would not own an Acquaintance 'till he had firſt examin'd him with his Glaſs. At a Lady's Entrance into the Play-houſe, you might ſee Tubes immediately levell'd at her from every Quarter of the Pit and Side-Boxes. However, that Mode of Infirmity is out, and the Age has recover'd its Sight: But the Blind ſeem to be ſucceeded by the Lame, and a janty Limp is the preſent Beauty. I think I have formerly obſerv'd a Cane is Part of the Dreſs of a Prig, and always worn upon a Button, for fear he ſhould be thought to have an Occaſion for it, or be eſteem'd really, and not genteely a Cripple. I have conſider'd, but could never

never find out the Bottom of this Vanity. I indeed have heard of a *Gaſcon* General, who by the lucky grazing of a Bullet on the Roll of his Stocking, took Occaſion to halt all his Life after. But as for our peaceable Cripples, I know no Foundation for their Behaviour, without it may be ſuppos'd that in this Warlike Age, ſome think a Cane the next Honour to a Wooden Leg. This Sort of Affectation I have known run from one Limb or Member to another. Before the *Limpers* came in, I remember a Race of *Liſpers*, fine Perſons, who took an Averſion to particular Letters in our Language: Some never utter'd the Letter *H*; and others had as mortal an Averſion for *S*. Others have had their faſhionable Defect in their Ears, and would make you repeat all you ſaid twice over. I know an ancient Friend of mine, whoſe Table is every Day ſurrounded with Flatterers, that makes uſe of this, ſometimes as a Piece of Grandeur, and at others as an Art, to make them repeat their Commendations. Such Affectations have been indeed in the World in ancient Times; but they fell into 'em out of politick Ends. *Alexander the Great* had a wry Neck, which made it the Faſhion in his Court to carry their Heads on one Side when they came into the Preſence. One who thought to out-ſhine the whole Court, carried his Head ſo over complaiſantly, that this martial Prince gave him ſo great a Box on the Ear, as ſet all the Heads of the Court upright.

This Humour takes Place in our Minds as well as Bodies. I know at this Time a young Gentleman, who talks atheiſtically all Day in Coffee-houſes, and in his Degrees of Underſtanding ſets up for a *Free-Thinker*; tho' it can be prov'd upon him, he ſays his Prayers every Morning and Evening. But this Claſs of modern Wits I ſhall reſerve for a Chapter by it ſelf. Of the like Turn are all your *Marriage-Haters*, who rail at the Nooſe, at the Words, *For ever and Ay*, and are ſecretly pining for ſome young Thing or other that makes their Hearts ake by her Refuſal. The next to theſe, are thoſe who pretend to govern their Wives, and boaſt how ill they uſe 'em; when at the ſame Time,

Time, go to their Houſes, and you ſhall ſee 'em ſtep as if they fear'd making a Noiſe, and are as fond as an Alderman. I don't know, but ſometimes theſe Prentences may ariſe from a Deſire to conceal a contrary Defect than that they ſet up for. I remember, when I was a young Fellow, we had a Companion of a very fearful Complexion, who, when we ſat in to Drink, would deſire us to take his Sword from him when he grew ſuddled, for 'twas his Misfortune to be quarrelſome. There are many, many of theſe Evils, which demand my Obſervation; but becauſe I have of late been thought ſomewhat too Satyrical, I ſhall give 'em Warning, and declare to the whole World, that they are not true, but falſe Hypocrites; and make it out, that they are good Men in their Hearts. The Motive of this monſtrous Affectation in the abovemention'd, and the like Particulars, I take to proceed from that noble Thirſt of Fame and Reputation which is planted in the Hearts of all Men. As this produces elegant Writings and gallant Actions in Men of great Abilities, it alſo brings forth ſpurious Productions in Men who are not capable of diſtinguiſhing themſelves by Things which are really praiſe worthy. As the Deſire of Fame in Men of true Wit and Gallantry ſhows it ſelf in proper Inſtances, the ſame Deſire in Men who have the Ambition without proper Faculties, runs wild, and diſcovers it ſelf in a Thouſand Extravagancies, by which they would ſignalize themſelves from others, and gain a ſet of Admirers. When I was a middle-ag'd Man, there were many Societies of ambitious young Men in *England*, who in their Purſuits after Fame, were every Night employ'd in roaſting Porters, ſmoaking Coblers, knocking down Watchmen, overturning Conſtables, breaking Windows, blackening Sign-Poſts, and the like immoral Enterprizes, that diſpers'd their Reputation throughout the whole Kingdom. One could hardly find a Knocker at a Door in a whole Street after a Midnight Expedition of theſe *Beaux Eſprits*. I was lately very much ſurpris'd by an Account of my Maid, who enter'd my Bed-chamber this Morning in

a very great Fright, and told me, She was afraid my Parlour was haunted; for that ſhe had found ſeveral Panes of my Windows broken, and the Floor ſtrow'd with Half-pence. I have not yet a full Light into this new Way, but am apt to think, that it is a generous Piece of Wit that ſome of my Contemporaries make Uſe of, to break Windows, and leave Money to pay for 'em.

St. James's Coffee-houſe, October 5.

I have no Manner of News, more than what the whole Town had t'other Day; except that I have the Original Letter of the Mareſchal *Boufflers* to the *French* King after the late Battle in the Woods; which I tranſlate for the Benefit of the *Engliſh* Reader.

SIR,

THis is to let your Majeſty underſtand, That to your immortal Honour, and the Deſtruction of the Confederates, your Troops have loſt another Battle. *Artagnan* did Wonders, *Rohan* perform'd Miracles, *Guiche* did Wonders, *Gattion* perform'd Miracles, the whole Army diſtinguiſh'd themſelves, and every Body did Wonders. And to conclude the Wonders of the Day, I can aſſure your Majeſty, That tho' you have loſt the Field of Battle, you have not loſt an Inch of Ground. The Enemy march'd behind us with Reſpect, and we ran away from 'em as bold as Lions.

Letters have been ſent to Mr. Bickerſtaff *relating to the preſent State of the Town of* Bath, *wherein the People of that Place have deſir'd him to call Home the Phyſicians. All Gentlemen therefore of that Profeſſion are hereby directed to return forthwith to their Places of Practice; and the Stage-Coaches are requir'd to take them in before other Paſſengers, till there ſhall be a Certificate ſign'd by the Mayor of Mr.* Powel, *that there are but Two Doctors to One Patient in Town.*

From

From *Thurſday* October 6. to *Saturday* October 8. N° 78.

From my own Apartment, October 7.

AS your Painters who deal in Hiſtory Pieces often entertain themſelves upon broken Sketches, and ſmaller Flouriſhes of the Pencil; ſo I find ſome Relief in ſtriking out Miſcellaneous Hints, and ſudden Starts of Fancy, without any Order or Connexion, after having ſpent my ſelf on more regular and elaborate Diſſertations. I am at preſent in this eaſy State of Mind, ſat down to my Scrutore; where, for the better Diſpoſition of my Correſpondence, I have writ upon every Drawer the proper Title of its Contents, as Hypocriſy, Dice, Patches, Politicks, Love, Duels, and ſo forth. My various Advices are rang'd under ſuch ſeveral Heads, ſaving only that I have a particular Box for *Pacolet*, and another for *Monoculus*. I cannot but obſerve, that my Duel-Box, which is fill'd by Men of Honour, is ſo very ill ſpelt, that it is hard to decipher their Writings. My Love-Box, tho' on a quite contrary Subject, filled with the Works of the faireſt Hands in *Great-Britain*, is almoſt as unintelligible. The private Drawer, which is ſacred to Politicks, has in it ſome of the moſt refin'd Panegyricks and Satyrs that any Age has produc'd. I have now before me ſeveral Recommendations for Places at my Table of *Fame*: Three of them are of an extraordinary Nature, in which I find I am miſunderſtood, and ſhall therefore beg Leave to produce them. They are from a Quaker, a Courtier, and a Citizen.

ISAAC,

'THY Lucubrations, as thou loveſt to call them, have been peruſed by ſeveral of our Friends, 'who have taken Offence: Foraſmuch as thou excludeſt out of the Brotherhood all Perſons who are 'praiſe-worthy for Religion, we are afraid that thou 'will

'wilt fill thy Table with none but Heathens, and 'cannot hope to ſpy a Brother there; for there are 'none of us who can be plac'd among murdering He-'roes, or ungodly Wits; ſince we do not aſſail our 'Enemies with the Arm of Fleſh, nor our Gainſayers 'with the Vanity of Humane Wiſdom. If therefore 'thou wilt demean thy ſelf on this Occaſion with a 'right Judgment, according to the Gifts that are in 'thee, we deſire thou wilt place *James Naylor* at the up-'per End of thy Table.

Ezekiel Stiffrump.

In Anſwer to my good Friend *Ezekiel*, I muſt ſtand to it, that I cannot break my Rule for the ſake of *James Naylor*; not knowing whether *Alexander the Great*, who is a Cholerick Man, won't reſent his ſitting at the upper End of the Tablewith his Hat on.

But to my Courtier:

SIR,

'I Am ſurpriz'd, that you loſe your Time in com-'plimenting the Dead, when you may make your 'Court to the Living. Let me only tell you in the 'Ear, *Alexander* and *Cæſar* (as generous as they were 'formerly) have not now a Groat to diſpoſe of. Fill 'your Table with good Company: I know a Perſon 'of Quality that ſhall give you 100*l.* for a Place at it. 'Be ſecret, and be rich.

Yours,

You know my Hand.

This Gentleman ſeems to have the true Spirit, without the Formality of an Under-Courtier; therefore I ſhall be plain with him, and let him leave the Name of his Courtier, and a 100 *l.* in *Morphew*'s Hands: If I can take it, I will.

My Citizen writes the following:

Mr. *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*,

SIR,

'YOUR *Tatler* of *September* 13, I am now reading, 'and in your Liſt of famous Men, deſire you

not to forget Alderman *Whittington*, who began the World with a Cat, and died worth Three Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Pounds Sterling, which he left to an only Daughter Three Years after his Mayoralty. If you want any further Particulars of *Ditto* Alderman, Daughter, or Cat, let me know, and *per* firſt will adviſe the Needful: Which concludes,

Your loving Friend,

Lemuel Leger.

I ſhall have all due Regard to this Gentleman's Recommendation; but can't forbear obſerving, how wonderfully this Sort of Stile is adapted for the diſpatch of Buſineſs, by leaving out inſignificant Particles: Beſides that, the dropping of the firſt Perſon is an artful Way to diſingage a Man from the Guilt of raſh Words or Promiſes. But I am to conſider, that a Citizen's Reputation is Credit, not Fame; and am to leave theſe lofty Subjects for a Matter of private Concern in the next Letter before me.

SIR,

I AM juſt recover'd out of a languiſhing Sickneſs by the Care of *Hyppocrates*, who viſited me throughout my whole Illneſs, and was ſo far from taking any Fee, that he enquir'd into my Circumſtances, and would have reliev'd me alſo that Way, but I did not want it. I know no Method of Thanking him, but recommending it to you to celebrate ſo great Humanity in the Manner you think fit, and to do it with the Spirit and Sentiments of a Man juſt reliev'd from Grief, Miſery and Pain; to Joy, Satisfaction, and Eaſe: In which you will repreſent the grateful Senſe of

Your Obedient Servant,

T. B.

I think

I think the Writer of this Letter has put the Matter in as good a Dreſs as I can for him; yet I cannot but add my Applauſe to what this Diſtreſſed Man has ſaid. There is not a more uſeful Man in a Common-wealth than a good Phyſician; and by Conſequence no worthier a Perſon, than he that uſes his Skill with Generoſity, even to Perſons of Condition, and Compaſſion to thoſe who are in Want: Which is the Behaviour of *Hippocrates*, who ſhows as much Liberality in his Practice, as he does Wit in his Converſation, and Skill in his Profeſſion. A wealthy Doctor who can help a poor Man, and will not without a Fee, has leſs Senſe of Humanity than a poor Ruffian, who kills a rich Man to ſupply his Neceſſities. It is ſomething monſtrous to conſider a Man of a liberal Education, tearing out the Bowels of a poor Family, by taking for a Viſit what would keep them a Week. *Hippocrates* needs not the Compariſon of ſuch Extortion to ſet off his Generoſity; but I mention his Generoſity to add Shame to ſuch Extorſion.

This is to give Notice to all ingenious Gentlemen in and about the Cities of London *and* Weſtminſter, *who have a Mind to be inſtructed in the noble Sciences of Muſick, Poetry, and Politicks, That they repair to the* Smyrna *Coffee-Houſe in* Pall-mall, *betwixt the Hours of Eight and Ten at Night, where they may be inſtructed* gratis, *with elaborate Eſſays by Word of Mouth on all or any of the abovementioned Arts. The Diſciples are to prepare their Bodies with three Diſhes of Bohea, and purge their Brains with two Pinches of Snuff. If any young Student gives Indication of Parts, by liſtening attentively, or asking a pertinent Queſtion, one of the Profeſſors ſhall diſtinguiſh him by taking Snuff out of his Box in the Preſence of the whole Audience.*

N. B. *The Seat of Learning is now remov'd from the Corner of the Chimney on the Left-hand towards the Window, to the Round Table in the Middle of the Floor over-againſt the Fire; a Revolution much lamented by the Porters and Chairmen, who were much edified through a Pane of Glaſs that remain'd broken all the laſt Summer.*

I can-

I cannot forbear advertising my Correſpondents, that I think my ſelf treated by ſome of them after too familiar a Manner, and in Phraſes that neither become them to give, or me to take. I ſhall therefore deſire for the future, that if any one returns me an Anſwer to a Letter, he will not tell me he has receiv'd the Favour of my Letter; *but if he does not think fit to ſay, he has receiv'd* the Honour *of it, that he tell me in plain* Engliſh, *he has receiv'd my Letter of ſuch a Date. I muſt likewiſe inſiſt, that he would conclude with,* I am with great Reſpect, *or plainly,* I am, *without further Addition; and not inſult me, by an Aſſurance of his being with great Truth and Eſteem my humble Servant. There is likewiſe another Mark of Superiority which I cannot bear, and therefore muſt inform my Correſpondents, that I diſcard all* faithful *humble Servants, and am reſolv'd to read no Letters that are not ſubſcrib'd, Your moſt Obedient, or moſt humble Servant, or both. Theſe may appear Nicetie to vulgar Minds, but they are ſuch as Men of Honour and Diſtinction muſt have Regard to. And I very well remember a famous Duel in* France, *where Four were kill'd of one ſide, and Three of the other, occaſion'd by a Gentleman's ſubſcribing himſelf a* moſt affectionate Friend.

One in the Morning, of the 8th of *Octob.* 1709.

I was this Night looking on the Moon, and find by certain ſigns in that Luminary, that a certain Perſon under her Dominion, who has been for many Years Diſtempered, will within few Hours publiſh a Pamphlet, wherein he will proceed to give my Lucubrations to a wrong Perſon; and I require all ſober diſpos'd Perſons to avoid meeting the ſaid Lunatick, or giving him any Credence any farther than Pity demands; and to lock up the ſaid Perſon wherever they find him, keeping him from Pen, Ink, and Paper. And I hereby prohibit any Perſon to take upon him my Writings, on Pain of being ſent by me into Lethe, *with the ſaid Lunatick and all his Works.*

From

Felices ter, & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet Amor Die. Hor.

From *Saturday October* 8. to *Tuesday October* 11. N° 70.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

MY Sister *Jenny*'s Lover, the honest *Tranquillus*, (for that shall be his Name) has been impatient with me to dispatch the necessary Directions for his Marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary Schemes (as he call'd 'em) he might not burn with real Desire, and the Torture of Expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the Ardor wherein he express'd himself, which I thought had not enough of that Veneration with which the Marriage-Bed is to be ascended, I told him, the Day of his Nuptials should be on the *Saturday* following, which was the 8th Instant. On the 7th in the Evening poor *Jenny* came into my Chamber, and having her Heart full of the great Change of Life from a Virgin Condition to that of a Wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important Subject, which was too delicate a Circumstance for her self to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her Modesty in the following Manner: Sister (said I) you are now going from me; and be contented, that you leave the Company of a talkative old Man, for that of a sober young one: But take this along with you, That there is no Mean in the State you are entring into, but you are to be exquisitely happy or miserable, and your Fortune in this way of Life will be wholly of your own making. In all the Marriages I have ever seen, (most of which have been unhappy ones) the great Cause of Evil has proceeded from slight Occasions; and I take it to be the first Maxim in a married Condition, That you are to be above Trifles. When two Persons have so good an Opinion of each other as to come together for Life, they will not differ in Matters of Importance, because they think of each other with Respect, in

Regard to all Things of Conſideration that may affect them, and are prepar'd for mutual Aſſiſtance and Relief in ſuch Occurrences; but for leſs Occaſions, they have form'd no Reſolutions but leave their Minds unprepar'd. This, dear *Jenny*, is the Reaſon that the Quarrel between Sir *Harry* Wild and his Lady, which began about her Squirrel, is irreconcilable: Sir *Harry* was reading a grave Author; ſhe runs into his Study, and in a playing Humour, claps the Squirrel upon the Folio: He threw the Animal in a Rage on the Floor; ſhe catches it up again, calls Sir *Harry* a ſowr Pedant, without good Nature or good Manners. This caſt him into ſuch a Rage, that he threw down the Table before him, kick'd the Book round the Room; then recollected himſelf: Lord, Madam, ſaid he, Why did you run into ſuch Expreſſions? I was, ſaid he, in the higheſt Delight with that Author when you clap'd your Squirrel upon my Book; and ſmiling, added upon Recollection, I have a great Reſpect for your Favourite, and pray let us all be Friends. My Lady was ſo far from accepting this Apology, that ſhe immediately conceiv'd a Reſolution to keep him under for ever: and with a ſerious Air, reply'd, There is no Regard to be had to what a Man ſays, who can fall into ſo indecent a Rage, and ſuch an abject Submiſſion, in the ſame Moment, for which I abſolutely deſpiſe you. Upon which ſhe ruſh'd out of the Room. Sir *Harry* ſtay'd ſome Minutes behind to think and command himſelf; after which he follow'd her into her Bed chamber, where ſhe was proſtrate upon the Bed, tearing her Hair, and naming Twenty Coxcombs who would have us'd her otherwiſe. This provok'd him to ſo high a Degree, that he forbore nothing but Beating her; and all the Servants in their Family were at their ſeveral Stations liſtening, while the beſt Man and Woman, the beſt Maſter and Miſtreſs, defam'd each other in a Way that is not to be repeated even at *Billingſgate*. You know this ended in an immediate Separation: She longs to return Home, but knows not how to do it: He invites her Home every Day, and lies with every Woman he can get. Her Husband requires no Submiſſion of her; but ſhe thinks her very Return will argue ſhe is to blame, which ſhe is reſolv'd to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear *Jenny*, my great Advice to you is, Be guarded againſt giv-

ing or receiving little Provocations. Great Matters of Offence I have no Reason to fear either from you or your Husband. After this, we turn'd our Discourse into a more airy Stile, and parted: But before we did so, I made her forget her Snuff-Box for ever, and half drown her self with washing away the Stench of the Musty. But the Wedding Morning arriv'd, and our Family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the Inconvenience of making the Ceremony and Festival more publick, than the modern Way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The Bride next Morning came out of her Chamber, dress'd with all the Art and Care that Mrs. *Toilet* the Tire-Woman could bestow on her. She was on her Wedding-day Three and twenty: Her Person is far from what we call a regular Beauty; but has certain Sweetness in her Countenance, an Air in her Shape and Motion, with an unaffected Modesty in her Look, that Attractions beyond what Symmetry and Exactness inspire without the Addition of those Endowments. When her Lover enter'd the Room, her Features flush'd with Shame and Joy; and the ingenuous Manner, [illegible] fusion and of Awe, with which *Strephon* approach'd to salute her, gave me good Omens of his future Behaviour towards her. The Wedding was wholly under my Care. After the Ceremony at Church, I was resolv'd to entertain the Company with a Dinner suitable to the Occasion, and pitch'd upon the *Apollo*, at the *Old Devil* at *Temple-Bar*, as a Place sacred to Mirth, tempered with Discretion, where *Ben. Johnson* and his Sons us'd to make their Jovial Meetings. Here the Chief of the *Stagirian* Race appeared, and as soon as the Company were come into that ample Room, *Lepidus's Wagstaff* began to make me Compliments for chusing that place, and fell into a Discourse upon the Subject of Pleasure and Entertainment, drawn from the Rules of *Ben's* Club, which are in Gold Letters over the Chimney. *Lepidus* has a way very uncommon, and speaks on Subjects, on which any Man else would certainly blood, with great Dexterity. He gave us a large Account of the publick Meetings of all the well-turn'd Minds who had grac'd those Walls in Ages past, and clos'd his pleasing Narrative with a Discourse on Marriage, and Reputation of that Thing We call out of *Milton*.

Hail wedded Love! mysterious Law! true Source
Of human Off-spring, sole Propriety
In Paradise, of all Things common else.
By thee adult'rous Luſt was driv'n from Men
Among the beſtial Herds to range; by thee,
Founded in Reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, firſt were known.
Perpetual Fountain of domeſtick Sweets,
Whoſe Bed is undefil'd, and chaſte pronounc'd,
Preſent or paſt, as Saints or Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his Golden Shafts employs; here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his purple Wings:
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual Fruition; nor in Court Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Maſk, or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings,
To his proud Fair, beſt quitted with Diſdain.

In theſe Verſes, all the Images that can come into a young Woman's Head on ſuch an Occaſion, are rais'd; but that in ſo chaſt and elegant a Manner, that the Bride thank'd him for his agreeable Talk, and we ſat down to Dinner. Among the reſt of the Company, there was got in a Fellow you call a *Wag*. This ingenious Perſon is the uſual Life of all Feaſts and Merriments, by ſpeaking Abſurdities, and putting every Body of Breeding and Modeſty out of Countenance. As ſoon as we ſat down, he drank to the Bride's Diverſion that Night, and then made Twenty double Meanings on the Word Thing. We are the beſt bred Family, for one ſo numerous, in this Kingdom; and indeed we ſhould all of us have been as much out of Countenance as the Bride, but that we were relieved by an honeſt rough Relation of ours at the lower End of the Table, who is a Lieutenant of Marines. This Soldier and Sailor had good plain Senſe, and ſaw what was wrong as well as another, and had a Way of looking at his Plate, and ſpeaking aloud in an inward Manner; and whenever the *Wag* mention'd the Word *Thing*, or the Words *That ſame*, the Lieutenant in that Voice cry'd, *Knock him down*. The merry Man wondring, angry,

angry, and looking round, was the Diverſion of the Table. When he offer'd to recover, and ſay, To the Bride's beſt Thoughts, *Knock him down*, ſays the Lieutenant, and ſo on. This ſilly Humour diverted, and ſav'd us from the tedious Entertainment of an ill-bred Coxcomb, and the Bride drank the Lieutenant's Health. We return'd to my Lodging, and *Tranquillus* led his Wife to her Apartment, without the Ceremony of throwing the Stocking, which generally coſts Two or Three Maidenheads without any Ceremony at all.

From *Tueſday October* 11. to *Thurſday October* 13. N° 80.

Grecian Coffee-Houſe, October 12.

THis learned Board has complain'd to me of the exorbitant Price of late Years put upon Books, and conſequently on Learning, which has rais'd the Reward demanded by learned Men for their Advice and Labour. In order to regulate and fix a Standard in theſe Matters; Divines, Phyſicians, and Lawyers, have ſent in large Propoſals, which are of great Light and Inſtruction. From the Peruſal of theſe Memorials, I am come to this immediate Reſolution, till I have Leiſure to treat the Matter at large; *viz.* In *Divinity*, Fathers ſhall be valu'd according to their Antiquity; Schoolmen by the Pound Weight; and Sermons by their Goodneſs. In my own Profeſſion, which is moſtly Phyſick, Authors ſhall be rated according to their Language. The *Greek* is ſo rarely underſtood, and the *Engliſh* ſo well, I judge them of no Value, ſo that only *Latin* ſhall bear a Price, and that too according to its Purity, and as it ſerves both for Preſcription. In Law, the Value muſt be ſet according to the Intricacy and Obſcurity of the Author, and Blackneſs of the Letter: provided always, that the Binding be of Calves Skin. This Method I ſhall ſettle alſo with Relation to all other Writings; inſomuch that even theſe our Lucubrations, tho' hereafter printed by *Aldus*, *Elzivir*, or *Stephanus*, ſhall not advance above one ſingle Penny.

White's Chocolate-Houſe October 12.

It will be allow'd me, that I have all along ſhow'd great Reſpect in Matters which concern the Fair Sex; but the In-

humanity with which the Author of the following Letter has been uſed, is not to be ſuffer'd.

SIR, *Oct.* 9.

YEſterday I had the Miſfortune to drop in at my Lady Haughty's *upon her Viſiting-Day. When I enter'd the Room where ſhe receives Company, they all ſtood up indeed; but they ſtood as if they were to ſtare at, rather than to receive me. After a long Pauſe, a Servant brought a round Stool, on which I ſat down at the lower End of the Room, in the Preſence of no leſs than Twelve Perſons, Gentlemen and Ladies, lolling in Elbow-Chairs. And to compleat my Diſgrace, my Miſtreſs was of the Society. I try'd to compoſe my ſelf in vain, not knowing how to diſpoſe of either my Legs or Arms, nor how to ſhape my Countenance; the Eyes of the whole Room being ſtill upon me in a profound Silence. My Confuſion at laſt was ſo great, that without ſpeaking, or being ſpoken to, I fled for it, and left the Aſſembly to treat me at their diſcretion. A Lecture from you upon theſe inhuman Diſtinctions in a free Nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like Evils for the future, and make it, as we ſay, As cheap ſitting as Standing. I am with the greateſt Reſpect,*

SIR,

Your moſt Humble

And Moſt Obedient Servant,

J. R.

P. S. *I had almoſt forgot to inform you That a fair young Lady ſat in an armleſs Chair upon my right Hand with manifeſt Diſcontent in her Looks.*

Soon after the Receipt of this Epiſtle, I heard a very gentle Knock at my Door: My Maid went down, and brought up Word, That a tall, lean, black Man, well dreſs'd, who ſaid he had not the Honour to be acquainted with me, deſired to be admitted. I bid her ſhow him up, met him at my Chamber-door, and then fell back a few Paces. He approach'd me with great Reſpect, and told me with a low Voice, He was the Gentleman that had been ſeated upon the round Stool. I immediately recollected, that there was a Joint Stool in my Chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an Inſtrument of Diſtinction, and therefore

wiſhed

wink'd at my Boy to carry it into my Closet. I then took him by the Hand, and led him to the upper End of my Room, where I plac'd him in my great Elbow-Chair; at the same Time drawing another without Arms to it, for my self to sit by him. I then ask'd him, At what Time this Misfortune befel him? He answer'd, Between the Hours of Seven and Eight in the Evening. I then ask'd him, What he had eat or drank that Day? He reply'd, Nothing but a Dish of Water-gruel, with a few Plumbs in it. In the next place I felt his Pulse, which was very low and languishing. These Circumstances confirm'd me in an Opinion which I had entertain'd upon the first reading of his Letter, that the Gentleman was far gone in the Spleen. I therefore advis'd him to rise the next Morning and plunge into the Cold Bath, there to remain under Water till he was almost drowned. This I order'd him to reiterate Six Days successively; and on the Seventh, to repair at the wonted Hour to my Lady *Haughty*'s, and to acquaint me afterwards with what he shall meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the Time before. The Gentleman smil'd; and by his way of talking to me, shew'd himself a Man of excellent Sense in all Particulars, unless when a Cane-Chair, a round or a Joint-Stool, were spoken of. He open'd his Heart to me at the same time concerning several other Grievances; as, being overlook'd in publick Assemblies, having his Bows unanswer'd, being help'd last at Tables, and plac'd at the back part of a Coach; with many other Distresses, which have wither'd his Countenance, and worn him to a Skeleton. Finding him a Man of Reason, I enter'd into the Bottom of his Distemper. Sir, (said I) there are more of your Constitution in this Island of *Great Britain*, than in any other part of the World; and I beg the Favour of you to tell me, whether you do not observe, That you meet with most Affronts in rainy Days. He answer'd candidly, That he had long observ'd, that People were less saucy in Sun-shine than in cloudy Weather. Upon which I told him plainly, his Distemper was the Spleen; and that tho' the World was very ill-natur'd, it was not so bad as he believ'd it. I further assur'd him, That his Use of the Cold Bath, with a Course of Steel which I should prescribe him, would certainly cure most of his Ac-

Quaintance of their Rudeneſs, ill Behaviour, and Impertinence. My Patient ſmil'd, and promis'd to obſerve my Preſcriptions, not forgetting to give me an Account of their Operation. This Diſtemper being pretty epidemical, I ſhall, for the Benefit of Mankind, give the Publick an Account of the Progreſs I make in the Cure of it.

From my own Apartment, October 12.

The Author of the following Letter behaves himſelf ſo ingenuouſly, that I cannot longer deſer anſwering him.

Honour'd Sir, *Oct. b. 6.*

I have lately contracted a very honeſt and undiſſembled Claudication in my Left Foot, which will be a double Affliction to me, if (according to your Tatler of this Day) it muſt paſs upon the World for a Piece of Singularity and Affectation. I muſt therefore humbly beg Leave to limp along the Streets after my own Way, or I ſhall be inevitably ruin'd in Coach-hire. As ſoon as I am tolerably recover'd, I promiſe to walk as upright as a Ghoſt in a Tragedy, being not of a Stature to ſpare an Inch of Height that I can any way pretend to. I honour your Lucubrations, and am, with the moſt profound Submiſſion,

Honour'd Sir,

Your moſt Dutiful,

And moſt Obedient Servant, &c.

Not doubting but the Caſe is as the Gentleman repreſents, I do hereby order Mr. *Morphew* to deliver him out a Licence, upon paying his Fees which ſhall empower him to wear a Cane till the 13th of *March* next; Five Months being the moſt I can allow for a Sprain.

St James's Coffee houſe, October 12.

We receiv'd this Morning a Mail from *Holland*, which brings Advice, That the Siege of *Mons* is carried on with ſo great Vigour and Bravery, that we hope very ſuddenly to be Maſters of the place. All Things neceſſary being prepar'd for making the Aſſault on the Hornwork and Ravelin of the Attack of *Bertamont*, the Charge was made this Evening, and began with the Fire of Bombs and Grenades, which was ſo hot, that the Enemy quitted their Poſt, and we lodg'd our ſelves on thoſe Works without Oppoſition. During this Storm, one of our Bombs fell into a Magazine

of

of the Enemy, and blew it up. There are Advices which say, the Court of *France* had made new Offers of Peace to the Confederates; but this Intelligence wants Confirmation.

Hic Manus ob Patriam pugnando Vulnera passi,
Quique pii Vates & Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo. Virg.

From *Tuesday October* 13. to *Saturday October* 17. N° 81.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

There are two Kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this Life, and that imaginary Existence by which Men live in their Fame and Reputation. The best and greatest Actions have proceeded from the Prospect of the one or the other of these; but my Design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal Reward of their Labours. It was for this Reason that I excluded from my Tables of Fame all the great Founders and Votaries of Religion; and it is for this Reason also that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do Justice to the Persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since Fame was the only End of all their Enterprizes and Studies, a Man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due Proportion of it. It was this Consideration which made me call the whole Body of the Learned to my Assistance; to many of whom I must own my Obligations for the Catalogues of illustrious Persons which they have sent me in upon this Occasion. I Yesterday employ'd the whole Afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an Impression upon my Imagination, that they broke my Sleep for the first Part of the following Night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable Vision, which I shall beg Leave to describe in all its Particulars.

I dream'd that I was convey'd into a wide and boundless Plain, that was cover'd with prodigious Multitudes of Peo-

ple, which no Man could number. In the midſt of it there ſtood a Mountain, with its Head above the Clouds. The Sides were extremely ſteep, and of ſuch a particular Structure, that no Creature, which was not made in an human Figure, could poſſibly aſcend it. On a ſudden there was heard from the Top of it a Sound like that of a Trumpet; but to exceeding ſweet and harmonious, that it fill'd the Hearts of thoſe who heard it with Raptures, and gave ſuch high and delightful Senſations, as ſeem'd to animate and raiſe human Nature above it ſelf. This made me very much amaz'd to find ſo very few in that innumerable Multitude, who had Ears fine enough to hear or reliſh this Muſick with Pleaſure: But my Wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I ſaw moſt of them attentive to Three Siren, cloath'd like Goddeſſes, and diſtinguiſh'd by the Names of *Sloth*, *Ignorance*, and *Pleaſure*. They were ſeated on Three Rocks, amidſt a beautiful Variety of Groves, Meadows and Rivulets, that lay on the Borders of the Mountain. While the baſe and groveling multitude of different Nations, Ranks and Ages, were liſtening to theſe deluſive Deities, thoſe of a more erect Aſpect, and exalted Spirit, ſeparated themſelves from the reſt, and march'd in great Bodies towards the Mountain; from whence they heard the Sound, which ſtill grew ſweeter, the more they liſten'd to it.

On a ſudden, methought this ſelect Band ſprang forward, with a Reſolution to climb the Aſcent, and follow the Call of that heavenly Muſick. Every one took ſomething with him that he thought might be of Aſſiſtance to him in his March. Several had their Swords drawn, ſome carried Rolls of Paper in their Hands, ſome had Compaſſes, others Quadrants, others Tel-ſcopes, and others Pencils; ſome had Lawrels on their Heads, and others Buſkins on their Legs: In ſhort, there was ſcarce any Inſtrument of a Mechanick Art or Liberal Science, which was not made Uſe of on this Occaſion. My good *Damon*, who ſtood at my Right Hand during the Courſe of this whole Viſion, obſerving in me a burning Deſire to join that glorious Company, told me, he highly approv'd that generous Ardor with which I ſeem'd tranſported; but at the ſame Time adviſ'd me to cover my Face with a Mask all the while I was to labour on the Aſcent. I took his Counſel without inquiring into

his

his Reasons. The whole Body now broke into different Parties, and began to climb the Precipice by Ten Thousand different Paths. Several got into little Allies, which did not reach far up the Hill, before they ended and led no further: And I observ'd, That most of the Artizans, which considerably diminish'd our Number, fell into these Paths. We left another considerable Body of Adventurers behind us, who thought they had discover'd By-ways up the Hill, which prov'd so very intricate and perplex'd, that after having advanc'd in 'em a little, they were quite lost among the several Turns and Windings; and tho' they were as active as any in their Motions, they made but little Progress in the Ascent. These, as my Guide inform'd me, were Men of subtle Tempers, and puzzled Politicks, who would supply the place of real Wisdom with Cunning and Artifice. Among those who were far advanc'd in their Way, there were some that by one false Step fell backward, and lost more Ground in a Moment, than they had gain'd for many Hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanc'd very high, and observ'd, That all the different Paths which ran about the Sides of the Mountain, began to meet in Two great Roads, which infensibly gather'd the whole multitude of Travellers into Two great Bodies. At a little Distance from the Entrance of each Road, there stood an hideous Phantom, that oppos'd our further Passage. One of these Apparitions had his Right Hand fill'd with Darts, which he brandish'd in the Face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the Appearance of it, and cry'd out, *Death*. The Spectre that guarded the other Road, was *Envy*: She was not arm'd with Weapons of Destruction like the former; but by dreadful Hissings, Noises of Reproach, and a horrid distracted Laughter, she appear'd more frightful than Death it self, insomuch that Abundance of our Company were discourag'd from passing any further, and some appear'd asham'd of having come so far. As for my self, I must confess my Heart shrunk within me at the Sight of these ghastly Appearances: But on a sudden, the Voice of the Trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new Resolution reviving in us; and in Proportion as this Resolution grew, the Terrors before us seem'd to vanish. Most of the Company who had Swords in their

Hands

Hands, march'd on with great Spirit, and an Air of Defiance, up the Road that was commanded by *Death*; while others, who had Thought and Contemplation in their Looks, went forward in a more compos'd manner up the Road poſſeſs'd by *Envy*. The Way above theſe Apparitions grew ſmooth and uniform, and was ſo delightful, that the Travellers went on with Pleaſure, and in a little Time arriv'd at the Top of the Mountain. They here began to breath a delicious kind of Æther, and ſaw all the Fields about 'em cover'd with a kind of Purple Light, that made 'em reflect with Satisfaction on their paſt Toils, and diffus'd a ſecret Joy through the whole Aſſembly, which ſhow'd it ſelf in every Look and Feature. In the Midſt of theſe happy Fields, there ſtood a Palace of a very glorious Structure: It had Four great Folding-Doors, that fac'd the Four ſeveral Quarters of the World. On the Top of it was enthron'd the Goddeſs of the Mountain, who ſmil'd upon her Votaries, and ſounded the Silver Trumpet which had call'd 'em up, and chear'd 'em in their Paſſage to her Palace. They had now form'd themſelves into ſeveral Diviſions, a Band of Hiſtorians taking their Stations at each Door, according to the Perſons whom they were to introduce.

On a ſudden the Trumpet, which had hitherto ſounded only a March, or a Point of War, now ſwell'd all its Notes into Triumph and Exultation: The whole Fabrick ſhook, and the Doors flew open. The firſt who ſtep'd forward, was a beautiful and blooming Hero, and as I heard by the Murmurs round me, *Alexander the Great*. He was conducted by a Crowd of Hiſtorians. The Perſon who immediately walk'd before him, was remarkable for an embroidered Garment, who not being well acquainted with the Place, was conducting him to an Apartment appointed for the Reception of fabulous Heroes. The Name of this falſe Guide was *Quintus Curtius*. But *Arrian* and *Plutarch*, who knew better the Avenues of this Palace, conducted him into the great Hall, and plac'd him at the upper End of the firſt Table. My good Dæmon, that I might ſee the whole Ceremony, convey'd me to a Corner of this Room, where I might perceive all that paſs'd without being ſeen my ſelf. The next who enter'd was a Charming Virgin, leading in a venerable Old Man that was blind. Under her Left Arm ſhe

bore

bore a Harp, and on her Head a Garland. *Alexander*, who was very well acquainted with *Homer*, ſtood up at his Entrance, and plac'd him on his Right Hand. The Virgin, who it ſeems was one of the Nine Siſters that attended on the Goddeſs of *Fame*, ſmil'd with an ineffable Grace at their Meeting, and retir'd. *Julius Cæſar* was now coming forward; and tho' moſt of the Hiſtorians offer'd their Service to introduce him, he left them at the Door, and would have no Conductor but himſelf. The next who advanc'd, was a Man of a homely but chearful Aſpect, and attended by Perſons of greater Figure than any that appear'd on this Occaſion. *Plato* was on his Right Hand, and *Xenophon* on his Left. He bow'd to *Homer*, and ſat down by him. It was expected that *Plato* would himſelf have taken a Place next to his Maſter *Socrates*; but on a ſudden there was heard a great Clamour of Diſputants at the Door, who appear'd with *Ariſtotle* at the Head of them. That Philoſopher, with ſome Rudeneſs, but great Strength of Reaſon, convinc'd the whole Table, that a Title to the Fifth Place was his Due, and took it accordingly. He had ſcarce ſat down, when the ſame beautiful Virgin that had introduc'd *Homer* brought in another, who hung back at the Entrance, and would have excus'd himſelf, had not his Modeſty been overcome by the Invitation of all who ſat at the Table. His Guide and Behaviour made me eaſily conclude it was *Virgil*. *Cicero* next appear'd, and took his Place. He had inquir'd at the Door for one *Lucceius* to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himſelf with the Attendance of many other Writers, who all (except *Saluſt*) appear'd highly pleas'd with the Office.

We waited ſome Time in Expectation of the next Worthy, who came in with a great Retinue of Hiſtorians, whoſe Names I could not learn, moſt of them being Natives of *Carthage*. The Perſon thus conducted, who was *Hannibal*, ſeem'd much diſturb'd, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the Affronts he had met with among the *Roman* Hiſtorians, who attempted, ſays he, to carry me into the Subterraneous Apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the Impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to *Polybius*, who was the only Perſon, except my own Countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

ther. The *Carthaginian* took his Seat, and *Pompey* enter'd with great Dignity in his own Perſon, and preceded by ſeveral Hiſtorians. *Lucan* the Poet was at the Head of 'em, who obſerving *Homer* and *Virgil* at the Table, was going to ſit down himſelf, had not the latter whiſper'd him, That whatever Precedence he might otherwiſe have had, he forfeited his Claim to it, by coming in as one of the Hiſtorians. *Lucan* was ſo exaſperated with the Repulſe, that he mutter'd ſomething to himſelf, and was heard to ſay, That ſince he could not have a Seat among 'em himſelf, he would bring in one who alone had more Merit than their whole Aſſembly: Upon which he went to the Door, and brought in *Cato* of *Utica*. That great Man approach'd the Company with ſuch an Air, that ſhow'd he contemn'd the Honour which he laid a Claim to. Obſerving the Seat oppoſite to *Cæſar* was vacant, he took Poſſeſſion of it, and ſpoke Two or Three ſmart Sentences upon the Nature of Precedency, which, according to him, conſiſted not in Place, but in intrinſick Merit; to which he added, That the moſt virtuous Man, wherever he was ſeated, was always at the Upper End of the Table. *Socrates*, who had a great Spirit of Raillery with his Wiſdom, could not forbear ſmiling at a Virtue which took ſo little pains to make it ſelf agreeable. *Cicero* took the Occaſion to make a long Diſcourſe in Praiſe of *Cato*, which he utter'd with much Vehemence. *Cæſar* anſwer'd him with a great Deal of ſeeming Temper: But as I ſtood at a great Diſtance from them, I was not able to hear one Word of what they ſaid. But I could not forbear taking Notice, That in all the Diſcourſe which paſs'd at the Table, a Word or Nod from *Homer* decided the Controverſy. After a ſhort Pauſe, *Auguſtus* appear'd, looking round him with a ſerene and affable Countenance upon all the Writers of his Age, who ſtrove among themſelves which of them ſhould ſhow him the greateſt Marks of Gratitude and Reſpect. *Virgil* roſe from the Table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable Gueſt to all, he appear'd more ſuch to the learned, than to the military Worthies. The next Man aſtoniſh'd the whole Table with his Appearance: He was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent in his Behaviour, and wore a Raiment curiouſly wrought with Hieroglyphicks. As he came into the middle of the Room, he threw back the

Skirt

Skirt of it, and discover'd a Golden Thigh. *Socrates*, at the Sight of it, declared against keeping Company with any who were not made of Flesh and Blood; and therefore desir'd *Diogenes the Laertian* to lead him to the Apartment allotted for Fabulous Heroes, and Worthies of Dubious Existence. At his going out, he told 'em, That they did not know whom they dismiss'd; that he was now *Pythagoras*, the First of Philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave Man at the Siege of *Troy*. That may be very true, said *Socrates*; but you forget that you have likewise been a very great Heriot in your Time. This Exclusion made Way for *Archimedes*, who came forward with a Scheme of Mathematical Figures in his Hand; among which, I observ'd a Cone and a Cylinder.

Seeing this Table full, I desir'd my Guide for Variety to lead me to the fabulous Apartment, the Roof of which was painted with Gorgon's, Chimæra's, and Centaurs, with many other Emblematical Figures, which I wanted both Time and Skill to unriddle. The First Table was almost full. At the Upper End sat *Hercules*, leaning an Arm upon his Club. On his Right Hand were *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, and between them *Æneas*. On his Left, were *Hector*, *Theseus*, and *Jason*. The lower End had *Orpheus*, *Æsop*, *Phalaris*, and *Ulysses*. The Ushers seem'd at a Loss for a Twelfth Man, when methought, to my great Joy and Surprize, I heard some at the Lower End of the Table mention *Isaac Bickerstaff*; But those of the Upper End receiv'd it with Disdain, and said, If they must have a *British* Worthy, they would have *Robin Hood*. While I was transported with the Honour that was done me, and burning with Envy against my Competitor, I was awaken'd by the Noise of the Cannon which were then fir'd for the taking of *Mons*. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a Vision on any other Occasion; but thought it an agreeable Change to have my Thoughts diverted from the greatest among the Dead and Fabulous Heroes, to the most Famous among the Real and the Living.

Ubi

Ubi idem & maximus & honestissimus Amor est, aliquando præstat Morte jungi, quam Vitâ distrahi Val. Max.

From *Saturday October* 15. to *Tuesday October* 18. N° 82.

From my own Apartment, October 17.

AFTER the Mind has been employ'd on Contemplations suitable to its Greatness, it is unnatural to run into sudden Mirth or Levity; but we must let the Soul subside as it rose, by proper Degrees. My late Considerations of the Ancient Heroes impress'd a certain Gravity upon my Mind, which is much above the little Gratifications receiv'd from Starts of Humour and Fancy, and threw me into a pleasing Sadness. In this State of Thought I have been looking at the Fire, and in a pensive Manner reflecting upon the great Misfortunes and Calamities incident to humane Life; among which, there are none that touch so sensibly, as those which befal Persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal Interruptions of their Happiness when they least expect it. The Piety of Children to Parents, and the Affection of Parents to their Children, are the Effects of Instinct; but the Affection between Lovers and Friends is founded on Reason and Choice, which has always made me think the Sorrows of the latter, much more to be pitied than those of the former. The Contemplation of Distresses of this sort softens the Mind of Man, and makes the Heart better. It extinguishes the Seeds of Envy and ill Will towards Mankind, corrects the Pride of Prosperity, and beats down all that Fierceness and Insolence which are apt to get into the Minds of the Daring and Fortunate. For this reason the wise *Athenians*, in their Theatrical Performances, laid before the Eyes of the People the greatest Afflictions which could befal human Life, and insensibly polish'd their Tempers by such Representations. Among the Modern, indeed there has arose a Chimerical Method of disposing the Fortune of the Persons represented, according to what they call Poetical Justice; and letting none be unhappy, but those who deserve it. In such Cases, an intelligent Spectator, if he is concern'd, knows he ought not

not to be ſo; and can learn nothing from ſuch a Tenderneſs but that he is a weak Creature, whoſe Paſſions cannot follow the Dictates of his Underſtanding. It is very natural, when one is got into ſuch a Way of Thinking, to recollect thoſe Examples of Sorrow which have made the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion upon our Imaginations. An Inſtance or Two of ſuch you'll give me Leave to communicate.

A young Gentleman and Lady of ancient and honourable Houſes in *Cornwall*, had from their Childhood entertain'd for each other a generous and noble Paſſion, which had been long oppos'd by their Friends, by Reaſon of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Conſtancy to each other, and Obedience to thoſe on whom they depended, wrought ſo much upon their Relations, that theſe celebrated Lovers were at length join'd in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the Bridgroom was oblig'd to go into a Foreign Country, to take Care of a conſiderable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumſtances. They receiv'd the Congratulations of all the Country on this Occaſion; and I remember it was a common Sentence in every one's Mouth, *You ſee how faithful Love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable Voyage, and ſent Home every Poſt freſh Accounts of his Succeſs in his Affairs abroad; but at laſt (tho' he deſign'd to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters, that Buſineſs would detain him ſome Time longer from Home, becauſe he would give himſelf the Pleaſure of an unexpected Arrival.

The young Lady, after the Heat of the Day, walk'd every Evening on the Sea-Shore, near which ſhe liv'd, with a familiar Friend, her Huſband's Kinſwoman, and diverted herſelf with what Objects they met there, or upon Diſcourſes of the future Method's of Life in the happy Change of their Circumſtances. They ſtood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquility, obſerving the Setting of the Sun, looking on the calm Face of the Deep, and the ſilent heaving of the Waves which gently roll'd towards 'em, and broak at their Feet; when at a Diſtance her Kinſwoman ſaw ſomething float on the Waters, which ſhe fancied was a Cheſt; and with a Smile told her, ſhe ſaw it firſt, and if it came aſhore full of Jewels, ſhe had a Right

to

to it. They both fix'd their Eyes upon it, and entertain'd themſelves upon the Subject of the Wreck, the Couſin ſtill aſſerting her Right; but promis'd, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Cotal for the Child, of which ſhe was then big, provided ſhe might be Godmother. Their Mirth ſo abated, when they obſerv'd upon the nearer Approach, that it was a human Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart naturally fill'd with Pity and Compaſſion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occaſion. Who knows (ſaid ſhe) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy Houſe; the Darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleaſing themſelves with the Thoughts of offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? Or, may he not be the Maſter of a Family that wholly depended upon his Life? There may, for ought we know, be half a Dozen Fatherleſs Children, and a tender Wife, now expos'd to Poverty by his Death. Lord, What Pleaſure might he have promis'd himſelf in the different Welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful Sight! The beſt Office we can do, is to take Care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently buried. She turn'd away, when a Wave threw the Carcaſs on the Shore. The Kinſwoman immediately ſhriek'd out Oh! my Couſin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when ſhe ſaw her own Husband at her Feet, and dropt in a Swoon upon the Body. An old Woman, who had been the Gentleman's Nurſe, came out about this Time to call the Ladies in to Supper and found her Child (as ſhe always call'd him) dead on the Shore, her Miſtreſs and Kinſwoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Maſter to Life, ſoon awak'd the Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever.

When the Family and Neighbourhood got together round the Bodies, no one ask'd any Queſtion, but the Objects before 'em told the Story.

Incidents of this Nature are the more moving, when they are drawn by Perſons concern'd in the Cataſtrophe, notwithſtanding they are often oppreſs'd beyond the Power of giving them in a diſtinct Light, except we gather their Sorrow from their Inability to ſpeak it. I have Two Or-

gin-

ginal Letters written both on the ſame Day, which are to me exquiſite in their different Kinds. The Occaſion was this: A Gentleman who had courted a moſt agreeable young Woman, and won her Heart, obtained alſo the conſent of her Father, to whom ſhe was an only Child. The old Man had a Fancy that they ſhould be married in the ſame Church where he himſelf was, in a Village in *Weſtmoreland*, and made 'em ſet out while he was laid up with the Gout at *London*. The Bridegroom took only his Man, the Bride her Maid. They had the moſt agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage: From whence the Bridegroom writ the following Letter to his Wife's Father:

SIR, March 18. 1672.

AFter a very pleaſent Journey hither, we are preparing for the happy Hour in which I am to be your Son. I aſſure you the Bride carries it, in the Eye of the Vicar who married you, much beyond her Mother; tho' he ſays, your open Sleeves, Pantaloons, and Shoulder-Knot, made a much better Show than the ſimical Dreſs I am in. However, I am contented to be the Second fine Man this Village ever ſaw, and ſhall make it very merry before Night, becauſe I ſhall write my ſelf from thence.

Your moſt Dutiful Son,

T. D.

The Bride gives her Duty, and is as handſome as an Angel— I am the happieſt Man breathing.

The Villagers were aſſembling about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Man knew his Maſter would leave the Place on a ſudden after the Wedding, and ſeeing him draw his Piſtols the Night before, took this Opportunity to go into his Chamber, and charge 'em. Upon their return from the Garden, they went into that Room; and after a little fond Raillery on the ſubject of their Courtſhip, the Lover took up a Piſtol which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and preſenting it to her, ſaid with a moſt graceful Air, ſhe looking pleas'd at his agreeable Flattery; Now, Madam, repent of all thoſe Cruelties you have been guilty of to me; conſider before you die how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your Caſement; you ſhall die, you

Tyrant,

Tyrant, you ſhall die, with all thoſe Inſtruments of Death and Deſtruction about you, with that inchanting Smile, thoſe killing Ringlets of your Hair--- Give Fire, ſaid ſhe Laughing. He did ſo, and ſhot her dead. Who can ſpeak his Condition? But he bore it ſo patiently as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch enter'd, and his Maſter lock'd the Door upon him. *Will.* ſaid he, Did you charge theſe Piſtols? He anſwer'd, Yes. Upon which he ſhot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidſt a Thouſand broken Sobs, piercing Groans, and diſtracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Miſtriſs.

SIR,

I Who Two Hours ago told you truely I was the happieſt Man alive, am now the moſt miſerable. Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, kill'd by my Hand, through a Miſtake of my Man's charging my Piſtols unknown to me. Him I have murder'd for it. Such is my Wedding-Day,--- I will immediately follow my Wife to her Grave: But before I throw my ſelf upon my Sword, I command my Diſtraction ſo far as to explain my Story to you. I fear my Heart will not keep together till I have finiſh'd it. Poor good old Man!--- Remember, he that kill'd your Daughter dy'd for it. In the Article of Death I give you my Thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for my ſelf. If it be poſſible, do not curſe me.

Senilis Stulti ia, quæ Deliratio appellari ſolet, Senum levium eſt non omnium. M. T. C.

From *Tueſday October* 18. to *Thurſday October* 20. N° 83.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

IT is my frequent Practice to viſit Places of Reſort in this Town where I am leaſt known, to obſerve what Reception my Works meet with in the World, and what good Effects I may promiſe my ſelf from my Labours: And it being a Privilege aſſerted by Monſieur *Montaign* and others, of vain glorious Memory, That we Writers of Eſſays may talk of our ſelves, I take the Liberty to give an Account of

of the Remarks which I find are made by ſome of my gentle Readers upon theſe my Diſſertations. I happen'd this Evening to fall into a Coffee-houſe near the *Change*, where Two Perſons were reading my Account of the Table of *Fame*. The one of theſe was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and t'other Worthy as he paſs'd on. I obſerv'd the Perſon over-againſt him wonderfully intent and ſatisfied with his Explanation: When he came to *Julius Cæſar*, who is ſaid to have refus'd any Conductor to the Table; No, no, ſaid he, he is in the right of it, he has Money enough to be welcome wherever he comes; and then whiſper'd, He means a certain Colonel of the Train-Bands. Upon reading, that *Ariſtotle* made his Claim with ſome Rudeneſs, but great Strength of Reaſon; Who can that be, ſo rough and ſo reaſonable? It muſt be ſome **Whig** I warrant you. There is nothing but Party in theſe publick Papers. Where *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have a Golden Thigh, Ay, ay, ſaid he, he has Money enough in his Breeches, that is the Alderman of our Ward. You muſt know, whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own Way of Life and Acquaintance. I am glad my Readers can conſtrue for themſelves theſe difficult Points; but for the Benefit of Poſterity, I deſign, when I come to write my laſt Paper of this Kind, to make it an Explanation of all my former. In that Piece, you ſhall have all I have commended, with their proper Names. The faulty Characters muſt be left as they are, becauſe we live in an Age wherein Vice is very general, and Virtue very particular; for which Reaſon the latter only wants Explanation. But I muſt turn my preſent Diſcourſe to what is of yet greater Regard to me than the Care of my Writings; that is to ſay, the Preſervation of a Lady's Heart. Little did I think I ſhould ever have Buſineſs of this Kind on my Hands more; but as little as any one who knows me would believe it, there is a Lady at this Time who profeſſes Love to me. Her Paſſion and good Humour you ſhall have in her own Words.

Mr. Bickerſtaff,

I had formerly a very good Opinion of my ſelf; but it is now withdrawn, and I have plac'd it upon you, Mr. Bickerſtaff,

for

for whom I am not ashamed to declare. I have a very great Passion and Tenderness. 'Tis not for your Face, for that I never saw; your Shape and Height I am equally a Stranger to: but your Understanding charms me, and I'm loth if you don't assemble a little Love for me. I am not without Hopes, because I am not like the tawdry gay Things that are fit only to make Beau Lace. I am neither childish young, nor beldam old, but (as the World says) a good agreeable Woman.

Speak Peace to a troubled Heart, troubled only for you; and in your next Paper let me find your Thoughts of me.

Don't think of finding out who I am, for notwithstanding your Interest in Damons, they cannot help you either to my Name, or a Sight of my Face; therefore don't let them deceive you.

I can bear no Discourse if you are not the Subject; and, believe me, I know more of Love than you do of Astronomy.

Pray say some civil Things in Return to my Generosity, and you shall have my very best Pen employed to thank you, and I will confirm it. I am,

Your Admirer,

Maria.

There is something wonderfully pleasing in the Favour of Women; and this Letter has put me in so good an Humour, that nothing could displease me since I receiv'd it. My Boy breaks Glasses, and Pipes, and instead of giving him a Knock of the Pate, as my Way is (for I hate fondling of Servants) I only say, *Ah! Jack, Thou hast a Head, and I has a Pin*; or some such merry Expression. But alas! How am I mortify'd, when he is putting on my fourth Pair of Stockings on these poor Spindles of mine? The Fair One understands Love better than I Astronomy! I am sure, without the Help of that Art, this poor meagre Trunk of mine is a very ill Habitation for Love. She is pleas'd to speak civilly of my Sense; but *Ingenium male habitat* is an invincible Difficulty in Cases of this Nature. I had always indeed, from a Passion to please the Eyes of the Fair, a great Pleasure in Dress. Add to this, That I have writ Songs since I was Sixty, and have liv'd with all the Circumspection of an old Beau, as I am: But my Friend *Horace* has very well said, *Every Year takes something from us*; and instructed me to form my Pursuits and Desires according to the

the Stage of my Life: Therefore I have no more to value my self upon, than that I can converse with young People without Peevishness, or wishing my self a Moment younger. For which Reason, when I am amongst 'em, I rather moderate, than interrupt their Diversions. But tho' I have this Complacency, I must not pretend to write to a Lady civil Things, as *Maria* desires. Time was, when I could have told her, I had receiv'd a Letter from her fair Hands; and, That if this Paper trembled as she read it, it then best express'd its Author, or some other gay Conceit. Tho' I never saw her, I could have told her, That good Sense and good Humour smil'd in her Eyes; That Constancy and good Nature dwelt in her Heart; That Beauty and good Breeding appear'd in all her Actions. When I was five and Twenty, upon sight of one Syllable, even wrong spelt, by a Lady I never saw, I could tell her, that her Weight was that which was fit for inviting our Approach, and commanding our Respect; That a Smile sat on her Lips, which prefac'd her Expressions before the utter'd 'em, and her Aspect prevented her Speech. All she could say, tho' she had an infinite deal of Wit, was but a Repetition of what was express'd by her Form, her Form! which struck her Beholders with Ideas more moving and forcible, than ever were inspir'd by Musick, Painting, or Eloquence. At this Rate I prated in those Days; but, Ah! Sixty Three! I am very sorry I can only return the agreeable *Maria* a Passion, express'd rather from the Head than the Heart.

Dear Madam,

YOU have already seen the best of me, and I so passionately love you, that I desire we may never meet. If you will examine your heart, you will find, that you like the Man with the Philosopher: And if you have that kind Opinion of my Sense as you pretend. I question not, but you add to it, Complexion, Air, and Shape: But, dear Molle, a Man in his grand Climacterick is of no Sex. Be a good Girl; and conduct your self with Honour and Virtue, when you love one younger than my self. I am, with the greatest Tenderness,

Your innocent Lover,

J. B.

Will's

Will's Coffee house, October 19.

There is nothing more common than the Weakneſs mentioned in the following Epiſtle; and I believe there is hardly a Man living who has not been more or leſs injured by it.

SIR, Land's-End, Octob. 12.

I Have left the Town ſome Time; and much the ſooner, for not having had the Advantage when I liv'd there, of ſo good a Pilot as you are to this preſent Age. Your Cautions to the young Men againſt the Vices of the Town are very well: But there is one not leſs needful, which I think you have omitted. I had from the Rough Diamond, (a Gentleman ſo call'd from an honeſt blunt Wit he had) not long ſince dead, this Obſervation, That a young Man muſt be at leaſt Three or Four Years in London *before he dares ſay,* No.

You will eaſily ſee the Truth and Force of this Obſervation; for I believe, more People are drawn away againſt their Inclinations, than with. A young Man is afraid to deny any body going to a Tavern to Dinner; or after being gorg'd there, to repeat the ſame with another Company at Supper. or to drink exceſſively if deſir'd, or go to any other Place, or commit any other Extravagancy propos'd. The Fear of being thought covetous or to have no Money, or to be under the Dominion or Fear of his Parents and Friends, hinder him from the free Exerciſe of his Underſtanding, and affirming boldly the true Reaſon, which is, his real Diſlike of what is deſir'd. If you could cure this ſlaviſh Facility, it would ſave Abundance at their firſt Entrance into the World. I am,

SIR, *Yours,*

Solomon Afterwit.

This Epiſtle has given an Occaſion to a Treatiſe on this Subject, wherein I ſhall lay down Rules when a young Sapling is to ſay, No, and a young Virgin, Yes.

N. B. For the Publication of this Diſcourſe, I wait only for Subſcription from the Under-graduates of each Univerſity, and the young Ladies in the Boarding-Schools of *Hackney* and *Chelſea*.

St.

St. James's Coffee-house, October 19.

Letters from the Hague of the 25th of *October, N. S.* advise, That the Garison of *Mons* march'd out on the 23d Instant, and a Garison of the Allies march'd into the Town. All the Forces in the Field, both of the Enemy and the Confederates, are preparing to withdraw into Winter-Quarters.

From *Thursday October* 20. to *Saturday October* 22. N° 84.

From my own Apartment, October 21.

I Have receiv'd a Letter subscrib'd *A. B.* wherein it has been represented to me as an Enormity, That there are more than ordinary Crowds of Women at the *Old-Baily* when a Rape is to be try'd: But by Mr. *A. B*'s Favour, I can't tell who are so much concern'd in that part of the Law as that Sex, they being the only Persons liable to such Insults. Nor indeed do I think it more unreasonable that they should be inquisitive on such Occasions, than Men of Honour when one is try'd for killing another in a Duel. It is very natural to enquire how the fatal Pass was made, that we may the better defend our selves when we come to be attack'd. Several eminent Ladies appear'd lately at the Court of Justice on such an Occasion, and with great Patience and Attention stay'd the whole Trials of Two Persons for the aboveSaid Crime. The Law to me indeed seems a little defective in this Point; and it is a very great Hardship, that this Crime, which is committed by Men only, should have Men only on their Jury. I humbly therefore propose, That on future Trials of this Sort, half of the Twelve may be Women; and those such whose Faces are well known to have taken Notes, or may be supposed to remember what happen'd in former Trials in the same Place. There is the learned *Androgyne*, that would make a good Fore-woman of the Pannel, who (by long Attendance) understands as much Law and Anatomy as is necessary in this Case. Till this is taken Care of, I am humbly of Opinion, it would be much more expedient that the Fair were wholly absent: For to what End can it be that they should be present at such Examinations, when they can only be perplex'd with a Fellow-

feeling for the Injur'd, without any Power to avenge their Sufferings. It is an unneceſſary Pain which the Fair Ones give themſelves on theſe Occaſions. I have known a young Woman ſhriek out at ſome Parts of the Evidence; and have frequently obſerv'd, That when the Proof grew very particular and ſtrong, there has been ſuch an univerſal Flutter of Fans, that one would think the whole Female Audience were falling into Fits. Nor indeed can I ſee how Men themſelves can be wholly unmov'd at ſuch Tragical Relations. In ſhort, I muſt tell my Female Readers, and they may take an old Man's Word for it, That there is nothing in Woman ſo graceful and becoming as Modeſty: It adds Charms to their Beauty, and gives a new Softneſs to their Sex. Without it, Simplicity and Innocence appear rude, Reading and good Senſe maſculine, Wit and Humour laſcivious. This is ſo neceſſary a Qualification for pleaſing, that the looſe Part of Womankind, whoſe Study it is to inſnare Mens Hearts, never fail to ſupport the Appearance of what they know is ſo eſſential to that End: And I have heard it reported by the young Fellows in my Time, as a Maxim of the celebrated Madam *Bennet*, That a young Wench, tho' never ſo beautiful, was not worth her Board when ſhe was paſt her Bluſhing. This Diſcourſe naturally brings into my Thoughts a Letter I have receiv'd from the virtuous Lady *Whittleſtick* on the Subject of *Lucretia*.

Couſin *Iſaac*, From my Tea-Table, *Octob.* 17.

I *Read your* Tatler *of* Saturday *laſt, and was ſurpriz'd to ſee you ſo partial to your own Sex, as to think none of ours worthy to ſit at your Firſt Table; for ſure you can't but own* Lucretia *as famous as any you have plac'd there, who firſt parted with her Virtue, and afterwards with her Life, to preſerve her Fame.*

Mrs. *Biddy Twig* has written me a Letter to the ſame Purpoſe: But in Anſwer to both my pretty Correſpondents and Kinſwomen, I muſt tell 'em, That although I know *Lucretia* would have made a very graceful Figure at the upper End of the Table, I did not think it proper to place her there, becauſe I knew ſhe would not care for being in the Company of ſo many Men without her Husband. At the ſame

ſame Time I muſt own, that *Tarquin* himſelf was not a greater Lover and Admirer of *Lucretia* than I my ſelf am in an honeſt Way. When my Siſter *Jenny* was in her Sampler, I made her get the whole Story without Book, and tell it me in Needle-work. This illuſtrious Lady ſtands up in Hiſtory, as the Glory of her own Sex, and the Reproach of ours; and the Circumſtances under which ſhe fell were ſo very particular, that they ſeem to make Adultery and Murder meritorious. She was a Woman of ſuch tranſcendent Virtue, that her Beauty, which was the greateſt of the Age and Country in which ſhe liv'd, and is generally celebrated as the higheſt of Praiſe in other Women, is never mention'd as a Part of her Character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon ſo celebrated a Story, which I mention'd only in Reſpect to my Kinſwomen; and to make Reparation for the Omiſſion they complain of, do further promiſe 'em, That if they can furniſh me with Inſtances to fill it, there ſhall be a ſmall Tea-Table ſet apart in my Palace of Fame for the Reception of all of her Character.

Grecian Coffee houſe, October 21.

I was this Evening communicating my Deſign of producing obſcure Merit into publick View; and propos'd to the Learned, that they would pleaſe to aſſiſt me in the Work. For the ſame End I publiſh my Intention to the World, That all Men of liberal Thoughts may know they have an Opportunity of doing Juſtice to ſuch worthy Perſons as have come within their reſpective Obſervation, and who by Misfortune, Modeſty, or want of proper Writers to recommend 'em, have eſcap'd the Notice of the reſt of Mankind. If therefore any one can bring any Tale or Tidings of illuſtrious Perſons, or glorious Actions, that are not commonly known, he is deſir'd to ſend an Account thereof to me at *J. Morphew*'s, and they ſhall have Juſtice done 'em. At the ſame Time that I have this Concern for Men and Things that deſerve Reputation and have it not, I am reſolv'd to examine into the Claims of ſuch Ancients and Moderns as are in Poſſeſſion of it, with a Deſign to diſplace them, in caſe I find their Titles defective. The firſt whoſe Merits I ſhall enquire into, are ſome merry Gentlemen of the *French* Nation, who have written very advantagious Hiſtories of their Exploits in War, Love and Politicks, under the Title

of Memoirs. I am afraid I shall find several of these Gentlemen tardy, because I hear of them in no Writings but their own. To read the Narrative of one of these Authors, you would fancy there was not an Action in a whole Campaign, which he did not contrive or execute; yet if you consult the History, or *Gazettes* of those Times, you do not find him so much as at the Head of a Party from one end of the Summer to the other. But it is the Way of these Great Men, when they lie behind their Lines, and are in a Time of Inaction, as they call it, to pass away their Time in writing their Exploits. By this Means, several who are either unknown or despis'd in the present Age, will be famous in the next, unless a sudden Stop be put to such pernicious Practices. There are others of that gay People, who (as I am inform'd) will live half a Year together in a Garrat, and write an History of their Intrigues in the Court of *France*. As for Politicians, they do not abound with that Species of Men so much as we; but as ours are not so famous for writing, as for extemporary Dissertations in Coffee-houses, they are more annoy'd with Memoirs of this Nature also than we are. The most immediate Remedy that I can apply to prevent this growing Evil, is, that I do hereby give Notice to all Booksellers and Translators whatsoever, That the Word *Memoir* is *French* for a Novel; and do require of them, That they sell and translate it accordingly.

Will's Coffee house, October 21.

Coming into this Place to Night, *I* met an old Friend of mine, who, a little after the Restoration, writ an Epigram with some Applause, which he has liv'd upon ever since; and by Virtue of it, has been a constant Frequenter of this Coffee house for Forty Years. He took me aside, and with a great deal of Friendship told me, He was glad to see me alive; for says he, *Mr. Bickerstaff*, I am sorry to find you have rais'd many Enemies by your Lucubrations. There are indeed some, says he, whose Enmity is the greatest Honour they can shew a Man; but have you liv'd to these Years, and don't know, that the ready Way to displease is to give Advice? You may endeavour to guard your Children, as you call them, but— He was going on; but *I* found the Disagreeableness of giving Advice without being ask'd it,

by

by my own Impatience of what he was about to ſay. In a Word, I begg'd him to give me the hearing of a ſhort Fable.

A Gentleman (ſays I) who was one Day ſlumbering in an Arbor, was on a ſudden awaken'd by the gentle Biting of a Lizard, a little Animal remarkable for its Love to Mankind. He threw it from his Hand with ſome Indignation, and was riſing up to kill it, when he ſaw an huge venemous Serpent ſliding towards him on the other Side, which he ſoon deſtroy'd; reflecting afterwards with Gratitude upon his Friend that ſav'd him, and with Anger againſt himſelf, that had ſhown ſo little Senſe of a good Office.

From *Saturday October* 22. to *Tueſday October* 25. N° 85.

From my own Apartment, October 24.

MY Brother *Tranquillus*, who is a Man of Buſineſs, came to me this Morning into my Study, and after very many civil Expreſſions in Return for what good Offices I had done him, told me, he deſir'd to carry his Wife, my Siſter, that very Morning to his own Houſe. I readily told him I would wait upon him, without asking why he was ſo impatient to rob us of his good Company. He went out of my Chamber, and I thought ſeem'd to have a little Heavineſs upon him, which gave me ſome Diſquiet. Soon after, my Siſter came to me with a very Matron like Air, and moſt ſedate Satisfaction in her Looks, which ſpoke her very much at Eaſe; but the Traces of her Countenance ſeem'd to diſcover that ſhe had been lately in Paſſion, and that Air of Content to flow from a certain Triumph upon ſome Advantage obtain'd. She no ſooner ſat down by me, but *I* perceiv'd ſhe was one of thoſe Ladies who begin to be Managers within the Time of their being Brides--- Without letting her ſpeak, (which I ſaw ſhe had a mighty inclination to do) I ſaid, Here has been your Husband, who tells me he has a Mind to go Home this very Morning; and I have conſented to it. It is well, ſaid ſhe, for you muſt know--- Nay, *Jenny*, ſaid I, I beg your Pardon, for 'tis you muſt know---- You are to underſtand, that now is the Time to fix or alienate your Husband's Heart for ever;

and I fear you have been a little indiſcreet in your Expreſſions or Behaviour towards him even here in my Houſe. There has, ſays ſhe, been ſome Words; but I'll be judge by you if he was not in the Wrong: Nay, I need not be judg'd by any Body, for he gave it up himſelf, and ſaid not a Word, when he ſaw me grow paſſionate, but, Madam, you are perfectly in the Right of it: As you ſhall judge—— Nay, Madam, ſaid I, I am Judge already, and tell you, that you are perfectly in the Wrong of it; for if it was a Matter of Importance, I know he has better Senſe than you; if a Trifle, you know what I told you on your Wedding-Day, That you were to be above little Provocations. She knows very well I can be ſower upon Occaſion, therefore gave me leave to go on. Siſter, ſaid I, I will not enter into the Diſpute between you, which I find his Prudence put an End to before it came to Extremity, but charge you to have a Care of the firſt Quarrel, as you tender your Happineſs; for then it is that the Mind will reflect harſhly upon every Circumſtance that has ever paſs'd between you. If ſuch an Accident is ever to happen, (which I hope never will) be ſure to keep to the Circumſtance before you; make no Alluſions to what is paſs'd, or Concluſions refering to what is to come: Don't ſhow an Hoard of Matter for Diſſention in your Breaſt; but if it is neceſſary, lay before him the Thing as you underſtand it, candidly, without being aſham'd of acknowledging an Error, or proud of being in the Right. If a young Couple is not careful in this Point, they will get into a Habit of Wrangling: And when to diſpleaſe is thought of no Conſequence, to pleaſe is always of as little Moment. There is a Play, *Jenny*, I have formerly been at when I was a Student: We got into a dark Corner with a Porringer of Brandy, and threw Raiſins into it, then ſet it on Fire. My Chamber-fellow and I diverted our ſelves with the Sport of venturing our Fingers for the Raiſins; and the Wantonneſs of the Thing was, to ſee each other look like a Dæmon, as we burnt our ſelves and ſnatch'd out the Fruit. This fantaſtical Mirth was called *Snap-Dragon*. You may go into many a Family, where you ſee the Man and Wife at this Sport: Every Word at their Table alludes to ſome Paſſage between themſelves; and you ſee by the Paleneſs and Emotion in their

their Countenances, that it is for your Sake, and not their own, that they forbear playing out the whole Game, in burning each other's Fingers. In this Case, the whole Purpose of Life is inverted, and the Ambition turns upon a certain Contention, who shall contradict best, and not upon an Inclination to excel in Kindnesses and good Offices. Therefore, dear *Jenny*, remember me, and avoid *Snap-Dragon*. - I thank you Brother (said she) but you don't know how he loves me; I find I can do any Thing with him. If you can so, Why should you desire to do any Thing but please him? But I have a Word or Two more before you go out of the Room; for I see you do not like the Subject I am upon. Let nothing provoke you to fall upon an Imperfection he cannot help; for if he has a resenting Spirit, he will think your Aversion as immoveable as the Imperfection with which you upbraid him. But above all, dear *Jenny*, be carefull of one Thing, and you will be something more than Woman, that is, a Levity you are almost guilty of, which is, to take a Pleasure in your Power to give Pain. It is ev'n in a Mistress an Argument of Meanness of Spirit, but in a Wife it is Injustice and Ingratitude. When a sensible Man once observes this in a Woman, he must have a very great, or a very little, Spirit to overlook it. A Woman ought therefore to consider very often, how few Men there are who will regard a meditated Offence as a Weakness of Temper. I was going on in my Confabulation when *Tranquillus* enter'd. She cast her Eyes upon him with much Shame and Confusion, mix'd with great Complacency and Love, and went up to him. He took her in his Arms, and look'd so many soft Things at one Glance, that I could see he was glad I had been talking to her, sorry she had been troubled, and angry at himself that he could not disguise the Concern he was in an Hour before. After which, he says to me, with an Air aukward enough, but methought not unbecoming, I have alter'd my Mind, Brother; we'll live upon you a Day longer. I reply'd, That's what I have been perswading *Jenny* to ask of you: but she is resolv'd never to contradict your Inclination, and refus'd me. We were going on in that Way which one hardly knows how to express; as when Two people mean the same thing in a nice Case, but come at it by talking as distantly from it as they can; when very op-

portunely came in upon us an honeſt inconſiderable Fellow, *Tim. Dapper*, a Gentleman well known to us both. *Tim.* is one of thoſe who are very neceſſary by being very inconſiderable. *Tim.* drop'd in at an Incident when we knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry Way. My Siſter took this Occaſion to make off, and *Dapper* gave us an Account of all the Company he had been in to Day, who was, and who was not at Home, where he viſited. This *Tim.* is the Head of a Species: He is a little out of his Element in this Town; but he is a Relation of *Tranquillus*, and his Neighbour in the Country, which is the true place of Reſidence for this Species. The Habit of a *Dapper* when he is at Home, is a light Broad-Cloth, with Calamanco, or red Waſtcoat and Breeches; and 'tis remarkable, that their Wigs ſeldom hide the Collar of their Coats. They have always a peculiar Spring in their Arms, a Riggle in their Bodies, and a Trip in their Gate. All which Motions they expreſs at once in their drinking, bowing, or ſaluting Ladies; for a diſtant *Imitation* of a forward Fop, and a Reſolution to over-top him in his Way, are the diſtinguiſhing Marks of a *Dapper*. Theſe Under Characters of Men are Parts of the ſociable World by no Means to be neglected: They are like Pegs in a Building. They make no Figure in it, but hold the Structure together, and are as abſolutely neceſſary as the Pillars and Columns. *I* am ſure we found it ſo this Morning; for *Tranquillus* and *I* ſhou'd perhaps have look'd coldly at each other the whole Day, but *Dapper* fell in with his brisk Way, ſhook us both by the Hand, rally'd the Bride, miſtook the Acceptance he met with amongſt us for extraordinary Perfection in himſelf, and heartily pleas'd, and was pleas'd, all the while he ſtay'd. His Company left us all in good Humour, and we were not ſuch Fools as to let it ſink, before we confirm'd it by great Cheerfulneſs and Openneſs in our Carriage the whole Evening.

White's Chocolate Houſe, October 24.

I have been this Evening to viſit a Lady who is a Relation of the enamour'd *Cynthio*, and there heard the melancholy News of his Death. *I* was in hopes, that Fox hunting and *October* would have recover'd him from his unhappy Paſſion. He went into the Country with a Deſign to leave behind him all Thoughts of *Clariſſa*; but he found that Place only more con-

convenient to think of her without Interruption. The Country Gentlemen were very much puzz'ed upon his Case, and never finding him merry or loud in their Company, took him for a Roman Catholick, and immediately upon his Death seiz'd his *French* Valet de-Chambre for a Priest; and it is generally thought in the County, it will go hard with him next Session. Poor *Cynthio* never held up his Head after having receiv'd a Letter of *Clarissa*'s Marriage. The Lady who gave me this Account being far gone in Poetry and Romance, told me, if I would give her an Epitaph, she would take Care to have it plac'd on his Tomb, which she her self had devis'd in the following Manner: It is to be made of black Marble, and every Corner to be crowded with weeping Cupids. Their Quivers are to be hung up upon Two tall Cypress Trees, which are to grow on each Side of the Monument, and their Arrows to be laid in a great Heap, after the Manner of a Funeral Pile, on which is to lie the Body of the Deceas'd. On the Top of each Cypress is to stand the Figure of a moaning Turtle-Dove. On the uppermost Part of the Monument, the Goddess to whom these Birds are sacred, is to sit in a dejected Posture, as weeping for the Death of her Votary. I need not tell you this Lady's Head is a little turn'd: However, to be rid of Importunities, I promised her an Epitaph, and told her, I would take for my Pattern that of Don *Alonzo*, who was no less famous in his Age than *Cynthio* is in ours.

The EPITAPH:

Here lies Don Alonzo,
Slain by a Wound receiv'd under
His Left Pap;
The Orifice of which was so
Small, no Surgeon could
Discover it.

READER;
If thou would'st avoid so strange
A Death,
Look not upon Lucinda's *Eyes.*

From *Tuesday October* 25. to *Thursday October* 27. N° 86.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

When I came Home last Night, my Servant deliver'd me the following Letter:

SIR, Octob. 24.

I Have Orders from Sir Harry Quickset, *of* Staffordshire, *Bar. to acquaint you, That his Honour Sir* Harry *himself, Sir* Giles Wheelbarrow *Kt.* Thomas Rentfree *Esq; Justice of the* Quorum, Andrew Windmill *Esq; and Mr.* Nicholas Doubt *of the* Inner-Temple, *Sir* Harry's *Grandson, will wait upon you at the Hour of Nine to Morrow Morning, being* Tuesday *the* 25th *of* October, *upon Business which Sir* Harry *will impart to you by Word of Mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand! so many Persons of Quality came, that you might not be surpriz'd therewith. Which concludes, tho' by many Years Absence since I saw you at* Stafford, *unknown,*

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

John Thrifty.

I receiv'd this Message with less Surprize than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagin'd; for I knew the good Company too well to feel any Palpitations at their Approach: But I was in very great Concern how I should adjust the Ceremonial, and demean my self to all these great Men, who perhaps had not seen any Thing above themselves for these Twenty Years last past. I am sure that's the Case of Sir *Harry*. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great Point in adjusting my Behaviour to the simple Squire, so as to give him Satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the *Quorum*. The Hour of Nine was come this Morning, and I had no sooner set Chairs, (by the Steward's Letter) and fix'd my Tea Equipage, but I heard a Knock at my Door, which was open'd, but no one enter'd; after which follow'd a long Silence, which was broke at last by, Sir, I beg your Pardon; *I* think *I* know better: And another Voice, Nay, good Sir *Giles*— *I* look'd out from my Window, and saw the good Company all with their Hats off, and Arms spread,

ſpread, offering the Door to each other. After many Offers, they enter'd with much Solemnity, in the Order Mr. *Thrifty* was ſo kind as to name 'em to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-Door, and *I* ſaw my old Friend Sir *Harry* enter. *I* met him with all the Reſpect due to ſo reverend a Vegetable; for you are to know, that is my Senſe of a Perſon who remains idle in the ſame Place for half a Century. *I* got him with great Succeſs into his Chair by the Fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-Batchelor told me, he had a great Reſpect for my whole Family, and would, with my Leave, place himſelf next to Sir *Harry*, at whoſe Right Hand he had ſat at every Quarter-Seſſions this Thirty Years, unleſs he was ſick. The Steward in the Rear whiſper'd the young Templer, That's true to my Knowledge. *I* had the Misfortune, as they ſtood Check by Jole, to deſire the ſimple Squire to ſit down before the Juſtice of the *Quorum*, to the no ſmall Satisfaction of the former, and Reſentment of the latter: But I ſaw my Error too late, and got 'em as ſoon as I could into their Seats; Well, ſaid I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great Honour, I am to deſire you to drink a Diſh of Tea. They anſwer'd one and all, That they never drank Tea in a Morning. Not in a Morning, ſaid I! ſtaring round me. Upon which the pert Jackanapes *Nick Doubt* tipp'd me the Wink, and put out his Tongue at his Grandfather. Here follow'd a profound Silence, when the Steward in his Boots and Whip propos'd, that we ſhould adjourn to ſome Publick Houſe, where every body might call for what they pleaſed, and enter upon the Buſineſs. We all ſtood up in an Inſtant, and Sir *Harry* fil'd off from the Left very diſcreetly, counter-marching behind the Chairs towards the Door: After him, Sir *Giles* in the ſame Manner. The ſimple 'Squire made a ſudden Start to follow; but the Juſtice of the *Quorum* whipp'd between upon the Stand of the Stairs. A Maid going up with Coals made us halt, and put us into ſuch Confuſion, that we ſtood all in a Heap, without any viſible Poſſibility of recovering our Order: For the young Jackanapes ſeem'd to make a Jeſt of this Matter, and had ſo contriv'd, by preſſing amongſt us under Pretence of making Way, that his Grandfather was got into the Middle, and he knew no body was of Quality to ſtir a Step, till Sir

Harry

Harry mov'd first. We were fix'd in this Perplexity for some Time, till we heard a very loud Noise in the Street; and Sir *Harry* asking what it was, I, to make 'em more, said it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without Order or Ceremony, till we got into the Street, where we drew up in very good Order, and fil'd off down *Sheer-Lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a String, and pointing to his Acquaintance who pass'd by. I must confess I love to use People according to their own Scale of good Breeding, and therefore whipp'd in between the Justice and the simple 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whisper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjurer should take Place of him, tho' an elder 'Squire. In this Order we march'd down *Sheer-lane*, at the upper End of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a Run of Coaches kept the rest of us on this Side the Street: However we all at last landed, and drew up in very good Order before *Ben. Tooke*'s Shop, who favour'd our rallying with great Humanity. From hence we proceeded again, 'till we came to *Dick*'s Coffee-house, where I design'd to carry 'em. Here we were at our old Difficulty, and took up the Street upon the same Ceremony. We proceeded through the Entry, and were so necessarily kept in Order by the Situation, that we were now got into the Coffee-house it self, where, as soon as we arriv'd, we repeated our Civilities to each other; after which, we march'd up to the high Table, which has an Ascent to it inclos'd in the Middle of the Room. The whole Room was alarm'd at this Entry, made up of Persons of so much State and Rusticity. Sir *Harry* call'd for a Mug of Ale, and *Dyer*'s Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an Instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. No, (says Sir *Harry!*) Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to have good Liquor at this House. Here the Templer tipp'd me a Second Wink, and if I had not look'd very grave upon him, I found he was dispos'd to be very familiar with me. In short, I observ'd after a long Pause, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon Business till after their Morning-Draught, for which Reason I call'd for a Bottle of Mum; and finding that had no Effect upon 'em I order'd a Second,

and

and a Third: After which, Sir *Harry* reach'd over to me, and told me in a low Voice, That the Place was too publick for Buſineſs; but he would call upon me again to Morrow-Morning at my own Lodgings, and bring ſome more Friends with him.

Will's Coffee-houſe, October 26.

Though this Place is frequented by a more mix'd Company than it us'd to be form'rly, yet you meet very often ſome whom one cannot leave without being the better for their Converſation. A Gentleman this Evening, in a dictating Manner, talk'd I thought very pleaſingly in Praiſe of Modeſty, in the midſt of Ten or Twelve Libertines, upon whom it ſeem'd to have had a good Effect: He repreſented it as the certain Indication of a great and noble Spirit. Modeſty, ſaid he, is the Virtue which makes Men prefer the Publick to their Private Intereſt, the Guide of every honeſt Undertaking, and the great Guardian of Innocence: It makes Men amiable to their Friends, and reſpected by their very Enemies. In all Places, and on all Occaſions, it attracts Benevolence, and demands Approbation. One might give Inſtances out of Antiquity of the irreſiſtible Force of this Quality in great Minds: *Cicereius*, and *Cneius Scipio* the Son of the great *Africanus*, were Competitors for the Office of Prætor. The Crowd followed *Cicereius*, and left *Scipio* unattended. *Cicereius* ſaw this with much Concern, and deſiring an Audience of the People, he deſcended from the Place where the Candidates were to ſit, in the Eye of the Multitude, pleaded for his Adverſary, and with an ingenuous Modeſty, (which it is impoſſible to feign) repreſented to 'em, how much it was to their Diſhonour, that a virtuous Son of *Africanus* ſhould not be preferr'd to him, or any other Man whatſoever. This immediately gain'd the Election for *Scipio*; but all the Compliments and Congratulations upon it were made to *Cicereius*. It is eaſier in this Caſe to ſay who had the Office, than the Honour. There is no Occurrence in Life, where this Quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the Battle of *Pharſalia*, *Pompey* marching towards *Lariſſus*, the whole People of that Place came out in Proceſſion, to do him Honour. He thank'd the Magiſtrates for their Reſpect to him; but deſir'd them to perform theſe Ceremonies to the Conqueror. This gal-

lant

lant Submiſſion to his Fortune, and Diſdain of making any Appearance but like *Pompey*, was owing to his Modeſty, which would not permit him to be ſo diſingenuous, as to give himſelf the Air of Proſperity, when he was in the contrary Condition. This I ſay of Modeſty, as it is the Virtue which preſerves a Decorum in the general Courſe of our Life; but conſidering it alſo as it regards our meer Bodies, it is the certain Character of a great Mind. It is memorable of the mighty *Caſar*, that when he was murder'd in the Capitol, at the very Moment in which he expir'd, he gather'd his Robe about him, that he might fall in a decent Poſture. In this Manner (ſays my Author) he went off, not like a Man that departed out of Life, but a Deity that return'd to his Abode.

From *Tourſday October* 27. to *Saturday October* 29. N° 87.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, October 28.

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater Pleaſure than the Dignity of human Nature, which often ſhows it ſelf in all Conditions of Life: For notwithſtanding the Degeneracy and Meanneſs that is crept into it, there are a Thouſand Occaſions in which it breaks through its Original Corruption, and ſhows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I conſider the Soul of Man, as the Ruin of a glorious Pile of Building; where, amidſt great Heaps of Rubbiſh, you meet with noble Fragments of Sculpture, broken Pillars and Obelisks, and a Magnificence in Confuſion. Virtue and Wiſdom are continually employ'd in clearing the Ruins, removing theſe diſorderly Heaps, recovering the noble Pieces that lie buried under them, and adjuſting 'em as well as poſſible according to their ancient Symmetry and Beauty. A happy Education, Converſation with the fineſt Spirits, looking abroad into the Works of Nature, and Obſervations upon Mankind, are the great Aſſiſtances to this neceſſary and glorious Work. But even among thoſe who have never had the Happineſs of any of theſe Advantages, there are ſometimes ſuch Exertions of the Greatneſs that is natural to the Mind of Man, as ſhow Capacities and Abilities, which only want theſe accidental Helps

Helps to fetch 'em out, and ſhow 'em in a proper Light. A Plebeian Soul is ſtill the Ruin of this glorious Edifice, though encumber'd with all its Rubbiſh. This Reflection roſe in me from a Letter which my Servant drop'd as he was dreſſing me, and which he told me was communicated to him as he is an Acquaintance of ſome of the Perſons mentioned in it. The Epiſtle is from one Serjeant *Hall* of the Foot-Guards. It is directed, *To Serjeant* Cabe, *in the* Coldſtream *Regiment of Foot-Guards, at the* Red-Lettice *in the* Butcher-Row *near* Temple-Bar.

I was ſo pleas'd with ſeveral Touches in it, that I could not forbear ſhewing it to a Cluſter of Criticks, who, inſtead of conſidering it in the Light I have done, examin'd it by the Rules of Epiſtolary Writing: For as theſe Gentlemen are ſeldom Men of any great Genius, they work altogether by Mechanical Rules, and are able to diſcover no Beauties that are not pointed out by *Bouhours* and *Rapin*. The Letter is as follows:

Comrade. From the Camp before *Mons, Sept.* 26.

I *Receiv'd Yours, and am glad your ſelf and your Wife are in good Health, with all the reſt of my Friends. Our Battallion ſuffer'd more than I could wiſh in the Action; But who can withſtand Fate? Poor* Richard Stephenſon *had his Fate with a great many more: He was kill'd dead before we enter'd the Trenches. We had above* 200 *of our Battallion kill'd and wounded: We loſt* 10 *Serjeants; 6 are as followeth;* Jenings, Caſtles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, *and my Son* Smith. *The reſt are not your Acquaintance. I have receiv'd a very bad Shot in my Head my ſelf, but am in hopes, and pleaſe God, I ſhall recover. I continue in the Field, and lye at my Colonel's Quarters.* Arthur *is very well; but I can give you no Account of* Elms; *he was in Hoſpital before I came into the Field. I will not pretend to give you an Account of the Battle, knowing you have a better in the Prints. Pray give my Service to Mrs.* Cook *and her Daughter, to Mr.* Stoffet *and his Wife, and to Mr.* Lyver, *and* Thomas Hogſdon, *and to Mr.* Ragdell, *and to all my Friends and Acquaintance in general who do ask after me: My Love to Mrs.* Stephenſon. *I am ſorry for the ſending ſuch ill News. Her Husband was gathering a little Money together to ſend to his Wife, and put it into my Hands. I have Seven*

Shillings

Shillings and Three Pence, which I ſhall take Care to ſend her; wiſhing your Wife a ſafe Delivery, and both of you all Happineſs. Reſt,

Your aſſur'd Friend, and Comrade,
John Hall.

We had but an indifferent Breakfaſt, but the Mounſeers never had ſuch a Dinner in all their Lives.

My kind Love to my Comrade Hinton, *and Mrs.* Morgan, *and to* John Brown *and his Wife. I ſent Two Shillings, and* Stephenſon *Sixpence, to drink with you at Mr.* Cook's; *but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr.* Edgar.

Corporal Hartwell *deſires to be remembred to you, and deſires you to enquire of* Edgar, *what is become of his Wife* Legg; *and when you write, to ſend Word in your Letter what Trade ſhe drives.*

We have here very bad Weather, which I doubt will be a Hindrance to the Siege; but I am in hopes we ſhall be Maſters of the Town in a little Time, and then I believe we ſhall go to Gariſon.

I ſaw the Criticks prepar'd to nibble at my Letter; therefore examin'd it my ſelf, partly in their Way, and partly my own. This is (ſaid I) truly a *Letter*, and an honeſt Repreſentation of that chearful Heart which accompanies the poor Soldier in his Warfare. Is not there in this all the Topick of ſubmitting to our Deſtiny as well diſcuſs'd, as if a greater Man had been placed, like *Brutus*, in his Tent at Midnight, reflecting on all the Occurrences of paſt Life, and ſaying fine Things on Being it ſelf? What Serjeant Hall knows of the Matter, is, that he wiſhes there had not been ſo many kill'd, and he had himſelf a very bad Shot in the Head, and ſhould recover if it pleas'd God. But be that as it will, he takes Care, like a Man of Honour, as he certainly is, to let the Widow *Stephenſon* know, that he had Seven and Three Pence for her: and that if he lives, he is ſure he ſhall go into Gariſon at laſt. I doubt not but all the good Company at the *Red-Lettice* drank his Health with as much real Eſteem as we do any of our Friends. All that I am concern'd for, is, that Mrs. *Peggy Hartwell* may be offended at ſhowing this Letter, becauſe her Conduct in

Mrs

Mr. *Hartwell*'s Abſence is a little inquir'd into. But I could not ſink that Circumſtance, becauſe you Criticks would have loſt one of the Parts which I doubt not but you have much to ſay upon, Whether the Familiar Way is well hit in this Stile or not? As for my ſelf, I take a very particular Satisfaction in ſeeing any Letter that is fit only for thoſe to read who are concern'd in it, but eſpecially on ſuch a Subject: For if we conſider the Heap of an Army, utterly out of all Proſpect of Riſing and Preferment, as they certainly are, and ſuch great Things executed by them, it is hard to account for the Motive of their Gallantry. But to me, who was a Cadet at the Battle of *Coldſtream* in *Scotland*, when *Monk* charg'd at the Head of the Regiment, now call'd *Coldſtream* from the Victory of that Day; (I remember it as well as if it were Yeſterday) I ſtood on the Left of old *Weſt*, who I believe is now at *Chelſea*: I ſay, to me, who know very well this Part of Mankind, I take the Gallantry of private Soldiers to proceed from the ſame, if not from a nobler, Impulſe than that of Gentlemen and Officers. They have the ſame Taſte of being acceptable to their Friends, and go through the Difficulties of that Profeſſion by the ſame irreſiſtible Charm of Fellowſhip, and the Communication of Joys and Sorrows, which quickens the Reliſh of Pleaſure, and abates the Anguiſh of Pain. Add to this, that they have the ſame Regard to Fame, tho' they do not expect ſo great a Share as Men above them hope for; but I'll engage, Serjeant *Hall* would dye Ten Thouſand Deaths, rather than a Word ſhould be ſpoken at the *Red-Lettice*, or any Part of the *Butcher-Row*, in Prejudice to his Courage or Honeſty. If you will have my Opinion then of the Serjeant's Letter, I pronounce the Stile to be mix'd, but truly Epiſtolary; the Sentiment relating to his own Wound, is in the Sublime; the Poſtſcript of *Pegg Hartwell*, in the gay; and the Whole, the Picture of the braveſt Sort of Men, that is to ſay, a Man of great Courage, and ſmall Hopes.

From my own Apartment, October 23.

When I came Home this Evening, I found, after many Attempts to vary my Thoughts, that my Head ſtill ran upon the Subject of the Diſcourſe to Night at *Will's*. I fell therefore into the Amuſement of proportioning the Glory

of

of a Battle among the whole Army, and dividing it into Shares, according to the Method of the Million-Lottery. In this Bank of Fame, by an exact Calculation, and the Rules of Political Arithmetick, I have allotted Ten hundred thouſand Shares; Five hundred thouſand of which is the Due of the General, Two hundred thouſand I aſſign to the General Officers, and Two hundred thouſand more to all the Commiſſion'd Officers, from Colonels to Enſigns; the remaining Hundred thouſand muſt be diſtributed among the Non-Commiſſion'd Officers, and private Men: According to which Computation, I find Serjeant *Hall* is to have one Share and a Fraction of two Fifths. When I was a Boy at *Oxford*, there was among the Antiquities near the Theatre a great Stone, on which were engraven the Names of all who fell in the Battle of *Marathon*. The generous and knowing People of *Athens* underſtood the Force of the Deſire of Glory, and would not let the meaneſt Soldier periſh in Oblivion. Were the natural Impulſe of the *Britiſh* animated with ſuch Monuments, What Man would be ſo mean, as not to hazard his Life for his Ten hundred thouſandth Part of the Honour in ſuch a Day as that of *Blenheim* or *Blaregnies*.

From *Saturday October* 29. to *Tueſday November* 1. N° 88.

White's Chocolate Houſe, October 31.

I Have lately receiv'd a Letter from a Friend in the Country, wherein he acquaints me, That two or three Men of the Town are got among 'em, and have brought down particular Words and Phraſes, which were never before in thoſe Parts. He mentions in particular the Words *Gunner* and *Gunſter*, which my Correſpondent obſerves they make uſe of when any Thing has been related that is ſtrange and ſurprizing; and therefore deſires I would explain thoſe Terms, as I have many others, for the Information of ſuch as live at a Diſtance from this Town and Court, which he calls the great Mints of Language. His Letter is dated from *York*; and (if he tells me Truth) a Word in its ordinary Circulation does not reach that City within the Space of five Years after it is firſt ſtamp'd. I cannot ſay how long

thoſe

theſe Words have been current in Town, but I ſhall now take Care to ſend 'em down by the next Poſt.

I muſt in the firſt Place obſerve, that the Words *Gunner* and *Gunſter* are not to be us'd promiſcuouſly; for a Gunner, properly ſpeaking, is not a Gunſter; nor is a Gunſter, *vice verſa*, a Gunner. They both indeed are deriv'd from the Word Gun, and ſo far they agree. But as a Gun is remarkable for its deſtroying at a Diſtance, or for the Report it makes, which is apt to ſtartle all its Hearers, thoſe who recount ſtrange Accidents and Circumſtances, which have no Manner of Foundation in Truth, when they deſign to do Miſchief, are comprehended under the Appellation of Gunners; but when they endeavour only to ſurpriſe and entertain, they are diſtinguiſh'd by the Name of Gunſters. Gunners therefore are the Beſt of Society; but the Gunſters often the Diverſion. The Gunner is deſtructive, and hated; the Gunſter innocent, and laugh'd at. The firſt is prejudicial to others, the other only to himſelf.

This being premis'd, I muſt in the next Place ſubdivide the Gunner into ſeveral Branches: All or the Chief of which are I think as follow;

Firſt, The Bombardier.
Secondly, The Miner.
Thirdly, The Squib.
Fourthly, The Serpent.

And *Firſt*. Of the Firſt, The Bombardier toſſes his Balls ſometimes into the midſt of a City, with a Deſign to fill all around him with Terror and Combuſtion. He has been ſometimes known to drop a Bomb in a Senate-houſe, and to ſcatter a Panick over a Nation. But his chief Aim is at ſeveral eminent Stations which he looks upon as the faireſt Marks, and uſes all his Skill to do Execution upon thoſe who poſſeſs them. Every Man ſo ſituated, let his Merit be never ſo great, is ſure to undergo a Bombardment. It is further obſerv'd, that the only Way to be out of Danger from the burſting of a Bomb, is to lie proſtrate on the Ground; a Poſture too abject for generous Spirits.

Secondly, The Miner.

As the Bombardier levels his Miſchief at Nations and Cities, the Miner buſies himſelf in ruining and overturning private Houſes, and particular Perſons. He often acts as a Spy,

in

in diſcovering the ſecret Avenues and unguarded Acceſſes of Families, where, after he has made his proper Diſcoveries and Diſpoſitions, he ſets ſudden Fire to his Train, that blows up Families, ſcatters Friends, ſeperates Lovers, diſperſes Kindred, and ſhakes a whole Neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that ſeveral Females are great Proficients in this Way of Enginiering. The Marks by which they are to be known, are a wonderful Solicitude for the Reputation of their Friends, and a more than ordinary Concern for the Good of their Neighbours. There is alſo in them ſomething ſo very like Religion, as may deceive the Vulgar; but if you look upon it very nearly, you ſee on it ſuch a Caſt of Cenſoriouſneſs, as diſcovers it to be nothing but Hypocriſy. *Cleomilla* is a great Inſtance of a Female Miner: But as my Deſign is to expoſe only the Incorrigible, let her be ſilent for the future, and I ſhall be ſo too.

Thirdly, The Squib.

The Squibs are thoſe who in the common Phraſe of the World are call'd Libellers, Lampooners, and Pamphleteers. Their Fire-works are made up in Paper; and it is obſerv'd, that they mix abundance of Charcoal in their Powder, that they may be ſure to blacken where they cannot ſinge. Theſe are obſerv'd to give a Conſternation and Diſturbance only to weak Minds; which, according to the Proverb, are always more afraid than hurt.

Fourthly, Serpents.

The Serpents are a petty Kind of Gunners, more pernicious than any of the reſt. They make Uſe of a Sort of White Powder, that goes off without any violent Crack, but gives a gentle Sound, much like that of a Whiſper; and is more deſtructive in all Parts of Life, than any of the Materials made Uſe of by any of the Fraternity.

Come we now to the *Gunſters*.

This Race of Enginiers deals altogether in Wind-Guns, which by recoiling often, knock down thoſe who diſcharge 'em, without hurting any body elſe; and according to the various Compreſſions of the Air, make ſuch ſtrange Squeaks, Cracks, Pops, and Bounces, as it is impoſſible to hear without Laughing. Tis obſervable however, that there is a Diſpoſition in a Gunſter to become a Gunner; and tho' their proper Inſtruments are only loaden with Wind, they ot-

ter,

ten, out of Wantonneſs, fire a Bomb, or ſpring a Mine; out of their natural Inclination to Enginiering; by which Means they do Miſchief when they do not deſign it, and have their Bones broken when they do not deſerve it.

This Sort of Enginiers are the moſt unaccountable Race of Men in the World: Some of 'em have receiv'd above a Hundred Wounds, and yet have not a Scar in their Bodies; ſome have debauch'd Multitudes of Women who have dy'd Maids - You may be with 'em from Morning till Night, and the next Day they ſhall tell you a Thouſand Adventures that happen'd when you were with them, which you know nothing of. They have a Quality of having been preſent at every thing they hear related; and never heard a Man commended, who was not their intimate Acquaintance, if not their Kinſman.

I hope theſe Notes may ſerve as a rough Draught for a new Eſtabliſhment of Enginiers, which I ſhall hereafter fill up with proper Perſons, according to my own obſervations on their Conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the General of my Artillery. But that and all the other Poſts, I intend to keep open, till I can inform my ſelf of the Candidates, having reſolv'd in this Caſe to depend no more upon their Friends Word, than I would upon their own.

From my own Apartment, October 31.

I was this Morning awak'd by a ſudden Shake of the Houſe; and as ſoon as I had got a little out of my Conſternation, I felt another, which was follow'd by Two or Three Repetitions of the ſame Convulſion. I got up as faſt as poſſible, girt on my Rapier, and ſnatch'd up my Hat, when my Landlady came up to me, and told me, That the Gentlewoman of the next Houſe beg'd me to ſtep thither; for that a Lodger ſhe had taken in was run mad, and ſhe deſir'd my Advice; as indeed every body in the whole Lane does upon important Occaſions. I am not like ſome Artiſts, ſawcy, becauſe I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our Neighbour told us, ſhe had the Day before let her Second Floor to a very genteel youngiſh Man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good Hours, and was generally at Home moſt part of the Morning and Evening at Study; But that this Morning he had for an Hour together made this extravagant

vagant Noiſe which we then heard. *I* went up Stairs with my Hand upon the Hilt of my Rapier, and approach'd this new Lodger's door. *I* look'd in at the Key-hole, and there *I* ſaw a well made Man look with great Attention on a Book, and on a ſudden jump into the Air ſo high, that his Head almoſt touch'd the Sieling. He came down ſafe on his Right Foot, and again flew up alighting on his Left; then look'd again at his Book, and holding out his Right Leg, put it into ſuch a quivering Motion, that *I* thought he wou'd have ſhak'd it off. He us'd the Left after the ſame Manner, when on a ſudden, to my great Surprize, he ſtoop'd himſelf incredibly low, and turn'd gently upon his Toes. After this circular Motion, he continu'd bent in that humble Poſture for ſome Time, looking on his Book. After this, he recover'd himſelf with a ſudden Spring, and flew round the Room in all the Violence and Diſorder imaginable, till he made a full Pauſe for Want of Breath. In this *I*nterim my Woman ask'd what *I* thought: *I* whiſper,d, that *I* thought this learned Perſon an Enthuſiaſt, who poſſibly had his firſt Education in the Peripatetick Way, which was a Sect of Philoſophers who always ſtudy'd when walking. But obſerving him much out of Breath, I thought it the beſt Time to maſter him if he were diſorder'd, and knock'd at his Door. *I* was ſurpris'd to find him open it, and ſay with great Civility and good Mien, That he hoped he had not diſturb'd us. *I* believ'd him in a lucid *I*nterval, and deſir'd him to let me ſee his Book. He did ſo, ſmiling. *I* could not make any Thing of it, and therefore ask'd in what Language it was writ. He ſaid, *I*t was one he ſtudy'd with great Application; but it was his Profeſſion to teach it, and could not communicate his Knowledge without a Conſideration. *I* anſwer'd, That *I* hop'd he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himſelf; for his Meditation this Morning had coſt me Three Coffee-Diſhes and a clean Pipe. He ſeem'd concern'd at that, and told me he was a Dancing-Maſter, and had been reading a Dance or Two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in *France*. He obſerv'd me at a ſtand, and went on to inform me, That now articulated Motions, as well as Sounds, were expreſs'd by proper Characters; and that there is nothing ſo common, as to communicate a Dance by

a Letter. *I* beſeech'd him hereafter to meditate in a Ground Room; for that otherwiſe it would be impoſſible for an Artiſt of any other Kind to live near him; and that *I* was ſure ſeveral of his Thoughts this Morning would have ſhaken my Spectacles off my Noſe, had *I* been my ſelf at Study.

I then took my leave of this Virtuoſo, and return'd to my Chamber, meditating on the various Occupations of Rational Creatures.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, November 1.

Letters from the *Hague* of the 28th of *October* ſay that the Duke of *Marlborough* deſign'd to embark for *England* as on this Day.

Rura mihi placeant, riguiq; in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina Amem Sylvaſq; inglorius ——

From *Tueſday November* 1. to *Thurſday November* 3. N° 89.

Grecian Coffee-houſe, November 2.

I have receiv'd this ſhort Epiſtle from an unknown Hand.

SIR,

I Have no more to trouble you with, than to deſire you would in your next, help me to ſome Anſwer to the Incloſ'd concerning your ſelf. In the mean time I congratulate you upon the Increaſe of your Fame which you ſee has extended it ſelf beyond the Bills of Mortality.

SIR,

That the Country is barren of News, has been the Excuſe Time out of Mind for dropping a Correſpondence with our Friends in London; *as if it were impoſſible out of a Coffee-houſe to write an agreeable Letter. I am too ingenuous to endeavour at the covering of my Negligence with ſo common an Excuſe. Doubtleſs, amongſt Friends bred as we have been, to the Knowledge of Books as well as Men, a Letter dated from a Garden, a Grotto, a Fountain, a Wood, a Meadow, or the Banks*

of

of a River, may be more entertaining, than one from Tom's, Will's, White's, *or* St. James's. *I promise therefore to be frequent for the future in my rural Dates to you: But for fear you should, from what I have said, be induc'd to believe I shun the Commerce of Men, I must inform you, That there is a fresh Topick of Discourse lately risen amongst the Ingenious in our Part of the World, and is become the more fashionable for the Ladies giving into it. This we owe to* Isaac Bickerstaff, *who is very much censur'd by some, and as much justify'd by others. Some criticise his Stile, his Humour and his Matter; others admire the whole Man: Some pretend, from the Informations of their Friends in Town, to decipher the Author; and others confess they are lost in their Guesses. For my Part, I must own my self a profess'd Admirer of the Paper, and desire you to send me a compleat Set, together with your Thoughts of the Squire, and his Lucubrations.*

There is no Pleasure like that of receiving Praise from the Praise-worthy; and I own it a very solid Happiness, that these my Lucubrations are approv'd by a Person of so fine a Taste as the Author of this Letter, who is capable of enjoying the World in the Simplicity of its natural Beauties. This Pastoral Letter, if I may so call it, must be written by a Man who carries his Entertainment wherever he goes, and is undoubtedly one of those happy Men who appear far otherwise to the Vulgar. I dare say, he is not envied by the Vicious, the Vain, the Frolick, and the Loud; but is continually bless'd with that strong and serious Delight which flows from a well-taught and liberal Mind. With great Respect to Country Sports, I may say, this Gentleman could pass his Time agreeably, if there were not a Hare or a Fox in his County. That calm and elegant Satisfaction which the Vulgar call Melancholy, is the true and proper Delight of Men of Knowledge and Virtue. What we take for Diversion, which is a kind of forgetting our selves, is but a mean Way of Entertainment, in Comparison of that which is considering, knowing and enjoying our selves. The Pleasures of ordinary People are in their Passions; but the Seat of this Delight is in the Reason and Understanding. Such a Frame of Mind raises that sweet Enthusiasm which warms the Imagination at the Sight of every Work of Nature,

ture, and turns all around you into Picture and Landskip. I shall be ever proud of Advices from this Gentleman; for I profess writing News from the learned as well as the busie World.

As for my Labours, which he is pleas'd to enquire after, if they can but wear one Impertinence out of human Life, destroy a single Vice, or give a Morning's Chearfulness to an honest Mind: In short, if the World can be but one Virtue the better, or in any Degree less vicious, or receive from them the smallest Addition to their innocent Diversions, I shall not think my Pains, or indeed my Life, to have been spent in vain.

Thus far as to my Studies. It will be expected I should in the next Place give some Account of my Life. I shall therefore, for the Satisfaction of the present Age, and the Benefit of Posterity, present the World with the following Abridgment of it.

It is remarkable, that I was bred by Hand, and eat nothing but Milk till I was a Twelve-month old; from which Time, to the 8th Year of my Age, I was observ'd to delight in Pudding and Potatoes; and indeed I retain a Benevolence for that Sort of Food to this Day. I do not remember that I distinguish'd my self in any Thing at those Years, but by my great Skill at Taw, for which I was so barbarously us'd, that it has ever since given me an Aversion to Gaming. In my Twelfth Year, I suffer'd very much for Two or Three false Concords. At Fifteen, I was sent to the University, and there I stay'd for some Time; but a Drum passing by, (being a Lover of Musick) I listed my self for a Soldier. As Years came on, I began to examine Things, and grew discontented at the Times. This made me quit the Sword, and take to the Study of the Occult Sciences, in which I was so wrap'd up, that *Oliver Cromwell* had been buried, and taken up again, Five Years before I heard he was dead. This gave me first the Reputation of a Conjurer, which has been of great Disadvantage to me ever since, and kept me out of all Publick Employments. The greater Part of my later Years has been divided between *Dick's* Coffee-house, the *Trumpet* in *Sheer-Lane*, and my own Lodgings.

From my own Apartment, November 2.

The Evil of unſeaſonable Viſits has been complain'd of to me with much Vehemence by Perſons of both Sexes; and I am deſir'd to conſider this very important Circumſtance, that Men may know how to regulate their Conduct in an Affair which concerns no leſs than Life it ſelf. For to a rational Creature, it is almoſt the ſame Cruelty to attack his Life, by robbing him of ſo many Moments of his Time, or ſo many Drops of his Blood. The Author of the following Letter, has a juſt Delicacy in this Point, and put it into a very good Light.

Mr. Bickerſtaff, Octob. 29.

I *Am very much afflicted with the Gravel, which makes me ſick and peeviſh. I deſire to know of you, if it be reaſonable that any of my Acquaintance ſhould take Advantage over me at this Time, and afflict me with long Viſits, becauſe they are idle, and I am confin'd. Pray Sir, reform the Town in this Matter. Men never conſider whether the ſick Perſon be diſpos'd for Company, but make their Viſits to humour themſelves. You may talk upon this Topick, ſo as to oblige all Perſons afflicted with Chronical Diſtempers, among which I reckon Viſits. Don't think me a ſower Man, for I love Converſation and my Friends; but I think one's moſt intimate Friend may be too familiar; and that there are ſuch Things as unſeaſonable Wit, and painful Mirth.*

It is with ſome ſo hard a Thing to employ their Time, that it is a great good Fortune when they have a Friend indiſpos'd, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recover'd enough to be in that State which cannot be call'd Sickneſs or Health; when he is too well to deny Company, and too ill to receive 'em. It is no uncommon Caſe, if a Man is of any Figure or Power in the World, to be congratulated into a Relapſe.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 2.

I was very well pleas'd this Evening, to hear a Gentleman expreſs a very becoming Indignation againſt a Practice which I my ſelf have been very much offended at. There is nothing (ſaid he) more ridiculous, than for an Actor to inſert Words of his own in the Part he is to act, ſo that it is impoſſible to ſee the Poet for the Player: You'll have

Pinkethman

Pinkethman and *Bullock* helping out *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. It puts me in Mind (continu'd he) of a Collection of antique Statues which I once saw in a Gentleman's Poſſeſſion, who employ'd a neighbouring Stone-Cutter to add Noſes, Ears, Arms, or Legs, to the maim'd Works of *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*. You may be ſure this Addition diſfigur'd the Statues much more than Time had. I remember a *Venus*, that by the Noſe he had given her, look'd like Mother *Shipton*; and a *Mercury*, with a Pair of Legs that ſeem'd very much ſwell'd with a Dropſy.

I thought the Gentleman's Obſervations very proper; and he told me, I had improv'd his Thought, in mentioning on this Occaſion thoſe wiſe Commentators who had fill'd up the Hemiſticks of *Virgil*; particularly that notable Poet, who, to make the *Æneid* more perfect, carry'd on the Story to *Lavinia*'s Wedding. If the proper Officer will not condeſcend to take Notice of theſe Abſurdities, I ſhall my ſelf, as the Cenſor of the People, animadvert upon ſuch Proceedings.

——— *Amoto quæramus Seria Ludo.* Hor.

From *Thurſday November* 3. to *Saturday November* 5. N° 9.

Will's Coffee houſe, November 4.

THE Paſſion of Love happen'd to be the Subject of Diſcourſe between two or three of us at the Table of the Poets this Evening; and among other Obſervations, it was remark'd, that the ſame Sentiment on this Paſſion had run through all Languages and Nations. *Eugenius*, who has a very good Taſte, fell into a little Sort of Diſſertation on this Occaſion. It is (ſaid he) remarkable, that no Paſſion has been treated by all who have touch'd upon it with the ſame Bent of Deſign but this. The Poets, the Moraliſts, the Painters, in all their Deſcriptions, Allegories, and Pictures, have repreſented it as a ſoft Torment, a bitter Sweet, a pleaſing Pain, or an agreeable Diſtreſs, and have only expreſs'd the ſame Thought in a different Manner. The joining of Pleaſure and Pain together in ſuch Devices, ſeems to

me the only pointed Thought I ever read which is natural; and it muſt have proceeded from its being the univerſal Senſe and Experience of Mankind, that they have all ſpoken of it in the ſame Manner. I have in my own Reading remark'd an Hundred and three Epigrams, Fifty Odes, and Ninety one Sentences, tending to this ſole Purpoſe. It is certain, there is no other Paſſion which does produce ſuch contrary Effects in ſo great a Degree: But this may be ſaid for Love, that if you ſtrike it out of the Soul, Life would be inſipid, and our Being but half animated. Human Nature would ſink into Deadneſs and Lethargy, if not quickned with ſome active Principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to poſſeſs the Mind in the Abſence of this Paſſion, it muſt be allow'd that they have greater Pains, without the Compenſation of ſuch exquiſite Pleaſures as thoſe we find in Love. The great Skill is to heighten the Satisfactions, and deaden the Sorrows of it, which has been the End of many of my Labours, and ſhall continue to be ſo for the Service of the World in general, and in particular of the Fair Sex, who are always the beſt or the worſt Part of it. It is pity that a Paſſion, which has in it a Capacity of making Life happy, ſhould not be cultivated to the utmoſt Advantage, Reaſon, Prudence, and good Nature, rightly apply'd, can throughly accompliſh this great End, provided they have always a real and conſtant Love to work upon. But this Subject I ſhall treat more at large in the Hiſtory of my married Siſter; and in the mean Time ſhall conclude my Reflection on the Pains and Pleaſures which attend this Paſſion with one of the fineſt Allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the Divine *Plato*, and to ſhow the Opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcrib'd by him to his admir'd *Socrates*, whom he repreſents as diſcourſing with his Friends, and giving the Hiſtory of Love in the following Manner:

At the Birth of *Beauty* (ſays he) there was a great Feaſt made, and many Gueſts invited: Among the reſt, was the God *Plenty*, who was the Son of the Goddeſs *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother's Virtues. After a full Entertainment, he retir'd into the Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great Variety of Ambroſial Fruits, and ſeems to

to have been a very proper Retreat for ſuch a Gueſt. In the mean time an unhappy Female, call'd *Poverty*, having heard of this great Feaſt, repair'd to it in Hopes of finding Relief. The firſt Place ſhe lights upon was *Jupiter*'s Garden, which generally ſtands open to People of all Conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by Chance finds the God *Plenty* aſleep in it. She was immediately fir'd with his Charms, lay'd her ſelf down by his Side, and manag'd Matters ſo well, that ſhe conceived a Child by him. The World was very much in Suſpence upon the Occaſion, and could not imagine to themſelves what would be the Nature of an Infant that was to have its Original from Two ſuch Parents. At the laſt the Child appears; and who ſhould it be but Love. This Infant grew up, and prov'd in all his Behaviour what he really was, a Compound of oppoſite Beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty*, (who was the Off-ſpring of *Prudence*) he is ſubtle, intriguing, full of Stratagems and Devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, ſerenading, delighting to lie at a Threſhold, or beneath a Window. By the Father, he is audacious, full of Hopes, conſcious of Merit, and therefore quick of Reſentment: By the Mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in Submiſſions. In the ſame Hour you may ſee him, tranſported with Raptures, talking of immortal Pleaſures, and appearing ſatisfy'd as a God; and immediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his Compoſition, you behold him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories, and the like Inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt Inſtructors of Mankind have always made uſe of: They take off from the Severity of Inſtruction, and enforce it at the ſame time that they conceal it. The ſuppoſing *Love* to be conceiv'd immediately after the Birth of *Beauty*, the Parentage of *Plenty*, and the Inconſiſtency of this Paſſion with its ſelf ſo naturally deriv'd to it, are great Maſter-Strokes in this Fable; and if they fell into good Hands, might furniſh out a more pleaſing Canto than any in *Spencer*.

From my own Apartment, November 4.

I came home this Evening in a very penſive Mood; and to divert me, took up a Volume of *Shakeſpear*, where I chanc'd to caſt my Eye upon a Part in the Tragedy of

Richard the Third, which fill'd my Mind with a very agreeable Horror. It was the Scene in which that bold, but wicked Prince, is repreſented as ſleeping in his Tent, the Night before the Battle in which he fell. The Poet takes that Occaſion to ſet before him in a Viſion a terrible Aſſembly of Apparitions, the Ghoſts of all thoſe innocent Perſons whom he is ſaid to have murther'd. Prince *Edward*, *Henry* the Sixth, the Duke of *Clarence*, *Rivers*, *Gray* and *Vaughan*, Lord *Haſtings*, the Two young Princes Sons to *Edward* the Fourth, his own Wife, and the Duke of *Buckingham*, riſe up in their Blood before him, beginning their Speeches with that dreadful Salutation, *Let me ſit heavy on thy Soul to Morrow*; and concluding with that diſmal Sentence, *Deſpair and dye*. This inſpires the Tyrant with a Dream of his paſt Guilt, and of the approaching Vengeance. He anticipates the fatal Day of *Boſworth*, fancies himſelf diſmounted, weltring in his own Blood; and in the Agonies of Deſpair, (before he is throughly awake) ſtarts up with the following Speech:

Give me another Horſe— Bind up my Wounds!
Have Mercy Jeſu— Soft, I did but dream.
Oh Coward Conſcience! How doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burn blue! Is it not dead Midnight?
Cold fearful Drops ſtand on my trembling Fleſh;
What do I fear? My ſelf! &c.

A Scene written with ſo great Strength of Imagination, indiſpos'd me from further reading, and threw me into a deep Contemplation. I began to reflect upon the different Ends of good and bad Kings; and as this was the Birth-Day of our late Renown'd Monarch, I could not forbear thinking on the Departure of that excellent Prince, whoſe Life was crown'd with Glory, and his Death with Peace. I let my Mind go ſo far into this Thought, as to imagine to my ſelf, what might have been the Viſion of his departing Slumbers. He might have ſeen Confederate Kings applauding him in different Languages, Slaves that had been bound in Fetters lifting up their Hands and bleſſing him, and the Perſecuted in their ſeveral Forms of Worſhip imploring Comfort on his laſt Moments. The Reflection upon this

this excellent Prince's Mortality had been a very melancholy Entertainment to me, had I not been reliev'd by the Consideration of the glorious Reign which succeeds it.

We now see as great a Virtue as ever was on the *British* Throne, surrounded with all the Beauty of Success. Our Nation may not only boast of a long Series of great, regular, and well-laid Designs, but also of Triumphs and Victories; while we have the Happiness to see our Soveraign exercise that true Policy which tends to make a Kingdom great and happy, and at the same Time enjoy the good and glorious Effect of it.

From *Saturday November* 5. to *Tuesday November* 8. N° 91.

From my own Apartment, November 7.

I Was very much surpris'd this Evening, with a Visit from one of the Top Toasts of the Town, who came privately in a Chair, and bolted into my Room, while I was reading a Chapter of *Agrippa* upon the Occult Sciences; but as she enter'd with all the Air and Bloom that Nature ever bestowed on a Woman, I threw down the Conjurer, and met the Charmer. I had no sooner plac'd her at my Right Hand by the Fire, but she open'd to me the Reason of her Visit. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, (said the fine Creature) I have been your Correspondent some Time, tho' I never saw you before; I have writ by the Name of *Maria*. You have told me you were too far gone in Life to think of Love; therefore I am answer'd as to the Passion I spoke of, and (continu'd she smiling) I will not stay till you grow young again (as you Men never fail to do in your Dotage) but am come to consult you about disposing of my self to another. My Person you see; my Fortune is very considerable; but *I* am at present under much Perplexity how to act in a great Conjuncture. *I* have Two Lovers, *Crassus* and *Lorio*. *Crassus* is prodigiously rich, but has no one distinguishing Quality; the, at the same Time he is not remarkable on the defective Side. *Lorio* has travell'd; is well-bred, pleasant in Discourse, discreet in his Conduct, agreeable in his Person; and with all this, he has a Competency of Fortune without Superfluity. When I consider *Lorio*, my Mind is fill'd with an *Idea* of

the great Satisfactions of a pleasant Conversation. When I think of *Crassus*, my Equipage, numerous Servants, gay Liveries, and various Dresses, are oppos'd to the Charms of his Rival. *In a Word*, when *I* cast my Eyes upon *Lorio* *I* forget and despise Fortune; when *I* behold *Crassus*, *I* think only of pleasing my Vanity, and enjoying an uncontrol'd Expence in all the Pleasures of Life, except Love. She pausd here. Madam (said I) *I am* confident you have not stated your Case with Sincerity, and that there is some secret Pang which you have conceal'd from me: For *I* see by your Aspect the Generosity of your Mind; and that open ingenuous Air lets me know, that you have too great a Sense of the generous Passion of Love, to prefer the Ostentation of Life in the Arms of *Crassus*, to the Entertainments and Conveniences of it in the Company of your belov'd *Lorio*; for so he is indeed Madam. You speak his Name with a different Accent from the rest of your Discourse: The *Idea* his *Image* raises in you, gives new Life to your Features, and new Grace to your Speech. Nay, blush not, Madam, there is no Dishonour in loving a Man of Merit; *I* assure you, *I* am griev'd at this dallying with your self, when you put another in Competition with him, for no other Reason but superior Wealth. To tell you then (said she) the Bottom of my Heart, there's *Clotilda* lies by, and plants her self in the Way of *Crassus*, and *I* am confident will snap him, if *I* refuse him. *I* cannot bear to think that she will shine above me. When our Coaches meet, to see her Chariot hung behind with Four Footmen, and mine but with Two: Hers powder'd, gay, and sawcy, kept only for Show; mine a Couple of careful Rogues that are good for something: *I* own, *I* cannot bear that *Clotilda* shou'd be in all the Pride and Wantonness of Wealth, and *I* only in the Ease and Affluence of it. Here *I* interrupted; Well, Madam, now I see your whole Affliction; you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier: Or rather, you could be solidly happy, but that another is to be happy in appearance. This is an Evil which you must get over, or never know Happiness. We will put the Case, Madam, that you married *Crassus*, and she *Lorio*. She answer'd, Speak not of it— *I* could tear her Eyes out at the Mention of it. Well then, *I* pronounce *Lorio* to be the Man; but *I* must tell you,

that

that what we call ſettling in the World, is in a kind leaving it; and you muſt at once reſolve to keep your Thoughts of Happineſs within the Reach of your Fortune, and not meaſure it by Comparaſon with others. But indeed, Madam, when I behold that beauteous Form of yours, and conſider the Generality of your Sex, as to their Diſpoſal of themſelves in Marriage, or their Parents doing it for 'em without their own Approbation, I cannot but look upon all ſuch Matches as the moſt impudent Proſtitutions. Do but obſerve when you are at a Play, the familiar Wenches that ſit laughing among the Men. Theſe appear deteſtable to you in the Boxes: Each of 'em would give up her Perſon for a Guinea; and ſome of you would take the worſt there for Life for Twenty Thouſand. If ſo, How do you differ but in Price? As to the Circumſtance of Marriage, I take that to be hardly an Alteration of the Caſe; for Wedlock is but a more ſolemn Proſtitution, where there is not an Union of Minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been Deſigns ev'n upon me. A Neighbour in this very Lane, who knows I have, by leaving a very wary Life, laid up a little Money, had a great Mind to marry me to his Daughter. I was frequently invited to their Table: The Girl was always very pleaſant and agreeable. After Dinner, Miſs *Molly* would be ſure to fill my Pipe for me, and put more Sugar than ordinary into my Coffee; for ſhe was ſure I was good-natur'd---- If I chanced to hem, the Mother would applaud my Vigour; and has often ſaid on that Occaſion, I wonder, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, you don't marry, I am ſure you would have Children. Things went ſo far, that my Miſtreſs preſented me with a Wrought Nightcap and a Lac'd Band of her own Working. I began to think of it in earneſt; but one Day, having an Occaſion to ride to *Iſlington*, as two or three People were fitting me upon my Pad, I ſpied her at a convenient Diſtance laughing at her Lover with a Parcel of Romps of her Acquaintance: One of them, who I ſuppoſe had the ſame Deſign upon me, told me ſhe ſaid, Do you ſee how briſk'y my old Gentleman mounts? This made me cut off my Amour, and to reflect with my ſelf, that no married Life could be ſo unhappy, as where the Wife propoſes no other Advantage from her Husband than that of making her fine, and keeping her out of the Dirt.

My fair Client burſt out a laughing at the Account I gave her of my Eſcape, and went away ſeemingly convinced of the Reaſonableneſs of my Diſcourſe to her.

Aſſoon as ſhe was gone, my Maid brought up the following Epiſtle, which by the Style, and the Deſcription ſhe gave of the Perſon, I ſuppoſe was left by *Nick. Doubt.* Harkee, ſaid he, Girl, tell Old *Basket-hilt*, I would have him anſwer it by the firſt Opportunity. What he ſays is this.

Iſaac,

YOU ſeem a very honeſt Fellow, therefore pray tell me, Did not you write that Letter in Praiſe of the 'Squire and his Lucubrations your ſelf? &c.

The greateſt Plague of Coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent Piece of good Senſe, as this Jackanapes has hit me in a right Place enough. I muſt confeſs, I am as likely to play ſuch a Trick as another; but that Letter he ſpeaks of was really genuin. When I firſt ſet up, I thought it fair enough to let my ſelf know from all Parts that my Works were wonderfully enquir'd for, and were become the Diverſion, as well as Inſtruction of all the choice Spirits in every County of *Great Britain*. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my Readers found it before this *Jackanapes*, I can call him no better, took upon him to obſerve upon my Style and my Basket-hilt. A very pleaſant Gentleman of my Acquaintance told me one Day a Story of this Kind of Falſhood and Vanity in an Author. *Mævius* ſhow'd him a Paper of Verſes, which he ſaid he had reciev'd that Morning by the Penny-Poſt from an unknown Hand. My Friend admir'd 'em extremely. Sir, ſaid he, this muſt come from a Man that's eminent: You ſee Fire, Life and Spirit run through the whole, and at the ſame time a Correctneſs, which ſhows he is us'd to Writing. Pray, Sir, read them over again. He begins again, Title and all; *To* Mævius *on his incomparable Poems.* The ſecond Reading was performed with much more Vehemence and Action than the former; after which my Friend fell into downright Raptures —. Why they are truly ſublime! There is Energy in this Line! Deſcription in that! Why, 'tis the Thing

Thing it ſelf! This is perfect Picture! *Mævius* could bear no more; but, faith ſays he, *Ned.* to tell you the plain Truth, I writ them my ſelf.

There goes juſt ſuch another Story of the ſame paternal Tenderneſs in *Bavius*, an ingenious Contemporary of mine, who had writ ſeveral Comedies, which were rejected by the Players. This my Friend *Bavius* took for Envy, and therefore prevailed upon a Gentleman to go with him to the Play-houſe, and gave him a new Play of his, deſiring he would perſonate the Author, and read it, to baffle the Spite of the Actors. The Friend conſented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over Three Similies, before *Roſcius* the Player made the acting Author ſtop, and deſired to know, What he meant by ſuch a Rapture? And how it came to paſs, that in this Condition of the Lover, inſtead of acting according to his Circumſtances, he ſpent his Time in conſidering what his preſent State was like? That is very true, ſays the mock Author, I believe we had as good ſtrike theſe Lines out. By your Leave, ſays *Mævius*, you ſhall not ſpoil your Play, you are too modeſt; thoſe very Lines for ought I know, are as good as any in your Play, and they ſhall ſtand. Well, they go on, and the Particle *and* ſtood unfortunately at the End of a Verſe, and was made to rhime to the Word *ſtand*. This *Roſcius* excepted againſt. The new Poet gave up that too, and ſaid, he would not diſpute for a Monoſyllable--- For a Monoſyllable, ſays the real Author! I can aſſure you, a Monoſyllable may be of as great Force as a Word of Ten Syllables. I tell you, Sir, *and* is the Connexion of the Matter in that Place; without that Word you may put all that follows into any other Play as well as this. Beſides, if you leave it out, it will look as if you had put it in only for the Sake of the Rhime. *Roſcius* perſiſted, aſſuring the Gentleman, that it was impoſſible to ſpeak it but the *and* muſt be loſt; ſo it might as well be blotted out. *Bavius* ſnatched his Play out of their Hands, ſaid they were both Blockheads, and went off; repeating a Couplet, becauſe he would not make his *Exit* irregularly.

A Witty Man of theſe Days compared this true and feigned Poet to the contending Mothers before *Solomon*: The true One was eaſily diſcovered from the Pretender, by refuſing to ſee his Offspring diſſected.

Fables

Ubi tua Honor juvat, & mendax Infamia terret
Quem nisi mendosum & mendacem? —— Hor.

From *Tuesday November* 8. to *Thursday November* 10. N°. 92.

White's Chocolate-house, November 9.

I Know no Manner of Speaking so offensive as that of giving Praise, and closing it with an Exception; which proceeds (where Men do not do it to introduce Malice, and make Calumny more effectual) from the common Error of considering Man as a perfect Creature. But if we rightly examine Things, we shall find, that there is a Sort of Oeconomy in Providence, that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make Men more useful to each other, and mix them in Society. This Man having this Talent, and that Man another, is as necessary in Conversation as one professing one Trade, and another another, is beneficial in Commerce. The happiest Climate does not produce all Things; and it was so ordered, that one Part of the Earth should want the Product of another, for uniting Mankind in a general Correspondence and good Understanding. It is therefore Want of good Sense as well as good Nature, to say *Simplicius* has a better Judgment, but not so much Wit, as *Latius*; for that these have not each other's Capacities, is no more a Diminution to either, than if you should say, *Simplicius* is not *Latius*, or *Latius* not *Simplicius*. The Heathen World had so little Notion, that Perfection was to be expected amongst Men, that among them any one Quality or Endowment in an Heroick Degree made a God. *Hercules* had Strength; but it was never objected to him that he wanted Wit. *Apollo* presided over Wit, and it was never asked whether he had Strength. We hear no Exceptions against the Beauty of *Minerva*, or the Wisdom of *Venus*. These wise Heathens were glad to immortalize any one serviceable Gift, and overlook all Imperfections in the Person who had it:

But

But with us it is far otherwiſe; for we reject many eminent Virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent Weakneſs. The reflecting after this Manner, made me account for the ſtrange Delight Men take in reading Lampoons and Scandal, with which the Age abounds, and of which I receive frequent Complaints. Upon mature Conſideration, I find it is principally for this Reaſon, that the worſt of Mankind, the Libellers, receive ſo much Encouragement in the World. The low Race of Men take a ſecret Pleaſure in finding an eminent Character levelled to their Condition by a Report of its Defects, and keep themſelves in Countenance, though they are excelled in a thouſand Virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great Perſon any one Fault. The Libeller falls in with this Humour, and gratifies this Baſeneſs of Temper, which is naturally an Enemy to extraordinary Merit. It is from this that Libel and Satyr are promiſcuously joyned together in the Notions of the Vulgar, though the Satyriſt and Libeller differ as much as the Magiſtrate and the Murderer. In the Conſideration of Human Life, the Satyriſt never falls upon Perſons who are not glaringly faulty, and the Libeller on none but who are conſpicuously commendable. Were I to expoſe any Vice in a Good or Great Man, it ſhould certainly be by correcting it in ſome one where that Crime was the moſt diſtinguiſhing Part of the Character; as Pages are chaſtized for the Admonition of Princes. When it is performed otherwiſe, the Vicious are kept in Credit, by placing Men of Merit in the ſame Accuſation. But all the Paſquils, Lampoons and Libels, we meet with now a Days, are a Sort of playing with the Four and twenty Letters, and throwing them into Names and Characters, without Senſe, Truth or Wit. In this Caſe, I am in great Perplexity to know whom they mean, and ſhould be in Diſtreſs for thoſe they abuſe, if I did not ſee their Judgment and Ingenuity in thoſe they commend. This is the true Way of examining a Libel; and when Men conſider, that no one Man living thinks the better of their Heroes and Patrons for the Panegyrick given 'em, none can think themſelves leſſen'd by their Invective. The Heroe or

Patron

Patron in a Libel, is but a Scavenger to carry off the Dirt, and by that very Employment is the filthieſt Creature in the Street. Dedications and Panegyricks are frequently ridiculous. let 'em be addreſs'd where they will; but at the Front, or in the Body of a Libel, to commend a Man, is ſaying to the Perſons applauded, "My Lord, or Sir, I have pull'd down all Men that "the reſt of the World think Great and Honourable, "and here is a clear Stage; you may as you pleaſe be "valiant or wiſe; you may chooſe to be on the Milita-"ry or Civil Liſt; for there is no one Brave who Com-"mands, or Juſt who has Power: You may rule the "World now it is empty, which exploded you when "it was full: I have knocked out the Brains of all "whom Mankind thought good for any Thing; and I "doubt not, but you will reward that Invention, which "found out the only Expedient to make your Lordſhip, "or your Worſhip, of any Conſideration.

Had I the Honour to be in a Libel, and had eſcap'd the Approbation of the Author, I ſhould look upon it exactly in this Manner. But tho' it is a Thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debaſed in ſuch Performances, yet it is not ſo with Relation to the Authors of them: Therefore I ſhall, for the Good of my Country, hereafter take upon me to puniſh theſe Wretches. What is already paſſed, may dye away according to its Nature, and continue in its preſent Oblivion; but for the future, I ſhall take Notice of ſuch Enemies to Honour and Virtue, and preſerve them to immortal Infamy. Their Names ſhall give freſh Offence many Ages hence, and be deteſted a Thouſand Years after the Commiſſion of their Crime. It ſhall not avail, that theſe Children of Infamy publiſh their Works under feigned Names, or under none at all; for I am ſo perfectly well acquainted with the Styles of all my Contemporaries, that I ſhall not fail of doing them Juſtice, with their proper Names, and at their full Length. Let therefore theſe Miſcreants enjoy their preſent Act of Oblivion, and take Care how they offend hereafter. But to avert our Eyes from ſuch Objects, it is methinks but requiſite to ſettle our Opinion in the Caſe of Praiſe and Blame; and

I believe, the only true Way to cure that Senſibility of Reproach, which is a common Weakneſs with the moſt virtuous Men, is to fix their Regard firmly upon only what is ſtrictly true, in Relation to their Advantage, as well as Diminution. For if I am pleaſed with Commendation which I do not deſerve, I ſhall from the ſame Temper be concerned at Scandal I do not deſerve. But he that can think of falſe Applauſe, with as much Contempt as falſe Detraction, will certainly be prepared for all Adventures, and will become all Occaſions. Undeſerved Praiſe can pleaſe only thoſe who want Merit, and undeſerved Reproach frighten only thoſe who want Sincerity. I have thought of this with ſo much Attention, that I fancy there can be no other Method in Nature found for the Cure of that Delicacy which gives good Men Pain under Calumny, but placing Satisfaction no where but in a juſt Senſe of their own Integrity, without Regard to the Opinion of others. If we have not ſuch a Foundation as this, there is no Help againſt Scandal, but being in Obſcurity, which to noble Minds is not being at all. The Truth of it is, this Love of Praiſe dwells moſt in great and heroick Spirits; and thoſe who moſt deſerve it, have generally the moſt exquiſite Reliſh of it. Methinks I ſee the Renowned *Alexander*, after a painful and laborious March, amidſt the Heats of a parched Soil and a burning Climate, ſitting over the Head of a Fountain, and after a Draught of Water, pronounce that memorable Saying, Oh *Athenians*! How much do I ſuffer that you may ſpeak well of me? The *Athenians* were at that time the Learned of the World, and their Libels againſt *Alexander* were written as he was a profeſs'd Enemy of their State: But how monſtrous would ſuch Invectives have appear'd in *Macedonians*?

As Love of Reputation is a darling Paſſion in great Men, ſo the Defence of them in this Particular is the Buſineſs of every Man of Honour and Honeſty. We ſhould run on ſuch an Occaſion (as if a Publick Building was on Fire) to their Relief; and all who ſpread or publiſh ſuch deteſtable Pieces as traduce their Merit, ſhould be uſed like Incendiaries. It is the common Cauſe of our Country, to ſupport the Reputation of thoſe who ſerve

ſerve it againſt Invaders; and every Man is attacked in the Perſon of that Neighbour who deſerves well of him.

From my own Apartment, November 9.

The Chat I had to Day at *White*'s about Fame and Scandal, put me in Mind of a Perſon who has often writ to me unregarded, and has a very moderate Ambition in this Particular His Name it ſeems is *Charles Lilly*, and he recommends himſelf to my Obſervation, as one that ſold Snuff next Door to the *Fountain*-Tavern in the *Strand*, and was burnt out when he began to have a Reputation in his Way.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

'I Suppoſe, through a Hurry of Buſineſs, you have either forgot me, or loſt my laſt of this Nature; which 'was, to beg the Favour of being advantagiouſly expoſed in your Paper, chiefly for the Reputation of Snuff. 'Be pleaſed to pardon this Trouble, from,

S I R,

Your very humble Servant,

C. L.

I am a Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beaufort-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

This ſame *Charles* leaves it to me to ſay what I will of him, and I am not a little pleas'd with the ingenuous Manner of his Addreſs. Taking Snuff is what I have declar'd againſt; but as his Holineſs the Pope allows Whoring for the Taxes rais'd by the Ladies of Pleaſure, ſo I, to repair the Loſs of an unhappy Trader, indulge all Perſons in that Cuſtom who buy of *Charles*. There is ſomething ſo particular in the Requeſt of the Man, that I ſhall ſend for him before me, and believe, I ſhall find he has a Genius for Bawbles: If ſo, I ſhall for ought I know, at his Shop, give Licenſed Canes to thoſe who are really lame, and Tubes to thoſe who are really ſhort-ſighted; and forbid all others to vend the ſame.

From

From *Thurſday November* 10. to *Saturday November* 12. N°. 93.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, November 11.

THE *French* Humour of writing Epiſtles, and publiſhing their fulſom Compliments to each other, is a Thing I frequently complain of in this Place. It is, methinks, from the Prevalence of this ſilly Cuſtom, that there is ſo little Inſtruction in the Converſation of our diſtant Friends: For which Reaſon, during the whole Courſe of my Life, I have deſir'd my Acquaintance, when they write to me, rather to ſay ſomething which ſhould make me wiſh my ſelf with them, than make me Compliments that they wiſh'd themſelves with me. By this Means, I have by me a Collection of Letters from moſt Parts of the World, which are as naturally of the Growth of the Place, as any Herb, Tree or Plant, of the Soil. This I take to be the proper Uſe of an Epiſtolary Commerce. To deſire to know how *Damon* goes on with his Courtſhip to *Silvia*, or how the Wine taſtes at the *Old-Devil*, are thread-bare Subjects, and cold Treats, which our abſent Friends might have given us without going out of Town for 'em. A Friend of mine who went to Travel, us'd me far otherwiſe; for he gave me a Proſpect of the Place, or an Account of the People, from every Country through which he paſs'd. Among others which I was looking over this Evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows:

Dear Sir,

'I Believe this is the firſt Letter that was ever ſent 'you from the Middle Region, where I am at this 'preſent Writing. Not to keep you in Suſpence, it 'comes to you from the Top of the higheſt Mountain 'in *Switzerland*, where I am now ſhivering among the 'eternal Froſts and Snows. I can ſcarce forbear dating 'it in *December*, though they call it the firſt of *Auguſt* 'at the Bottom of the Mountain. I aſſure you, I can 'hardly keep my Ink from freezing in the middle of the 'Dog-Days. I am here entertained with the prettieſt 'Variety of Snow-Proſpects that you can imagine, and

'have

'have ſeveral Pits of it before me that are very near as 'old as the Mountain it ſelf; for in this Country, it is 'as laſting as Marble. I am now upon a Spot of it 'which they tell me fell about the Reign of *Charlemain* 'or King *Pepin*. The Inhabitants of the Country are 'as great Curioſities as the Country it ſelf: They gene-'rally hire themſelves out in their Youth, and if they 'are Muſquet-proof till about Fifty, they bring Home 'the Money they have got, and the Limbs they have 'left, to paſs the reſt of their Time among their native 'Mountains. One of the Gentlemen of the Place, who 'is come off with the Loſs of an Eye only, told me by 'Way of Boaſt, that there were now ſeven Wooden 'Legs in his Family; and that for theſe four Genera-'tions, there had not been one in his Line that carried 'a whole Body with him to the Grave. I believe you 'will think the Style of this Letter a little extraordi-'nary; but the *Rehearſal* will tell you, that *People in 'Clouds muſt not be confin'd to ſpeak Senſe*; and I hope we 'that are above them may claim the ſame Privilege. 'Wherever I am, I ſhall always be,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant.

I think they ought, in thoſe Parts where the Materials are ſo eaſy to work, and at the ſame Time ſo durable, (when any one of their Heroes comes Home from the Wars) to erect his Statue in Snow upon the Mountains, there to remain from Generation to Generation. A Gentleman who is apt to expatiate upon any Hint, took this Occaſion to deliver his Opinion upon our ordinary Method of ſending young Gentlemen to travel for their Education. It is certain, ſaid he, if Gentlemen travel at an Age proper for them, during the Courſe of their Voyages, their Accounts to their Friends, and after their Return, their Diſcourſes and Converſations, will have in them ſomething above what we can meet with from thoſe who have not had thoſe Advantages. At the ſame Time it is to be obſerved, that every Temper and Genius is not qualified for this Way of Improvement. Men may change their Climate, but they cannot their Nature.

Nature. A Man that goes out a Fool, cannot ride or ſail himſelf into common Senſe. Therefore let me but walk over *London-Bridge* with a young Man, and I'll tell you infallibly whether going over the *Rialto* at *Venice* will make him wiſer. It is not to be imagined how many I have ſaved in my Time from Baniſhment, by letting their Parents know they were good for nothing. But this is to be done with much Tenderneſs. There is my Couſin *Harry* has a Son, who is the dulleſt Mortal that was ever born into our Houſe. He had got his Trunk and his Books all packed up to be tranſported into Foreign Parts, for no Reaſon but becauſe the Boy never talked; and his Father ſaid he wanted to know the World. I could not ſay to a fond Parent, that the Boy was dull; but looked grave, and told him, the Youth was very thoughtful, and I feared he might have ſome Doubts about Religion, with which it was not proper to go into *Roman* Catholick Countries. He is accordingly kept here till he declares himſelf upon ſome Points, which I am ſure he will never think of. By this Means, I have prevented the Diſhonour of having a Fool of our Houſe laughed at in all Parts of *Europe*. He is now with his Father upon his own Eſtate, and he has ſent to me to get him a Wife, which I ſhall do with all convenient ſpeed; but it ſhall be ſuch a one, whoſe good Nature ſhall hide his Faults, and good Senſe ſupply 'em. The Truth of it is, that Race is of the true *Britiſh* Kind: They are of our Country only; it hurts 'em to tranſplant 'em, and they are deſtroyed if you pretend to improve 'em. Men of this ſolid Make are not to be hurried up and down the World, for (if I may ſo ſpeak) they are naturally at their Wit's End; and it is an impertinent Part to diſturb their Repoſe, that they may give you only an Hiſtory of their Bodily Occurrences, which is all they are capable of obſerving. *Harry* had an elder Brother who was tryed in this Way. I remember, all he could talk of at his Return, was, that he had like to have been drowned at ſuch a Place, he fell out of a Chaiſe at another, he had a better Stomach when he moved Northward, than when he turned his Courſe to the Parts in the South, and ſo forth. It is there-

therefore very much to be conſidered, what Senſe a Perſon has of Things when he is ſetting out: and if he then knows none of his Friends and Acquaintance but by their Clothes and Faces, it is my humble Opinion, that he ſtay at Home. His Parents ſhould take Care to Marry him, and ſee what they can get out of him that Way; for there is a certain Sort of Men, who are no Way to be regarded, but as they deſcend from Men of Conſequence, and may beget valuable Succeſſors. And if we conſider, that Men are to be eſteemed only as they are uſeful, while a ſtupid Wretch is at the Head of a great Family, we may ſay, the Race is ſuſpended; as properly as when it is all gone, we ſay, it is extinct.

From my own Apartment, November 11.

I had ſeveral Hints and Advertiſements from unknown Hands, that ſome, who are Enemies to my Labours, deſign to demand the faſhionable Way of Satisfaction for the Diſturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confeſs, as Things now ſtand, I don't know how to deny ſuch Inviters, and am preparing my ſelf accordingly: I have bought Pumps and Files, and am every Morning practiſing in my Chamber. My Neighbour, the Dancing-Maſter, has demanded of me, Why I take this Liberty, more than I would allow it him? But I anſwer'd, His was an Act of an indifferent Nature, and mine of Neceſſity. My late Treatiſes againſt Duels have ſo far diſoblig'd the Fraternity of the noble Science of Defence, that I can get none of them to ſhow me ſo much as one Paſs. I am therefore oblig'd to learn by Book, and have accordingly ſeveral Volumes, wherein all the Poſtures are exactly delineated. I muſt confeſs, I am ſhy of letting People ſee me at this Exerciſe, becauſe of my Flannel Waſtcoat, and my Spectacles, which I am forc'd to fix on the better to obſerve the Poſture of the Enemy. I have upon my Chamber-Walls, drawn at full Length, the Figures of all Sorts of Men, from Eight Foot to Three Foot Two Inches. Within this Height I take it, that all the fighting Men of *Great-Britain* are comprehended. But as I puſh, I make Allowances for my being of a lank and ſpare Body, and have chalk'd out

out in every Figure my own Dimenſions; for I ſcorn to take any Man's Life away by taking Advantage of his Breadth: Therefore I preſs purely in a Line down from his Noſe, and take no more of him to aſſault, than he has of me: For to ſpeak impartially, if a lean Fellow wounds a fat one in any Part to the Right or Left, whether it be in Cart or in Terſe, beyond the Dimenſions of the ſaid lean Fellow's own Breadth, I take it to be Murder, and ſuch a Murder as is below a Gentleman to commit. As I am ſpare, I am alſo very tall, and behave my ſelf with Relation to that Advantage with the ſame Punctilio; and I am ready to ſtoop or ſtand, according to the Stature of my Adverſary. I muſt confeſs, I have had great Succeſs this Morning, and have hit every Figure round the Room in a mortal Part, without receiving the leaſt Hurt, except a little Scratch by falling on my Face, in puſhing at one at the lower End of my Chamber; but I recovered ſo quick, and jumped ſo nimbly into my Guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confeſſed, I have writ againſt Duels with ſome Warmth; but in all my Diſcourſes, I have not ever ſaid, that I knew how a Gentleman could avoid a Duel if he were provoked to it; and ſince that Cuſtom is now become a Law, I know nothing but the Legiſlative Power, with new Animadverſions upon it, can put us in a Capacity of denying Challenges, tho' we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of that at preſent. As Things ſtand, I ſhall put up no more Affronts; and I ſhall be ſo far from taking ill Words, that I will not take ill Looks. I therefore warn all young hot Fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their Neighbours; for if they ſtare at me with their Hats cocked higher than other People, I won't bear it. Nay, I give Warning to all People in general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no Frowns, even from Ladies; for if any Woman pretends to look ſcornfully at me, I ſhall demand Satisfaction of the next of Kin of the Maſculine Gender.

Si non errâſſet fecerat ille minus. Mart.

From *Saturday Novem.* 12. to *Tueſday Novem.* 15. N°. 94.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 14.

THAT which we call Gallantry to Women, ſeems to be the heroick Virtue of private Perſons; and there never breathed one Man, who did not, in that Part of his Days wherein he was recommending himſelf to his Miſtreſs, do ſomething beyond his ordinary Courſe of Life. As this has a very great Effect even upon the moſt ſlow and common Men, ſo, upon ſuch as it finds qualified with Virtue and Merit, it ſhines out in proportionable Degrees of Excellence: It gives new Grace to the moſt eminent Accompliſhments; and he, who of himſelf has either Wit, Wiſdom, or Valour, exerts each of theſe noble Endowments when he becomes a Lover, with a certain Beauty of Action above what was ever obſerved in him before; and all who are without any one of theſe Qualities, are to be looked upon as the Rabble of Mankind. I was talking after this Manner in a Corner of this Place with an old Acquaintance, who taking me by the Hand, ſaid, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, your Diſcourſe recalls to my Mind a Story, which I have longed to tell you ever ſince I read your Article wherein you deſire your Friends to give you Accounts of Obſcure Merit. The Story I had of him is literally true, and well known to be ſo in the Country wherein the Circumſtances were tranſacted. He acquainted me with the Names of the Perſons concerned, which I ſhall change into feigned Ones, there being a Reſpect due to their Families, that are ſtill in Being, as well as that the Names themſelves would not be ſo familiar to an *Engliſh* Ear. The Adventure really happened in *Denmark*; and if I can remember all the Circumſtances, I doubt not but it will be as moving to my Readers as it was to me.

Clarinda

Clarinda and *Chloe*, two very fine Women, were bred up as Sisters in the Family of *Romeo*, who was the Father of *Chloe*, and the Guardian of *Clarinda*. *Philander*, a young Gentleman of a good Person, and charming Conversation, being a Friend of old *Romeo*'s, frequented his House, and by that Means was much in Conversation with the young Ladies, tho' still in the Presence of the Father and Guardian. The Ladies both entertain'd a secret Passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the Delight which he really took in *Romeo*'s Conversation, that there was something more in his Heart which made him so assiduous a Visitant. Each of them thought her self the happy Woman; but the Person beloved was *Chloe*. It happened that both of them were at a Play in a Carnaval Evening, when it is the Fashion there (as well as in most Countries of *Europe*) both for Men and Women to appear in Masks and Disguises. It was on that memorable Night in the Year 1679, when the Play-house, by some unhappy Accident was set on Fire. *Philander*, in the first Hurry of the Disaster, immediately ran where his Treasure was, burst open the Door of the Box, snatched the Lady up in his Arms, and with unspeakable Resolution and good Fortune carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the Crowd, but he set her down; and grasping her in his Arms, with all the Raptures of a deserving Lover, How happy am I, says he, in an Opportunity to tell you I love you more than all Things, and of shewing you the Sincerity of my Passion at the very first Declaration of it. My dear, dear *Philander*, says the Lady, pulling off her Mask, this is not a Time for Art; you are much dearer to me than the Life you have preserved; and the Joy of my present Deliverance does not transport me so much as the Passion which occasioned it. Who can tell the Grief, the Astonishment, the Terror, that appeared in the Face of *Philander*, when he saw the Person he spoke to was *Clarinda*. After a short Pause, Madam, says he, with the Looks of a dead Man, we are both mistaken; and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed *Clarinda*, who had just Strength enough to cry out, Cruel *Philander*! Why did you not

leave

gave me in the Theatre? Crowds of People immediately gathered about her, and after having brought her to her self, conveyed her to the House of the good old unhappy *Romeo*. *Philander* was now pressing against a whole Tide of People at the Doors of the Theatre, and striving to enter with more Earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much Difficulty forced his Way to the Box where his beloved *Chloe* stood, expecting her Fate amidst this Scene of Terror and Distraction. She revived at the Sight of *Philander*, who fell about her Neck with a Tenderness not to be express'd; and amidst a Thousand Sobs and Sighs, told her his Love, and his dreadful Mistake. The Stage was now in Flames, and the whole House full of Smoak; the Entrance was quite barred up with Heaps of People, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out; Swords were drawn, Shricks heard on all Sides; and in short, no Possibility of an Escape for *Philander* himself, had he been capable of making it without his *Chloe*. But his Mind was above such a Thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his Arms. The Fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on—

Were I an Infidel, Misfortunes like this would convince me, that there must be an hereafter: For who can believe, that so much Virtue could meet with so great Distress without a following Reward. As for my Part, I am so old fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous Enterprizes, are relieved from the further Exercise of Life; and Providence, which sees their Virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate Reward, in a Being more suitable to the Grandure of their Spirits. What else can wipe away our Tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable Distresses? It was a sublime Thought in some of the Heathens of old:

——*Quæ Gratia Currim*
Armorumque fuit Vivis, quæ Cura nitentes
Pascere Equos, eandem sequitur Tellure repostos.

That

That is in other Words, " The ſame Employments " and Inclinations which were the Entertainment of " virtuous Men upon Earth, make up their Happineſs " in *Elyſium*.

From my own Apartment, November 14.

When I came Home this Evening, I found a Preſent from Mr. *Charles Lillie*, the Perfumer at the Corner of *Beaufort Buildings*, with a Letter of Thanks for the Mention I made of him. He tells me, ſeveral of my gentle Readers, have obliged me in buying at his Shop upon my Recommendation. I have enquired into the Man's Capacity, and find him an Adept in his Way. He has ſeveral Helps to Diſcourſe beſides Snuff, (which is the beſt *Barcelona*) and ſells an Orange Flower-Water, which ſeems to me to have in it the right Spirit of Brains; and, I am informed, he extracts it according to the Manner uſed in *Greſham* College. I recommend it to the Handkerchiefs of all young Pleaders: It cures or ſupplies all Pauſes and Heſitations in Speech, and creates a general Alacrity of the Spirit. When it is uſed as a Gargle, it gives Volubility to the Tongue, and never fails of that neceſſary Step towards pleaſing others, making a Man pleaſed with himſelf. I have taken Security of him, That he ſhall not raiſe the Price of any of his Commodities for theſe or any other occult Qualities in them; But he is to ſell them at the ſame Price which you give at the common Perfumers. Mr. *Lillie* has brought further Security, That he will not ſell the Boxes made for Lovers to Politicians; nor on the contrary, thoſe proper for Lovers to Men of Speculation: *At this Time, to avoid Confuſion, the beſt* Orangerie *for Beaux, and right* Muſty *for Politicians.*

My Almanack is to be publiſhed on the 22*d, and from that Inſtant, all Lovers, in Raptures or Epiſtles, are to forbear the Compariſon of their Miſtreſſes Eyes to Stars, I having made Uſe of that Simile in my Dedication for the laſt Time it ſhall ever paſs, and the propereſt Occaſion that it was ever employed: And all Ladies are hereby deſired to take Notice, that they never receive that Simile in Payment for any Smiles they ſhall beſtow for the future.*

On Saturday Night last, a Gentlewoman's Husband strayed from the Play-house in the Hay-Market. *If the Lady who was seen to take him up, will restore him, she shall be asked no Questions, he being of no Use but to the Owner.*

Interea dulces pendent circum Oscula Nati,
Casta Pudicitiam servat Domus —— —— Virg.

From *Tuesday November* 15. to *Thursday November* 17. N° 95.

From my own Apartment, November 16.

THere are several Persons who have many Pleasures and Entertainments in their Possession which they do not enjoy. It is therefore a kind and good Office to acquaint them with their own Happiness, and turn their Attention to such Instances of their good Fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married State often want such a Monitor, and pine away their Days, by looking upon the same Condition in Anguish and Murmur, which carries with it in the Opinion of others a Complication of all the Pleasures of Life, and a Retreat from its inquietudes. I am led into this Thought by a Visit I made an old Friend who was formerly my School-fellow. He came to Town last Week with his Family for the Winter, and yesterday Morning sent me Word his Wife expected me to Dinner. I am as it were at Home at that House, and every Member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot indeed express the Pleasure it is, to be met by the Children with so much Joy as I am when I go thither: The Boys and Girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the Door; and that Child which loses the Race to me, runs back again to tell the Father it is Mr. *Bickerstaff*. This Day I was led in by a pretty Girl, that we all thought must have forgot me; for the Family has been out of Town these Two Years. Her knowing me again was a mighty Subject with us, and took up our Discourse at the first Entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a Thousand little Stories they heard in the Country about my Marriage to one of my Neighbour's Daughters: Upon which the

the Gentleman my Friend said, Nay, if Mr. *Bickerstaff* marries a Child of any of his old Companions, I hope mine shall have the Preference; there's Mrs. *Mary* is now Sixteen, and would make him as fine a Widow as the best of them: But I know him too well; he is so enamoured of the very Memory of those who flourished in our Youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern Beauties. I remember, old Gentleman, how often you went Home in a Day to refresh your Countenance and Dress, when *Teramintæ* reigned in your Heart. As we came up in the Coach, I repeated to my Wife some of your Verses on her. With such Reflexions on little Passages which happen'd long ago, we pass'd our Time during a cheerful and elegant Meal. After Dinner, his Lady left the Room, as did also the Children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the Hand; Well, my good Friend, says he, I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the Company that dined with you to Day again. Do not you think the good Woman of the House a little altered, since you followed her from the Play-house to find out who she was for me? I perceived a Tear fall down his Cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the Discourse, said I, She is not indeed quite that Creature she was when she returned me the Letter I carried from you, and told me, She hoped, as I was a Gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me, but would be so much the Gentleman's Friend as to dissuade him from a Pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your Cousin *Will.* who made his Sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever Fifteen. Fifteen! replied my good Friend: Ah! You little understand, you that have lived a Batchelor, how great, how exquisite, a Pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous Face in Nature should raise in me such pleasing Ideas, as when I look upon that excellent Woman. That lasting in her Countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my Fever. This was followed by a Fit of Sickness, which had like to have carried her off last Winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many Obligations to her, that I cannot with any

ſort of Moderation think of her preſent State of Health. But as to what you ſay of Fifteen, ſhe gives me every Day Pleaſures beyond what I ever knew in the poſſeſſion of her Beauty when I was in the Vigour of Youth. Every Moment of her Life brings me freſh Inſtances of her Complacency to my Inclinations, and her Prudence in Regard to my Fortune. Her Face is to me much more beautiful than when I firſt ſaw it; there is no Decay in any Feature which I cannot trace from the very Inſtant it was occaſioned, by ſome anxious Concern for my Welfare and Intereſts. Thus at the ſame Time, methinks, the Love I conceived towards her for what ſhe was, is heightened by my Gratitude for what ſhe is. The Love of a Wife is as much above the idle Paſſion commonly called by that Name, as the loud Laughter of Buffoons is inferiour to the elegant Mirth of Gentlemen. Oh! ſhe is an ineſtimable Jewel. In her Examination of her Houſhold Affairs, ſhe ſhows a certain Fearfulneſs to find a Fault, which makes her Servants obey her like Children; and the meaneſt we have, has an ingenuous Shame for an Offence, not always to be ſeen in Children in other Families. I ſpeak freely to you, my old Friend, ever ſince her Sickneſs, Things that gave me the quickeſt Joy before, turn now to a certain Anxiety. As the Children play in the next Room, I know the poor Things by their Steps, and am conſidering, what they muſt do, ſhould they loſe their Mother in their tender Years. The Pleaſure I uſed to take in telling my Boy Stories of the Battles, and asking my Girl Queſtions about the Diſpoſal of her Baby, and the Goſſiping of it, is turned into inward Reflection and Melancholy. He would have gone on in this tender Way, when the good Lady entered, and with an inexpreſſible Sweetneſs in her Countenance told us, ſhe had been ſearching her Cloſet for ſomething very good to treat ſuch an Old Friend as I was. Her Husband's Eyes ſparkled with Pleaſure at the Chearfulneſs of her Countenance; and I ſaw all his Fears vaniſh in an *Inſtant*. The Lady obſerving ſomething in our Looks which ſhowed we had been more ſerious than ordinary, and ſeeing her Husband receive her with great Concern under a forced Chearfulneſs, immediately gueſſed at what we had been talking of; and applying her ſelf to me ſaid, with a Smile, Mr. *Bickerſtaff*, don't believe a Wor

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of what he tells you, *I* shall still live to have you for my Second, as *I* have often promised you, unless he takes more Care of himself than he has done since his coming to Town. You must know, he tells me, That he finds *London* is a much more healthy Place than the Country; for he sees several of his old Acquaintance and School-fellows are here, young Fellows with fair full bottomed Periwigs. *I* could scarce keep him this Morning from going out open-Breasted. My Friend, who is always extreamly delighted with her agreeable Humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that Easiness which is peculiar to Women of Sense; and to keep up the good Humour she had brought in with her, turn'd her Raillery upon me. Mr. *Bickerstaff*, you remember you followed me one Night from the Play-house; supposing you should carry me thither to morrow Night, and lead me into the Front-Box. This put us into a long Field of Discourse about the Beauties, who were Mothers to the present, and shin'd in the Boxes Twenty Years ago. I told her I was glad she had transfer'd so many of her Charms, and I did not question but her eldest Daughter was within half a Year of being a Toast. We were pleasing our selves with this fantastical Preferment of the Young Lady, when on a sudden we were alarm'd with the Noise of a Drum, and immediately entered my little Godson to give me a Point of War. His Mother, between Laughing and Chiding, would have put him out of the Room: but I would not part with him so. I found, upon Conversation with him, tho' he was a little noisy in his Mirth, that the Child had excellent Parts, and was a great Master of all the Learning on t'other Side Ten Years Old. I perceived him a very great Historian in *Æsop*'s Fables; but he frankly declared to me his Mind, That he did not delight in that Learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which Reason, *I* found he had very much turned his Studies for about a Twelvemonth past, into the Lives and Adventures of Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, *Guy* of *Warwick*, the *Seven Champions*, and other Historians of that Age. *I* could not but observe the Satisfaction the Father took in the Forwardness of his Son; and that these Diversions might turn to some Profit, I found the Boy had made Remarks, which might be of Service to him during the Course of his whole Life. He would tell

you the Miſmanagements of *John Hickathrift*, find fault with the paſſionate Temper in *Bevis* of *Southampton*, and loved St. *George* for being the Champion of *England*; and by this Means, had his Thoughts inſenſibly moulded into the Notions of Diſcretion, Virtue, and Honour. I was extolling his Accompliſhments, when the Mother told me, That the little Girl who led me in this Morning, was in her Way a greater Scholar than he. *Betty*, (ſays ſhe) deals chiefly in Stories and Sprights; and ſometimes in a Winter Night, will terrify the Maids with her Accounts, till they are afraid to go up to Bed.

I ſat with them till it was very late, ſometimes in merry, ſometimes in ſerious, Diſcourſe, with this particular Pleaſure, which gives the only true Reliſh to all Converſation, a Senſe that every one of us liked each other. I went Home, conſidering the different Conditions of a married Life and that of a Batchelor, and I muſt confeſs, it ſtruck me with a ſecret Concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I ſhall leave no Traces behind me. In this penſive Mood I returned to my Family; that is to ſay, to my Maid, my Dog and my Cat, who only can be the better or worſe for what happens to me.

Jo mihi demum vivere & ſua Anima videtur, qui aliquo Negotio intentus, præclari Facinoris aut Artis bonæ Famam quærit. Sal.

From *Tueſday November* 17. to *Saturday November* 19. N°96.

From my own Apartment, November 17.

IT has coſt me very much Care and Thought to marſhal and fix the People under their proper Denominations, and to range them according to their reſpective Characters. Theſe my Endeavours have been received with unexpected Succeſs in one Kind, but neglected in another: For though I have many Readers, I have but few Converts. This muſt certainly proceed from a falſe Opinion, That what I write, is deſigned rather to amuſe and entertain, than convince and inſtruct. I entered upon my Eſſays with a Declaration, that

that I ſhould conſider Mankind in quite another Manner than they had hitherto been repreſented to the ordinary World; and aſſerted, that none but an uſeful Life ſhould be with me any Life at all. But leſt this Doctrine ſhould have made this ſmall Progreſs towards the Conviction of Mankind, becauſe it may appear to the Unlearned light and whimſical, I muſt take Leave to unfold the Wiſdom and Antiquity of my firſt Propoſition in theſe my Eſſays, to wit, That *every Worthleſs Man is a dead Man.* This Notion is as old as *Pythagoras*, in whoſe School it was a Point of Diſcipline, That if among the Ἀκουσμοί, or *Probationers*, there were any who grew weary of ſtudying to be uſefull, and returned to an idle Life, the reſt were to regard them as dead; and upon their Departing, to perform their Obſequies, and raiſe them Tombs, with Inſcriptions, to warn others of the like Mortality, and quicken them to Reſolutions of refining their Souls above that wretched State. It is upon a like Suppoſition, that young Ladies at this very Time in *Roman* Catholick Countries are received into ſome Nunneries with their Coffins, and with the Pomp of a formal Funeral, to ſignify, That henceforth they are to be of no further Uſe, and conſequently Dead. Nor was *Pythagoras* himſelf the firſt Author of this Symbol, with whom, and with the *Hebrews*, it was generally received. Much more might be offered in Illuſtration of this Doctrine from Sacred Authority, which I recommend to my Reader's own Reflection; who will eaſily recollect, from Places which I do not think fit to quote here, the forcible Manner of applying the Words Dead and Living to Men as they are good or bad.

I have therefore compoſed the following Sheme of Exiſtence for the Benefit both of the Living and the Dead, tho' chiefly for the Latter, whom I muſt deſire to read it with all poſſible Attention. In the Number of the Dead, I comprehend all Perſons of what Title or Dignity ſoever, who beſtow moſt of their Time in Eating and Drinking, to ſupport that imaginary Exiſtence of theirs, which they call Life; or in dreſſing and adorning thoſe Shadows and Apparitions, which are looked upon by the Vulgar as real Men and Women. In ſhort, whoever reſides in the World

without having any Buſineſs in it, and paſſes away an Age, without ever thinking on the Errand for which he was ſent hither, is to me a Dead Man to all Intents and Purpoſes; and I deſire that he may be ſo reputed. The Living are only thoſe that are ſome Way or other laudably employed in the Improvement of their own Minds, or for the Advantage of others; and even among theſe, I ſhall only reckon into their Lives that Part of their Time which has been ſpent in the Manner above-mentioned. By theſe Means, I am afraid, we ſhall find the longeſt Lives not to conſiſt of many Months, and the greateſt Part of the Earth to be quite unpeopled. According to this Syſtem we may obſerve, that ſome Men are born at Twenty Years of Age, ſome at Thirty, ſome at Threeſcore, and ſome not above an Hour before they die; nay, we may obſerve Multitudes that die without ever being born, as well as many dead Perſons that fill up the Bulk of Mankind, and make a better Figure in the Eyes of the Ignorant, than thoſe who are alive, and in their proper and full State of Health. However, ſince there may be many good Subjects, that pay their Taxes, and live peaceably in their Habitations, who are not yet born, or have departed this Life ſeveral Years ſince, my Deſign is, to encourage both to join themſelves as ſoon as poſſible to the Number of the Living: For as I invite the former to break forth into Being, and become good for ſomething; ſo I allow the latter a State of Reſuſcitation; which I chiefly mention for the Sake of a Perſon, who has lately publiſhed an Advertiſement, with ſeveral ſcurrilous Terms in it, that do by no Means become a dead Man to give. It is my departed Friend *John Partridge*, who concludes the Advertiſement of his next Years Almanack with the following Note.

Whereas it has been induſtriouſly given out by Bickerſtaff, *Eſq; and others, to prevent the Sale of this Year's Almanack, that* John Partridge *is Dead: This may inform all his loving Country-men, That he is ſtill Living, in Health, and they are Knaves that reported it otherwiſe.*

J. P.

From

From my own Apartment, November 18.

When an Engineer finds his Guns have not had their intended Effect, he changes his Batteries. I am forced at preſent to take this Method; and inſtead of continuing to write againſt the Singularity ſome are guilty of in their Habit and Behaviour, I ſhall henceforward deſire them to perſevere in it; and not only ſo, but ſhall take it as a Favour of all the Coxcombs in the Town, if they will ſet Marks upon themſelves, and by ſome Particular in their Dreſs ſhow to what Claſs they belong. It would be very obliging in all ſuch Perſons, who feel in themſelves that they are not ſound of Underſtanding, to give the World Notice of it, and ſpare Mankind the Pains of finding them out. A Cane upon the Fifth Button ſhall from henceforth be the Type of a Dapper; Red-heeled Shoes, and an Hat hung upon one Side of the Head, ſhall ſignify a Smart; a good Perewig made into a Twiſt, with a briſk Cock, ſhall ſpeak a Mettled Fellow; and an upper Lip covered with Smuff denotes a Coffee-houſe Statеſman. But as it is required that all Coxcombs hang out their Signs, it is on the other hand expected, that Men of real Merit ſhould avoid any Thing particular in their Dreſs, Gait or Behaviour. For as we old Men delight in Proverbs, I cannot forbear bringing out one on this Occaſion, *That good Wine needs no Buſh.* I muſt not leave this Subject without reflecting on ſeveral Perſons I have lately met with, who at a Diſtance ſeem very terrible; but, upon a ſtricter Enquiry into their Looks and Features, appeared as meek and harmleſs as any of my own Neighbours. Theſe are Country Gentlemen, who of late Years have taken up an Humour of coming to Town in Red Coats, whom an arch Wag of my Acquaintance uſed to deſcribe very well, by calling them Sheep in Wolves Cloathing. I have often wondered, that honeſt Gentlemen, who are good Neighbours, and live quietly in their own Poſſeſſions, ſhould take it in their Heads to frighten the Town after this unreaſonable Manner. I ſhall think myſelf obliged, if they perſiſt in ſo unnatural a Dreſs (notwithſtanding any Poſts they may have in the Militia) to give away their Red Coats to any of the Soldiery

who ſhall think fit to ſtrip 'em, provided the ſaid Soldiers can make it appear, that they belong to a Regiment where there is a Deficiency in the Cloathing.

About Two Days ago I was walking in the *Park*, and accidentally met a Rural Squire, cloathed in all the Types above-mentioned, with a Carriage and Behaviour made entirely out of his own Head. He was of a Bulk and Stature larger than ordinary, had a Red Coat, ſlung open to ſhow a gay Calamanco Waſtcoat: His Perewig fell in a very conſiderable Buſh upon each Shoulder: His Arms naturally ſwang at an unreaſonable Diſtance from his Sides; which, with the Advantage of a Cane, that he brandiſhed in a great Variety of irregular Motions, made it unſafe for any one to walk within ſeveral Yards of him. In this manner he took up the whole *Mall*, his Spectators moving on each ſide of it, whilſt he cocked up his Hat, and marched directly for *Weſtminſter*. I cannot tell who this Gentleman is, but for my Comfort may ſay, with the Lover in *Terence*, who loſt Sight of a fine young Lady, *Wherever Thou art, Thou canſt not be long concealed.*

St. James's Coffee-houſe, November 18.

By Letters from *Paris* of the 16th we are informed, that the *French* King, the Princes of the Blood, and the Elector of *Bavaria*, had lately killed Fifty-five Pheaſants.

Whereas ſeveral have induſtriouſly ſpread abroad, That I am in Partnerſhip with Charles Lilie, *the Perfumer at the Corner of* Beaufort-Buildings; *I muſt ſay with my Friend* Partridge, *that they are Knaves who reported it. However, ſince the ſaid* Charles *has promiſed that all his Cuſtomers ſhall be mine, I muſt deſire all mine to be his; and dare anſwer for him, that if you ask in my Name for Snuff, Hungary or Orange Water, you ſhall have the beſt the Town affords at the cheapeſt Rate.*

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Illud maxime rarum genus eſt eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, Spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potiſſimum vitæ curſum ſequi vellem. Tull. Offic.

From *Saturday November* 19. to *Tueſday November* 22. N°. 97.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAving ſwept away prodigious Multitudes in my laſt Paper, and brought a great Deſtruction upon my own Species, I muſt endeavour in this to raiſe freſh Recruits, and, if poſſible, to ſupply the Places of the Unborn and the Deceaſed. It is ſaid of *Xerxes*, That when he ſtood upon a Hill, and ſaw the whole Country round him covered with his Army, he burſt out in Tears, to think that not one of all that Multitude would be alive a Hundred Years after. For my Part, when I take a Survey of this populous City, I can ſcarce forbear weeping, to ſee how few of its Inhabitants are now living. It was with this Thought that I drew up my laſt Bill of Mortality, and endeavoured to ſet out in it the great Number of Perſons who have periſhed by a Diſtemper (commonly known by the Name of Idleneſs) which has long raged in the World, and deſtroys more in every great Town than the Plague has done at *Dantzick*. To repair the Miſchief it has done, and ſtock the World with a better Race of Mortals, I have more Hopes of bringing to Life thoſe that are young, than of reviving thoſe that are old. For which Reaſon, I ſhall here ſet down that noble Allegory which was written by an old Author called *Prodicus*, but recommended and embelliſhed by *Socrates*. It is the Deſcription of *Virtue* and *Pleaſure*, making their Court to *Hercules* under the Appearances of two beautiful Women.

When *Hercules*, ſays the divine Moraliſt, was in that Part of his Youth in which it was natural for him to conſider what Courſe of Life he ought to purſue, he one Day retired into a Deſart, where the Silence and Solitude

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of the Place very much favoured his Meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent Condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the State of Life he ſhould chuſe, he ſaw two Women of a larger Stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her Beauty was natural and eaſy, her Perſon clean and unſpotted, her Eyes caſt towards the Ground with an agreeable Reſerve, her Motion and Behaviour full of Modeſty, and her Raiment as white as Snow. The other had a great deal of Health and Floridneſs in her Countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial White and Red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a Mixture of Affectation in all her Geſtures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Aſſurance in her Looks, and all the Variety of Colours in her Dreſs that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhow her Complexion to an Advantage. She caſt her Eyes upon her ſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the Figure ſhe made in her own Shadow. Upon her nearer Approach to *Hercules*, ſhe ſtepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular compoſed Carriage) and running up to him, accoſted him after the following Manner:

My dear *Hercules*, (ſays ſhe) I find you are very much divided in your own Thoughts upon the Ways of Life that you ought to chuſe: Be my Friend, and follow me; I'll lead you into the Poſſeſſion of Pleaſure, and out of the Reach of Pain, and remove you from all the Noiſe and Diſquietude of Buſineſs. The Affairs of either War or Peace ſhall have no Power to diſturb you. Your whole Employment ſhall be to make your Life eaſy, and to entertain every Senſe with its proper Gratification. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roſes, Clouds of Perfumes, Conſorts of Muſick, Crowds of Beauties, are all in a Readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of Delights, this World of Pleaſure, and bid Farewel for ever to Care, to Pain, to Buſineſs——

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this Manner, deſired to know her Name; to which ſhe anſwered, My Friends,

Friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me *Happineſs*; but my Enemies, and thoſe who would injure my Reputation, have given me the Name of *Pleaſure*.

By this Time the other Lady was come up, who addreſs'd her ſelf to the young Hero in a very different Manner.

Hercules, (ſays ſhe) I offer my ſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give Proofs of that Deſcent by your Love to Virtue, and Application to the Studies proper for your Age. This makes me hope you will gain both for your ſelf and me an immortal Reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſh'd Truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without Pains and Labour. The Gods have ſet a Price upon every real and noble Pleaſure. If you would gain the Favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the Pains of worſhiping him; if the Friendſhip of good Men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honour'd by your Country, you muſt take Care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you muſt become Maſter of all the Qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only Terms and Conditions upon which I can propoſe Happineſs. The Goddeſs of *Pleaſure* here broke in upon her Diſcourſe: You ſee (ſaid ſhe) *Hercules*, by her own Confeſſion, the Way to her Pleaſures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy. Alas! (ſaid the other Lady) whoſe Viſage glowed with a Paſſion, made up of Scorn and Pity, What are the Pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired, to gratify Appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch Appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious Muſick, which is the Praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful Object, which is the Work of one's own Hands. Your Votaries paſs away their Youth in a Dream of miſtaken Pleaſures, while they are hoarding up Anguiſh, Torment, and Remorſe for Old Age.

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As for me, I am the Friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable Companion to the Artizan, an Houſhold Guardian to the Fathers of Families, a Patron and Protector of Servants, an Aſſociate in all true and generous Friendſhips. The Banquets of my Votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by Hunger and Thirſt. Their Slumbers are ſound, and their Wakings chearful. My young Men have the Pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in Years, and thoſe who are in Years of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a Word, my Followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their Acquaintance, eſteemed by their Country, and (after the Cloſe of their Labours) honoured by Poſterity.

We know by the Life of this memorable Hero, to which of theſe Two Ladies he gave up his Heart; and I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the Juſtice to approve his Choice.

I very much admire the Speeches of theſe Ladies, as containing in them the chief Arguments for a Life of Virtue or a Life of Pleaſure that could enter into the Thoughts of an Heathen; but am particularly pleaſed with the different Figures he gives the Two Goddeſſes. Our modern Authors have repreſented Pleaſure or Vice with an alluring Face, but ending in Snakes and Monſters: Here ſhe appears in all the Charms of Beauty, tho' they are all falſe and borrowed; and by that Means, compoſes a Viſion entirely natural and pleaſing.

I have tranſlated this Allegory for the Benefit of the Youth of *Great-Britain*; and particularly of thoſe who are ſtill in the deplorable State of Non-Exiſtence, and whom I moſt earneſtly entreat to come into the World. Let my Embrio's ſhow the leaſt Inclination to any ſingle Virtue, and I ſhall allow it to be a Strugling towards Birth. I don't expect of them, that, like the Hero in the foregoing Story, they ſhould go about as ſoon as they are born, with a Club in their Hands, and a Lion's Skin on their Shoulders, to root out Monſters, and deſtroy Tyrants; but as the fineſt Author of all Antiquity has ſaid upon this very Occaſion, Tho' a Man has not the Abilities to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the moſt ſhining

Parts

Parts of a great Character, he has certainly the Capacity of being juſt, faithful, modeſt, and temperate.

From *Tueſday November* 22. to *Thurſday November* 24. N°. 98.

From my own Apartment, November 23.

I Read the following Letter, which was left for me this Evening, with very much Concern for the Lady's Condition who ſent it, who expreſſes the State of her Mind with great Frankneſs, as all People ought, who talk to their Phyſicians.

Mr. *Bickerſtaff*,

" THO' you are ſtricken in Years, and have had " great Experience in the World, I believe you " will ſay, there are not frequently ſuch difficult Occa- " ſions to act in with Decency as thoſe wherein I am " entangled. I am a Woman in Love, and that you " will allow to be the moſt unhappy of all Circumſtan- " ces in human Life: Nature has formed us with a " ſtrong Reluctance againſt owning ſuch a Paſſion, and " Cuſtom has made it criminal in us to make Advan- " ces. A Gentleman whom I will call *Fabio*, has the " entire Poſſeſſion of my Heart. I am ſo intimately ac- " quainted with him, that he makes no Scruple of com- " municating to me an ardent Affection he has for *Cleo-* " *ra*, a Friend of mine, who alſo makes me her Confi- " dent. Moſt Part of my Life I am in Company with " the one or the other, and am always entertained with " his Paſſion, or her Triumph. *Cleora* is one of thoſe " Ladies, who think they are Virtuous, if they are not " guilty; and without any Delicacy of Choice, reſolves " to takes the beſt Offer which ſhall be made to her. " With this Proſpect ſhe puts off declaring her ſelf in " Favour of *Fabio*, till ſhe ſees what Lovers will fall " into her Snares, which ſhe lays in all Publick Places " with all the Art of Geſture and Glances. This Re- " ſolution ſhe has her ſelf told me. Tho' I love him " better than Life, I would not gain him by betraying " *Cleora*, or committing ſuch a Treſpaſs againſt Modeſty,

" as

" as letting him know I my ſelf love him. You are an
" Aſtrologer, What ſhall I do?

Diana Doubtful.

This Lady has ſaid very juſtly, that the Condition of a Woman in Love is of all others the moſt miſerable. Poor *Diana*! how muſt ſhe be racked with Jealouſy when *Fabio* talks of *Cleora*? How with Indignation when *Cleora* makes a Property of *Fabio*? A Female Lover is in the Condition of a Ghoſt, that wanders about its beloved Treaſure, without Power to ſpeak 'till it is ſpoken to. I deſire *Diana* to continue in this Circumſtance; for I ſee an Eye of Comfort in her Caſe, and will take all proper Meaſures to extricate her out of this unhappy Game of croſs Purpoſes. Since *Cleora* is upon the Catch with her Charms, and has no particular Regard for *Fabio*, I ſhall place a couple of ſpecial Fellows in her Way, who ſhall both addreſs to her, and have each a better Eſtate than *Fabio*. They are both already taken with her, and are preparing for being of her Retinue the enſuing Winter. To Women of this worldly Turn, as I apprehend *Cleora* to be, we muſt reckon backward in our Computation of Merit; and when a fair Lady thinks only of making her Spouſe a convenient Domeſtick, the Notion of Worth and Value is altered, and the Lover is the more acceptable, the leſs he is conſiderable. The Two I ſhall throw in the Way of *Cleora*, are, *Orſon Thickett* and Mr. *Walter Wiſdom*. *Orſon* is an Huntſman, whoſe Father's Death, and ſome Difficulties about Legacies, brought out of the Woods to Town laſt *November*. He was at that Time one of thoſe Country Salvages who deſpiſe the Softneſs they meet in Town and Court, and profeſſedly ſhow their Strength and Roughneſs in every Motion and Geſture, in Scorn of our Bowing and Cringing. He was at his firſt Appearance very remarkable for that Piece of good Breeding peculiar to natural *Britons*, to wit, Defiance. He ſhowed every one he met he was as good a Man as he. But in the Midſt of all this Fierceneſs, he would ſometimes attend the Diſcourſe of a Man of Senſe, and look at the Charms of a Beauty with his Eyes and Mouth open. He was in this Poſture, when

when in the Beginning of laſt *December*, he was ſhot by *Cleora* from a Side-Box— From that Moment he ſoftened into Humanity, forgot his Dogs and Horſes, and now moves and ſpeaks with Civility and Addreſs. *Wat. Wildom*, by the Death of an elder Brother, came to a great Eſtate, when he had proceeded juſt far enough in his Studies to be very impertinent, and at the Years when the Law gives him Poſſeſſion of his Fortune, and his own Conſtitution is too warm for the Management of it. *Orſon* is learning to fence and dance, to pleaſe and fight for his Miſtreſs; and *Walter* preparing fine Horſes, and a gingling Chariot, to enchant her. All Perſons concerned will appear at the next Opera, where will begin the Wild-Gooſe Chaſe; and I doubt, *Fabio* will ſee himſelf ſo overlooked for *Orſon* or *Walter*, as to turn his Eyes on the modeſt Paſſion and becoming Languor in the Countenance of *Diana*; it being my Deſign to ſupply with the Art of Love all thoſe who preſerve the ſincere Paſſion of it.

Will's Coffee-Houſe, November 23.

An ingenious and worthy Gentleman, my ancient Friend, fell into Diſcourſe with me this Evening upon the Force and Efficacy which the Writings of good Poets have on the Minds of their intelligent Readers, and recommended to me his Senſe of the Matter, thrown together in the following Manner, which he deſired me to communicate to the Youth of *Great Britain* in my Eſſays; which I chuſe to do in his own Words.

I have always been of Opinion, (ſays he) that Virtue ſinks deepeſt into the Heart of Man, when it comes recommended by the powerful Charms of Poetry. The moſt active Principle in our Mind is the Imagination: To it a good Poet makes his Court perpetually, and by this Faculty takes Care to gain it firſt. Our Paſſions and Inclinations come over next; and our Reaſon ſurrenders it ſelf with Pleaſure in the End. Thus the whole Soul is inſenſibly betrayed into Morality, by bribing the Fancy with beautiful and agreeable Images of thoſe very Things, that in the Books of the Philoſophers appear auſtere, and have at the beſt but a kind of forbidden Aſpect. In a Word, the Poets do, as it were, ſtrew the rough

rough Paths of Virtue ſo full of Flowers, that we are not ſenſible of the Uneaſineſs of them, and imagine our ſelves in the Midſt of Pleaſures, and the moſt bewitching Allurements, at the Time we are making a Progreſs in the ſevereſt Duties of Life.

All then agree, that licentious Poems do of all Writings ſooneſt corrupt the Heart: And why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſwaded, that the grave and ſerious Performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging Manner, by a kind of divine Impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual Perſwaſives to Goodneſs? If therefore I were bleſſed with a Son, in order to the forming of his Manners, (which is making him truly my Son) I ſhould be continually putting into his Hand ſome fine Poet. The graceful Sentences, and the manly Sentiments ſo frequently to be met with in every great and ſublime Writer, are, in my Judgment, the moſt ornamental and valuable Furniture that can be for a young Gentleman's Head; methinks they ſhew like ſo much rich Embroidery upon the Brain. Let me add to this, That Humanity and Tenderneſs (without which there can be no true Greatneſs in the Mind) are inſpired by the Muſes in ſuch pathetical Language, that all we find in Proſe-Authors towards the raiſing and improving of theſe Paſſions, is in Compariſon but cold, or luke-warm at the beſt. There is beſides a certain Elevation of Soul, a ſedate Magnanimity, and a noble Turn of Virtue, that diſtinguiſhes the Hero from the plain honeſt Man, to which Verſe can only raiſe us. The bold Metaphors and ſounding Numbers, peculiar to the Poets, rouze up all our ſleeping Faculties, and alarm the whole Powers of the Soul, much like that excellent Trumpeter mentioned by *Virgil*.

——— *Quo non præſtantior alter*
Ære ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu.

I fell into this Train of Thinking this Evening, upon reading a Paſſage in a Mask writ by *Milton*, where two Brothers are introduced ſeeking after their Siſter, whom they had loſt in a dark Night and thick Wood. One of the Brothers is apprehenſive, leſt the wandering Virgin

gin ſhould be overpowered with Fears through the Darkneſs and Lonelineſs of the Time and Place. This gives the other Occaſion to make the following Reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my Age, and renewed in me the warm Deſires after Virtue, ſo natural to uncorrupted Youth.

I do not think my Siſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's Book,
And the ſweet Peace that Goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle Want of Light and Noiſe
(Not being in Danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant Mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming Plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant Light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude:
Where, with her beſt Nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her Feathers, and lets grow her Wings,
That in the various Buſtle of Reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impaired.
He that has Light within his own clear Breaſt,
May ſit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright Day:
But he that hides a dark Soul, and foul Thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own Dungeon.

——— *Spirat Tragicum ſatis & feliciter audet.*

From *Thurſday November* 24. to *Saturday November* 26. N°. 99.

Will's Coffee-houſe, November 25.

I Have been this Evening recollecting what Paſſages (ſince I could firſt think) have left the ſtrongeſt Impreſſions upon my Mind; and after ſtrict Enquiry, I am convinced, that the Impulſes I have received from Theatrical Repreſentations, have had a greater Effect, than other-

otherwiſe would have been wrought in me by the little Occurrences of my private Life. My old Friends, *Hart* and *Mohun*; the one by his natural and proper Force, the other by his great Skill and Art, never failed to ſend me Home full of ſuch Idea's as affected my Behaviour, and made me inſenſibly more courteous and human to my Friends and Acquaintance. It is not the Buſineſs of a good Play to make every Man an Hero; but it certainly gives him a livelier Senſe of Virtue and Merit than he had when he entered the Theatre. This rational Pleaſure (as I always call it) has for many Years been very little taſted: But I am glad to find, that the true Spirit of it is reviving again amongſt us, by a due Regard to what is preſented, and by ſupporting only one Playhouſe. It has been within the Obſervation of the youngeſt amongſt us, That while there were Two Houſes, they did not outvie each other by ſuch Repreſentations as tended to the Inſtruction and Ornament of Life, but by introducing mimical Dances, and fulſom Buffoonries. For when an excellent Tragedy was to be acted in one Houſe, the Ladder-Dancer carried the whole Town to the other: And indeed ſuch an Evil as this, muſt be the natural conſequence of Two Theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can ſee than can think. Every one is Judge of the Danger of the Fellow on the Ladder, and his Activity in coming down ſafe; but very few are Judges of the Diſtreſs of an Hero in a Play, or of his Manner of Behaviour in thoſe Circumſtances. Thus, to pleaſe the People, Two Houſes muſt entertain them with what they can underſtand, and not with Things which are deſigned to improve their Underſtanding: And the readieſt Way to gain good Audiences muſt be to offer ſuch Things as are moſt reliſhed by the Crowd; that is to ſay, immodeſt Action, empty Show, or impertinent Activity. In ſhort, Two Houſes cannot hope to ſubſiſt, but by Means which are contradictory to the very Inſtitution of a Theatre in a well-govern'd Kingdom.

I have ever had this Senſe of the Thing, and for that Reaſon have rejoyced that my ancient coeval Friend of *Drury-Lane*, tho' he had ſold off moſt of his Moveables, ſtill

ſtill kept Poſſeſſion of his Palace, and trembled for him, when he had lately like to have been taken by a Stratagem. There have for many Ages been a certain Learned Sort of Unlearned Men in this Nation call'd Attornies, who have taken upon them to ſolve all Difficulties by increaſing them, and are called upon to the Aſſiſtance of all who are Lazy, or weak of Underſtanding. The Indolence of a Ruler of this Place made him reſign the Poſſeſſion of it to the Management of my above-mentioned Friend *Divito*. *Divito* was too modeſt to know when to reſign it, till he had the Opinion and Sentence of the Law for his Removal. Both theſe in Length of Time were obtained againſt him: But as the great *Archimedes* defended *Syracuſe* with ſo powerful Engines, that if he threw a Rope or Piece of Wood over the Wall, the Enemy fled; ſo *Divito* had wounded all Adverſaries with ſo much Skill, that Men feared even to be in the Right againſt him. For this Reaſon, the lawful Ruler ſets up an Attorney to expel an Attorney, and choſe a Name dreadful to the Stage, who only ſeemed able to beat *Divito* out of his Intrenchments.

On the 22d Inſtant, a Night of publick Rejoycing, the Enemies of *Divito* made a Largeſs to the People of Faggots, Tubs, and other combuſtible Matter, which was erected into a Bonfire before the Palace. Plentiful Cans were at the ſame time diſtributed among the Dependences of that Principality; and the artful Rival of *Divito* obſerving them prepared for Enterprize, preſented the lawful Owner of the neighbouring Edifice, and ſhowed his Deputation under him. War immediately enſued upon the peaceful Empire of Wit and the Muſes: The *Goths* and *Vandals* ſacking *Rome* did not threaten a more barbarous Devaſtation of Arts and Sciences. But when they had forced their Entrance, the experienced *Divito* had detached all his Subjects, and evacuated all his Stores. The neighbouring Inhabitants report, That the Refuſe of *Divito*'s Followers marched off the Night before diſguiſed in Magnificence; Door-Keepers came out clad like Cardinals, and Scene-Drawers like Heathen Gods. *Divito* himſelf was wrapped up in one of his black Clouds, and left to the Enemy nothing but an empty

Stage

Stage, full of Trap-Doors, known only to himſelf and his Adherents.

From my own Apartment, November 25.

I have already taken great Pains to inſpire Notions of Honour and Virtue into the People of this Kingdom, and uſed all gentle Methods imaginable, to bring thoſe who are dead in Idleneſs, Folly, and Pleaſure, into Life, by applying themſelves to Learning, Wiſdom, and Induſtry. But ſince fair Means are ineffectual, I muſt proceed to Extremities, and ſhall give my good Friends, the Company of Upholders, full Power to bury all ſuch Dead as they meet with, who are within my former Deſcriptions of deceaſed Perſons. In the mean Time the following Remonſtrance of that Corporation I take to be very juſt.

From our Office near the Hay-Market, Nov. 23.

Worthy Sir,

" UPON Reading your *Tatler* of *Saturday* laſt, by " which we received the agreeable News of ſo " many Deaths, we immediately ordered in a conſide- " rable Quantity of Blacks; and our Servants have " wrought Night and Day ever ſince, to furniſh out the " Neceſſaries for theſe Deceaſed. But ſo it is, Sir, that " of this vaſt Number of dead Bodies, that go putri- " fying up and down the Streets, not one of them has " come to us to be buried. Tho' we ſhould be loth to " be any Hinderance to our good Friends the Phyſici- " ans, yet we cannot but take Notice, what Infection " Her Majeſty's Subjects are liable to from the horrible " Stench of ſo many Corpſes. Sir, we will not detain " you; our Caſe in ſhort is this: Here are we embark- " ed, in this Undertaking for the Publick Good: Now " if People ſhall be ſuffered to go on unburied at this " Rate, there's an End of the uſefulleſt Manufactures " and Handicrafts of the Kingdom: For where will " be your Sextons, Coffin-makers, and Plummers? What " will become of your Embalmers, Epitaph-mongers, " and Chief Mourners? We are loth to drive this Mat- " ter any further, tho' we tremble at the Conſequences

" of

" of it : For if it ſhall be left to every dead Man's " Diſcretion not to be buried till he ſees his Time, no " Man can ſay where that will end ; but thus much " we will take upon us to affirm, That *ſuch a Tolera-* " *tion will be intolerable.*

" What would make us eaſy in this Matter, is no " more but that your Worſhip would be pleas'd to iſſue " out your Orders to *ditto* Dead to repair forthwith to " our Office, in order to their Interment, where con- " ſtant Attendance ſhall be given to treat with all Per- " ſons according to their Quality, and the Poor to be " buried for nothing : And for the Convenience of ſuch " Perſons as are willing enough to be dead, but that " they are afraid their Friends and Relations ſhould " know it, we have a Back-Door into *Warwick-Street*, " from whence they may be interred with all Secrecy " imaginable, and without Loſs of Time, or Hinder- " ance of Buſineſs. But in caſe of Obſtinacy, (for we " would gladly make a thorough Riddance) we deſire " a further Power from your Worſhip, to take up ſuch " Deceaſed as ſhall not have complied with your firſt " Orders, wherever we meet them : And if after that " there ſhall be Complaints of any Perſons ſo offending, " let them lie at our Doors. We are,

Your Worſhip's till Death,

The Maſter and Company
of *Upholders.*

" *P. S.* We are ready to give in our printed Propoſals " at large ; and if your Worſhip approves of our Un- " dertaking, we deſire the following Advertiſement " may be inſerted in your next Paper.

Whereas a Commiſſion of Interment has been awarded a- *gainſt Dr.* John Partridge, *Philomath. Profeſſor of Phyſick and Aſtrology ; and whereas the ſaid* Partridge *hath not ſurrendred himſelf, nor ſhown Cauſe to the contrary, Theſe are to certify, That the Company of Upholders will proceed to*

any

bury him from Cordwainers-Hall, *on* Tuesday *the* 20*th Inſtant, where any Six of his ſurviving Friends, who ſtill believe him to be alive, are deſired to come prepared to hold up the Pall.*

Note, *We ſhall light away at Six in the Evening, there being to be a Sermon.*

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virg.

From *Saturday Novemb.* 26. to *Tueſday Novemb.* 29. N°. 100.

Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I WAS laſt Week taking a ſolitary Walk in the Garden of *Lincolns-Inn*, (a Favour that is indulged me by ſeveral of the Benchers who are my intimate Friends, and grown old with me in this Neighbourhood) when, according to the Nature of Men in Years, who have made but little Progreſs in the Advancement of their Fortune or their Fame, I was repining at the ſudden Riſe of many Perſons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal Diſtribution of Wealth, Honour, and all other Bleſſings of Life. I was loſt in this Thought when the Night came upon me, and drew my Mind into a far more agreeable Contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its Glories, and preſented me with ſuch an Hemiſphere of Stars, as made the moſt agreeable Proſpect imaginable to one who delights in the Study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing Night, which had purified the whole Body of Air into ſuch a bright tranſparent Æther, as made every Conſtellation viſible; and at the ſame Time gave ſuch a particular Glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richeſt Sky I had ever ſeen. I could not behold a Scene ſo wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that Expreſſion) without ſuitable Meditations on the Author of ſuch illuſtrious and amazing Objects. For on theſe Occaſions, Philoſophy ſuggeſts Motives to Religion, and Religion adds Pleaſures to Philoſophy. As ſoon as I had recovered my

uſual

uſual Temper and Serenity of Soul, I retired to my Lodgings, with the Satisfaction of having paſſed away a few Hours in the proper Employments of a reaſonable Creature, and promiſing my ſelf that my Slumbers would be ſweet. I no ſooner fell into them, but I dreamed a Dream, or ſaw a Viſion (for I know not which to call it) that ſeemed to riſe out of my Evening-Meditation, and had ſomething in it ſo ſolemn and ſerious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; tho' I muſt confeſs, the Wildneſs of Imagination (which in a Dream is always looſe and irregular) diſcovers it ſelf too much in ſeveral Parts of it. Methoughts I ſaw the ſame Azure Sky diverſified with the ſame glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell aſleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the Name of the *Ballance*, when on a ſudden there appeared in it an extraordinary Light, as if the Sun ſhould riſe at Midnight. By its increaſing in Breadth and Luſtre, I ſoon found that it approached towards the Earth; and at length could diſcern ſomething like a Shadow hovering in the Midſt of a great Glory, which in a little Time after I diſtinctly perceived to be the Figure of a Woman. I fancied at firſt it might have been the Angel, or Intelligence that guided the Conſtellation from which it deſcended; but upon a nearer View, I ſaw about her all the Emblems with which the Goddeſs of Juſtice is uſually deſcribed. Her Countenance was unſpeakably awful and majeſtick, but exquiſitely beautiful to thoſe whoſe Eyes were ſtrong enough to behold it; her Smiles tranſported with Rapture, her Frowns terrified to Deſpair. She held in her Hand a Mirror, endowed with the ſame Qualities as that which the Painters put into the Hand of *Truth*. There ſtreamed from it a Light, which diſtinguiſhed it ſelf from all the Splendors that ſurrounded her, more than a Flaſh of Lightning ſhines in the Midſt of Day-light. As ſhe moved it in her Hand, it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When ſhe had deſcended ſo low as to be ſeen and heard by Mortals, to make the Pomp of her Appearance more ſupportable, ſhe threw Darkneſs and Clouds about her, that tempered the Light into a Thouſand beautiful Shades

and Colours, and multiplied that Luſtre, which was before too ſtrong and dazling, into a Variety of milder Glories.

In the mean Time the World was in an Alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a ſpacious Plain; ſo that I ſeemed to have the whole Species before my Eyes. A Voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this Viſit, which was, to reſtore and appropriate to every one living what was his Due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great Aſſembly after this ſolemn Declaration, are not to be expreſs'd. The firſt Edict was then pronounced, *That all Titles and Claims to Riches and Eſtates, or to any Part of 'em, ſhould be immediately veſted in the rightful Owner.* Upon this, the Inhabitants of the Earth held up the Inſtruments of their Tenure, whether in Parchment, Paper, Wax, or any other Form of Conveyance; and as the Goddeſs moved the Mirror of Truth which ſhe held in her Hand, ſo that the Light which flowed from it fell upon the Multitude, they examined the ſeveral Inſtruments by the Beams of it. The Rays of this Mirror had a particular Quality of ſetting Fire to all Forgery and Falſhood. The Blaze of Papers, the Melting of Seals, and Crackling of Parchments, made a very odd Scene. The Fire very often ran through two or three Lines only, and then ſtopped. Tho' I could not but obſerve, that the Flame chiefly broke out among the Interlineations and Codicils, the Light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark Corners and Receſſes of the Univerſe, and by that Means detected many Writings and Records which had been hidden or buried by Time, Chance or Deſign. This occaſioned a wonderful Revolution among the People. At the ſame Time, the Spoils of Extortion, Fraud and Robbery, with all the Fruits of Bribery and Corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious Pile, that almoſt reached to the Clouds, and was called, *The Mount of Reſtitution*; to which all injured Perſons were invited to receive what belonged to them.

One might ſee Crowds of People in tatter'd Garments come up, and changed Clothes with others that were

dreſſed

dreſſed in Lace and Embroidery. Several who were Plumbs, or very near it, became Men of moderate Fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in Wealth and Poſſeſſions, had no more left than what they uſually ſpent. What moved my Concern moſt, was, to ſee a certain Street of the greateſt Credit in *Europe* from one End to the other become Bankrupt.

The next Command was, for the whole Body of Mankind to ſeparate themſelves into their proper Families; which was no ſooner done, but an Edict was iſſued out, requiring all Children *to repair to their True and Natural Fathers.* This put a great Part of the Aſſembly in Motion; for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inſpired every one with ſuch a natural Inſtinct, as directed them to their real Parents. It was a very melancholy Spectacle to ſee the Fathers of very large Families become Childleſs, and Batchelors undone by a Charge of Sons and Daughters. You might ſee a Preſumptive Heir of a great Eſtate ask Bleſſing of his Coachman, and a celebrated Toaſt paying her Duty to a *Valet de Chambre.* Many under Vows of Celibacy appeared ſurrounded with a numerous Iſſue. This Change of Parentage would have cauſed great Lamentation, but that the Calamity was pretty Common; and that generally thoſe who loſt their Children, had the Satisfaction of ſeeing them put into the Hands of their deareſt Friends. Men were no ſooner ſettled in their Right to their Poſſeſſions and their Progeny, but there was a Third Order proclaimed, *That all the Poſts of Dignity and Honour in the Univerſe ſhould be conferred on Perſons of the greateſt Merit, Abilities and Perfection.* The Handſome, the Strong, and the Wealthy, immediately preſſed forward; but not being able to bear the Splendor of the Mirror which played upon their Faces, they immediately fell back among the Crowd: But as the Goddeſs tried the Multitude by her Glaſs, as the Eagle does its young ones by the Luſtre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his Face from it who had not diſtinguiſhed himſelf either by Virtue, Knowledge or Capacity in Buſineſs, either Military or Civil. This Select Aſſembly was drawn up in the Centre of a prodigious Multitude, which was diffu-

ſed on all Sides, and ſtood obſerving them, as Idle People uſe to gather about a Regiment that are exerciſing their Arms. They were drawn up in Three Bodies: In the Firſt, were the Men of Virtue; in the Second, Men of Knowledge; and in the Third, the Men of Buſineſs. It was impoſſible to look at the firſt Column without a ſecret Veneration, their Aſpects were ſo ſweetned with Humanity, raiſed with Contemplation, emboldened with Reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable Airs, which are thoſe that proceed from ſecret Habits of Virtue. I could not but take Notice, That there were many Faces among them which were unknown, not only to the Multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own Body.

In the Second Column, conſiſting of the Men of Knowledge, there had been great Diſputes before they fell into their Ranks, which they did not do at laſt, without the poſitive Command of the Goddeſs who preſided over the Aſſembly. She had ſo ordered it, that Men of the greateſt Genius and ſtrongeſt Senſe were placed at the Head of the Column: Behind theſe, were ſuch as had formed their Minds very much on the Thoughts and Writings of others. In the Rear of the Column, were Men who had more Wit than Senſe, or more Learning than Underſtanding. All living Authors of any Value were ranged in one of theſe Claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurpriſed to ſee a great Body of Editors, Criticks, Commentators, and Grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a Reception. They had formed themſelves into a Body, and with a great deal of Arrogance demanded the firſt Station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddeſs, inſtead of complying with their Requeſt, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but Lacqueys of the Learned.

The Third Column were Men of Buſineſs, and conſiſting of Perſons in Military and Civil Capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed themſelves in the Front; at which the other ſhook their Heads at them, but did not think fit to diſpute the Poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral Obſervations upon this laſt Column of People; but I have certain private Reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the

the Publick. In order to fill up all the Poſts of Honour, Dignity and Profit, there was a Draught made out of this Column of Men, who were Maſters of all Three Qualifications in ſome Degree, and were preferred to Stations of the firſt Rank. The ſecond Draught was made out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any Two of the Qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in Stations of a ſecond Dignity. Thoſe who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their ſuitable Poſts. When this was over, there remained many Places of Truſt and Profit unfilled, for which there were freſh Draughts made out of the ſurrounding Multitude, who had any Appearance of theſe Excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in Reality.

All were ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many new Faces in the moſt eminent Dignities; and for my own Part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my Friends either kept their preſent Poſts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my Paper with thoſe Particulars of my Viſion which concern the Male Part of Mankind, I muſt reſerve for another Occaſion the Sequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

FINIS.